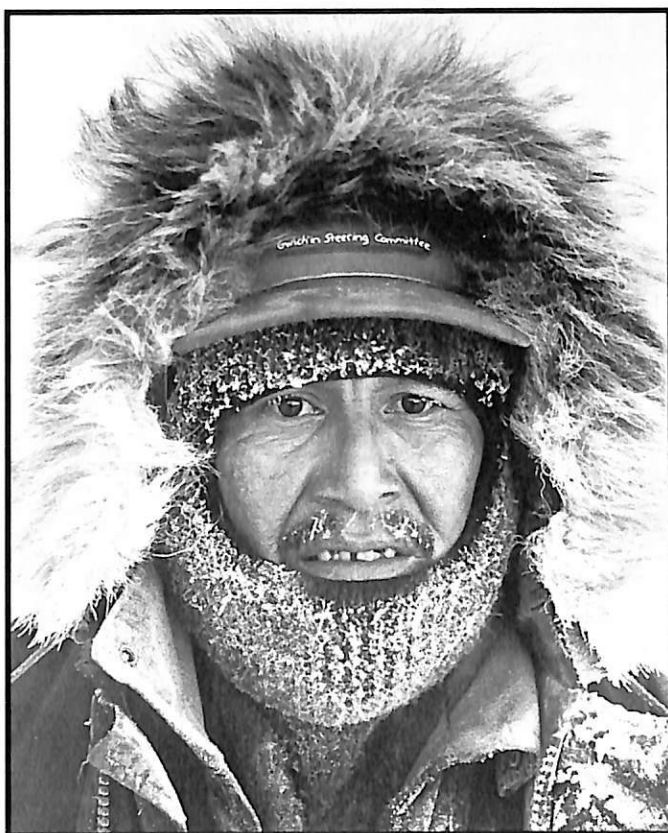


UAA Student Showcase Journal

Recognizing Excellence

Vol. 7 No. 1

Spring 1992



University of Alaska Anchorage
Anchorage, Alaska

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Anchorage, Alaska

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**UAA Faculty, Staff and Students who contributed time and effort to making the
1991 Showcase and the 1992 Journal a success**

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Proofreaders—Paulette Oliver and Cindy Marshall

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Edward Sam, Arctic Village resident, for the use of his photograph on the cover

Union of Students, University of Alaska Anchorage

Psychology Graduate Students Association

Phi Alpha Theta, History Honors Society

Phi Sigma Alpha

Stems Inc.

ABOUT THE JOURNAL

The UAA Student Showcase Journal will be published annually. It will consist of a number of top-ranked research articles and creative works selected from papers presented at the annual UAA Student Showcase held in the spring of the year prior to journal publication. An attempt will be made, if possible, to include a campus-wide representation, as well as papers that will be of value to the community and the state. This is the seventh published journal.

Copies of the journal are available for \$5 from the UAA Student Showcase Journal Editor, Student Development Department, UAA, 3211 Providence Drive, Anchorage, Alaska, 99508. For further information call (907) 786-4791.

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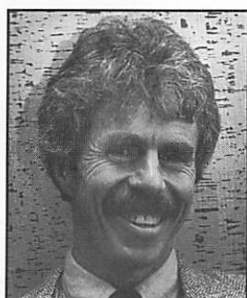
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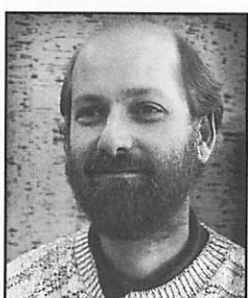
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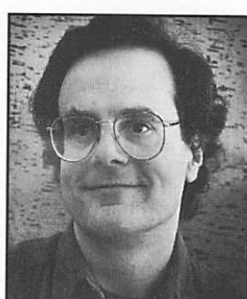
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*Committee members—Kenneth O'Reilly (History) and Allan Turner (Health Sciences) were unavailable at the time of the photo session.

UAA STUDENT SHOWCASE JOURNAL

RECOGNIZING EXCELLENCE

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ABOUT THE UAA STUDENT SHOWCASE

Searching for Excellence: Conference Objective

Opportunities for intellectual and social exchanges are important functions of universities as they meet many of the developmental needs of students. Such opportunities also provide for the development of a feeling of “group cohesion” and a “sense of belonging” to a particular institution.

Established universities have well-developed structures designed to provide opportunities for intellectual and social exchanges. Universities with shorter histories, such as UAA, however, have few or no such structures to meet the above noted needs. While this problem is partly a function of the youthfulness of such universities, this has been further complicated until recently at UAA by the absence of organized on-campus housing. The campus is still, to a great extent, a “commuter” student population. Institutions with this type of population are characterized by few opportunities for campus-wide intellectual social exchanges which can produce feelings of alienation.

Lack of structural developments, however, should not prevent students from having opportunities for intellectual and social exchanges; such is the purpose of the annual *UAA Student Showcase*.

The potential objectives and/or outcomes of such conferences as the *UAA Student Showcase* are manyfold. First, it provides a vehicle for meeting intellectual and social needs for UAA students. Second, since the student conferences are designed similar to professional conferences, it exposes students to activities that are an important part of the academic lifestyle. Third, the campus-wide effort has the potential of developing closer ties among students, faculty, and administrators. Fourth, public presentations can serve as an incentive for students to exert more creativity and effort in preparing their papers than if they were merely fulfilling a course requirement and receiving a grade. Fifth, by involving community leaders and community members in the Showcase, a greater understanding of the relationship between UAA and the Anchorage community can be gained. Finally, as a culmination of Showcase activities, outstanding works are published in the UAA Student Showcase Journal. This provides a sense of accomplishment, recognition, and pride for the students and the university. The articles printed in this journal represent selected works from the seventh annual *Student Showcase*.

Dr. Sharon K. Araj
Showcase Founder

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

Geoff Butler (Gwich'in Organization and Action—Protection of Their Culture and the Porcupine Caribou Herd) grew up in Madison, Wisconsin and has been a resident of Alaska for 12 years. He is a senior in Journalism and Public Communications. Geoff is interested in human systems of interaction, both in contexts of people-to-people, and people-to-the-earth. He hopes to work more directly with people in the communications field with the goal of contributing to increasing levels of harmony and balance. Geoff believes that "to heal our planet, we must heal ourselves."

W. B. Cameron (The Treasure of Youth) was born in Fort Dodge, Iowa, but grew up in Alaska. Between 1977 and 1987, he owned and operated a business, teaching scuba diving and running a retail store. During this period he discovered his interest in meeting people. His desire for a higher education led Bill to UAA in 1990, and he looks forward to the adventures along the way.

Sherida Carpenter (Jane Austen's Fanny Price: A Model for Change) is a 16-year resident of Alaska. She arrived here following graduation from the University of Texas in 1975, and subsequently gained employment and a husband. She started off as a news reporter for Anchorage radio station KHAR/KKL V, then moved to a position with the Peninsula Clarion where she produced a weekly feature section, covered the court house news and wrote what needed to be written at the moment. The next career move for Sherida was toward the homefront where she worked for several years raising four sons. Sherida is enrolled in UAA's English graduate program and is also taking classes toward a secondary education certificate.

Laurel Anne Christians (The Future Avenues of Skin Grafting) is currently pursuing a BS with an emphasis in Nursing, and expects to graduate in Spring of 1993. Her interests lie in emergency medicine, and she plans to direct her career toward nursing care in the emergency setting. During the last two and a half years she has been an active participant of the Speech and Debate Team.

Karen Cowan-Jensen (My Father's Eyes) is an English major with an emphasis in Creative Writing. Her dream is to write novels, particularly science fiction, for children and adults. She wants to have a try at screenplays, too: "Indiana Jones action-packed adventure style." Karen loves being outside, underwater, and any place new. She feels that she is a transient at heart—she has not managed to stay in one place for more than a year or so. Though she has been in Alaska since 1983, she has lived in eight different places; three in Anchorage since she moved here and recommenced her degree three years ago.

Shawn C. Cromett (*Tenacity: The Hapsburg Empire and the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars*) is an Alaskan resident since 1978. Besides being a senior majoring in History, Shawn is a member of Phi Alpha Theta, the History Honor Society. He formerly worked as a clerk of the Alaska Workers' Compensation Board, and is currently attending UAA full-time.

Lisa Davis (*The Genetic Bases of Early Infantile Autism*) is a second-year graduate student in the MS program in Counseling Psychology. Her undergraduate work is in psychology and biology with extra work in molecular genetics. She is hoping to begin a Ph.D. program next year. She spends her summers working as a park ranger at Katmai and Denali National Parks.

David Eckert (*Struggle for Autonomy and Self-Determination: The San Blas Kuna of Panama*) is a graduate student nearing completion of a Masters of Arts in Teaching (MAT) with a major in Secondary Social Sciences. He has a BA in Social Work and has worked a number of years in school programs for adolescents with emotional and behavioral problems.

Ibrahim Edais (*Political Zionism*) is a Palestinian Arab from the West Bank. He is a full-time student and a senior at UAA majoring in Computer Science and Mathematics. On campus Ibrahim is the president of the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Club.

Shirley Eiben (*Should Nurses Pronounce Death?*) graduated in December 1991, with a Bachelor of Science in Nursing. She is working at Providence Hospital's Intensive Care Unit. Data collected in this research has been sent to state legislators to provide a basis for possible changes in law allowing nurses to pronounce death.

Colleen Hildebrandt (*A Literature Guide for John Steptoe's Book: Mufaro's Beautiful Daughters*) came to Alaska following six years of living in various locations throughout Europe. In Spring of 1991, she was nominated as a National Collegiate Education Awards Winner, and was the recipient of the Dean's Award for Excellence for the Department of Education, UAA. She graduated (magna cum laude) in May 1991, with a Bachelors in Elementary Education and a minor in Art. She is spending the summer illustrating a children's book. Her goal is to teach in the Anchorage School District in the Fall of 1991.

Marybeth Holleman (*Pieces of Past Lives*) received her BA degree in Environmental Studies from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Now an MFA degree candidate in UAA's Creative Writing Program, she is working on her thesis—a collection of essays exploring man's relationship to nature. She is

also a research associate at the Institute of Social and Economic Research and has taught English at UAA. She has published articles in a range of magazines including Outdoor America, Alaska Magazine, and We Alaskans. Her essay on the Prince William Sound oil spill appeared in Cries from the Heart. Her commentaries on environmental issues have been featured on KSKA's "Morning Edition" and National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."

Maryvonne Hopkins (*Grandeza y Decadencia*) was born in France and she has lived in Alaska since 1974. She is currently enrolled in the MAT program and is teaching French as an adjunct faculty member at UAA. Her interests include cooking, painting and the arts in general. She enjoys music of all types. Her short-range dream is to go to an opera.

Elizabeth Kelly (*Sketching*) graduated from the University of Kansas, Lawrence, in 1989, with a BA in English. Currently she is working toward an MFA in Fiction Writing. She also writes for the Anchorage Daily News and teaches at the university. She assists the Rural/Urban Committee of Commonwealth North and also acts as a graduate editor of Inklings.

Carolyn Long (*The Jump*) was born and raised in Beaver, Pennsylvania. After attending Carnegie-Mellon University and the University of Colorado in the sixties, Carolyn moved to Alaska in 1971. In 1983, she received an Associate Degree in Architectural and Engineering Technology from Anchorage Community College. Since then, she has been working for Gilfilian Engineering, Inc. in Wasilla, Alaska, as a draftsman and lab technician. Carolyn is currently a full-time undergraduate student at UAA majoring in English with an emphasis in Creative Writing.

Peter Porco (*Pretenders, Role Players, Actors All: The Theatrical and Dramatic Functions of Dissembling in Othello, Richard III, and Hamlet*) is a writer and journalist from New York City who came to Alaska in 1981, to work for the Anchorage Daily News. He is a candidate for the MFA degree in Non-fiction Prose. For his thesis project he is writing a narrative of Denali (Mount McKinley), based on stories he has written for the Anchorage Daily News and on his experiences climbing and managing the Kahiltna Base Camp. He has taught writing as an adjunct at UAA and Alaska Pacific University. Peter lives in Anchorage with his wife, Kathleen McCoy, and their 4-year-old daughter, Maeve.

Surath Saengsudham (*Le Journal*) came to Alaska in 1983, from Thailand. He has been a part-time engineering student at UAA since 1989, and a member of the Alaska Air National Guard since 1987. His hobbies include reading, tennis and

bike riding. Sam will be transferring from UAA to pursue a degree in Electrical Engineering.

Jeff Silverman (Daily Special) graduated from Penn State University in 1983, with a degree in Film Production and a minor in Theatre. He set off for a stage-manager career in New York City by way of Alaska. He worked for the Anchorage Arts Council as a project coordinator and decided to stay. He is now the Marketing and Development Associate for the Anchorage Concert Association. Jeff joined the MFA Creative Writing program in 1990, and has written several screenplays which he hopes to sell some day.

Joe Stafford (Daddy in the Morning) was born in Littlefield, Texas, the second of four brothers. He grew up on the High Plains, graduating from Plainview High School in 1981. He earned a Bachelor's Degree in Journalism with an English minor, in 1985, from the University of North Texas in Denton. He moved to Alaska in late summer of 1988 and is an editor at The Anchorage Times. Joe is in his first year of study at UAA in the MFA Creative Writing program, where his emphasis is in fiction.

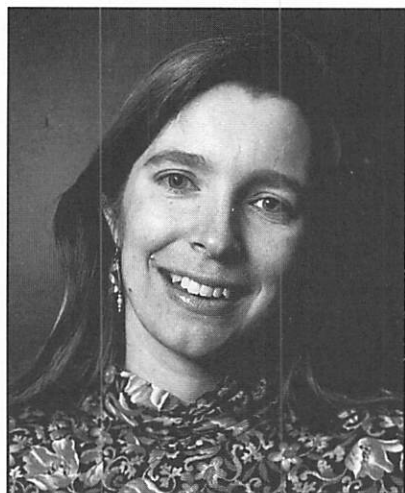
Val Taylor (Internal versus External Locus of Control: A Cross-Cultural View of the Benefits and Costs) was born in Bombay, India, raised in England, spent several years in the Middle East and has lived in Alaska for the past four years. She has enjoyed learning about different cultures through living in some very different societies and observing the subtle (and sometimes not so subtle) differences between peoples. Val's major in Psychology, together with her own Indian heritage, led her to explore some of these differences from a cross-cultural perspective.

Nathan D. Turner (Isolation and Characterization of Vesicles Isolated from the Brush Border of Sockeye Salmon [*Oncorhynchus Nerka*] Kidneys) is a graduating senior in the Department of Chemistry and Physics with a BS in Chemistry. He will be completing a second degree in Secondary Education in 1992, and he hopes to go on to medical school the following year. Nathan previously attended Arizona State University and graduated from Bartlett High School, Anchorage. He intends to return and live in Alaska upon completion of his education.

*Not all biosketches were submitted.

PIECES OF PAST LIVES

Marybeth Holleman



Before I left Anchorage, the word I heard most often to describe the Aleutian Islands was barren. A string of remote, treeless wind-scapes, they are surrounded by treacherous currents where the Bering Sea and Pacific Ocean collide. I wondered how people lived out here before modern technology made it possible to live anywhere on the planet. For we know people did inhabit these islands—anthropologists estimate up to 20,000 Aleuts were living along the chain when Russian fur hunters first arrived in the 1760s.

To see for myself the Aleut's landscape, I joined a summer archaeological dig at a site 25 miles by water from the nearest town. My first glimpse of the Reese Bay site was from the window of a goose as we broke through clouds and glided onto McLees Lake. In a vast green landscape, I saw a small tight cluster of tents.

Before I arrived, the archaeology team had excavated a midden mound down to almost 15 feet and were still uncovering signs of human habitation. Artifacts indicate the place was inhabited before and after Russian contact. Now we are uncovering two rectangular pits 85 feet long and 20 feet wide. These longhouses, or *barabaras*, had been built submerged into the earth. Whale ribs and driftwood had supported a roof of sod. The archaeologists directing the dig think all the Aleuts in this community had lived in these two *barabaras*, perhaps occupying one and then moving to the other.

There is little we really know about how Aleuts lived, and much of it derives from notes made by missionaries, fur hunters, and early explorers in the late 1700s and early 1800s. Most of the Aleut's culture was lost when the first Russians, fur traders who valued only sea otter pelts, forced villagers to hunt the animal to near extinction. Men were enslaved and taken away from their home territory, leaving women, children, and elders without providers or provisions. Hunting accidents in treacherous waters, punishment for resistance, introduced

Marybeth Holleman's paper was written for English 672, "Creative Writing: Non-fiction," Tom Sexton, Professor, UAA English Department.

diseases, malnutrition, and outright massacre almost brought about the extinction of the Aleut as well: their population dropped to only 1,513 by the early 1800s.

With missionaries came improvements, though for many it was too late. Ivan Veniaminov, the first Russian priest to arrive in the Aleutian Islands, wrote that over 100 people lived at this site. Local oral tradition sheds no light. While Aleut descendants, their blood and names now mixed with those of Russians, might come here to fish on a weekend, they know nothing about the village we are excavating.

Several times while we've been at Reese Bay, Aleuts have boated over from Unalaska. Knowing their tragic history, I feel uncomfortable about our excavation, as if it is yet another intrusion, another exploitation. As they are shown around the site and learn how we think their ancestors lived, they show a polite, cautious curiosity, perhaps trying to emulate the detached, scientific manner of their guides—these men from cities they've never visited telling them about their own past. But through their passive demeanor I sense an earnest desire to understand and to reclaim, as if we might return something to them that others had taken away over a century ago.

I spend my days digging into their history, working in rich dark soil that is a melding of volcanic rock and rain and grasses. In the upper levels, I often uncover Russian trade beads: small red, blue, or white seed beads, round white Chinese beads, sometimes a larger luminous amber bead. Deeper than the beads, I find obsidian and basalt points, carefully sculpted by Aleut hunters. Every stone is turned. Rounded cobblestones may have been part of a wall; flat angular rocks may have been griddle rocks, used as work surfaces. As we carefully scrape away the earth, massive whale bones, white and brittle from time, surface all over the house floor: ribs, crania, vertebrae. I wonder how all these scattered pieces fit.

At times, I take my eyes away from the soil I dig and search the landscape. When clouds break, I see an expanse of grassy ridges, volcanic peaks, and water—McLees Lake to the south, Reese Bay to the north. The lake, a mile wide and over two miles long, fills a bowl surrounded by mountains. Winds often whip up whitecaps on its broad surface. Reese Bay's shores stretch the length of a sandy beach, flanked by steep, rocky headlands. Ocean, headlands, and mountains delineate my horizon. This vast landscape seems magnified by weather moving through—clouds slide rapidly across the sky like time-exposed film in fast motion, changing the shapes and colors of the landscape.

The exposed land is harsher than I'd imagined. Though I have camped in other parts of Alaska, these islands surprise me with their bone-chilling summer cold, their fierce winds and gray drizzly skies, and the bugs that blind me when the wind dies down. Around me, other students scrape the soil, intent on their work as if on a treasure hunt. As weather changes, their layers of clothing come off and go back on with almost hilarious frequency. But for me, mostly,

they stay on. Though I continue digging, I feel distracted, distant from the others. My feet stay cold, though I change my layers of wool socks every day at lunchtime and wear down slippers at night. During every break, I retreat to the food tent for warm tea, or to my own tent and my down bag. I regret not exploring this place which is so different from anywhere I've been, but I still hold back.

Others on this dig complain frequently about the weather. "Just think," I tell one of them, "the Aleuts didn't even wear shoes." She thinks I'm joking. But one of our directors says I am right: from all we know, Aleuts didn't wear anything on their feet.

Later that day, I turn over a rock that is not just another cobblestone. I've found a stone lamp. An Aleut had carved this shallow flat bowl of grey basalt, poured seal oil into it, and made a wick of dried grass. Running my fingers over the smooth surface, charred black from use, I imagine a barefoot Aleut hunter setting the lamp on the damp ground and crouching over it, his seal-gut *kamlieka* (parka) making a tent around the warm stone lamp. I wonder if it was enough to keep him warm; these lamps were their only source of heat. But I know Aleuts had learned to live with the cold better than I: babies were routinely dipped in the near-freezing ocean to make them strong.

Winds rise as night falls, and by the time I am deep in my sleeping bag, 50-mile-per-hour winds churn down the mountains, across McLees Lake, and over the waves of grass to my tent. Inside, I feel my tent taking on a life of its own, heaving and creaking in great deep breaths. Last year, one tent was blown up into the air and onto the beach; it would have gone to sea if it hadn't been chased down. As I try to fall asleep, I understand why Aleuts built their homes in the ground: they must have been quiet and still and warm and safe.

After finding the stone lamp, I find a rhythm to our work and time speeds up. I focus on the ground; I bend, scrape, sift. One grey morning, when fog throws everything into silhouette, I stand up and look out across McLees Lake. In its center, a shaft of sun pierces clouds and lights up a flock of gulls, a brilliant white swirl over the water.

We dig deeper into the Aleut longhouse, revealing what we think is a cobblestone floor and walls. Next to a bowhead whale cranium, I find an ulu blade. Even before it is completely uncovered, I know it is something an Aleut once held. The smooth worn basalt surface shines out through dull dark soil, tempting me to pick it up. I do; it fits my hand like an old friend. For a moment, the sounds of others digging around me fade, and I imagine another time. Then I show my ulu to a woman who has many years experience on digs in the Arctic; she says it is an ulu, and a good one at that. "An Aleut woman held this long ago, cutting meat or working skins," she says, slicing the ulu through the air in graceful curves.

Harboring the image of an Aleut woman holding the same ulu I found, I begin to accept the weather and venture out during breaks. I wander the curving

beach following wind-blown water down the fine black sand; sit on a boulder watching puffins circle a small rock island; bushwhack through to a small pond and collect wildflowers with my camera. Many of the plants—iris, lupine, Indian paintbrush, chocolate lily—are familiar to me but several times the size of any I've seen. One still evening I walk the length of the beach and stand at the water's edge, letting waves break against my rubber boots. Wet and sandy, the mottled feather of an immature bald eagle washes up at my feet.

On the last week of excavating, I uncover an oval volcanic boulder with a depression in the center. This rock lines up with others like it along either side of the house; the archaeologists have decided these rocks supported whale ribs and driftwood used to make the roof. In front of me is a whale vertebra, and around it a layer of flat angular griddle rocks. On top of them in layers of soil I found a wealth of tools: three hammerstones, flakes of basalt, obsidian, and greenstone, and many stone points, some broken. I imagine this part of the *barabara* was a work area, that an Aleut once sat on the whale vertebra and fashioned these points, using hammerstone and the flat rock surface. But I also wonder—am I creating something from unrelated pieces of past lives?

The next day we begin undoing what we've done; we fill in the site. But before the *barabara* is covered up, one archaeologist puts coins in the support rock basins. Leaving coins, he says, is something archaeologists often do on the excuse that it will help them find the site again. But it's more a tradition, he admits; a way of paying homage to those who've been disturbed. I put a shiny new penny in the post support rock I uncovered and hope it is accepted.

Now only the outline remains; once again the Aleut house is protected from wind. Night is still far away and all day clouds have moved quickly across the peaks around us, showering us with shadows and sunlight. I leave after dinner to hike the ridge at the far end of the beach, one I've been watching from a distance since the first day at Reese Bay.

The steep ascent follows a waterfall through thick, head-high plants and up around crumbling rock faces; the descent is more difficult. Plants conceal an uneven terrain, and I don't know where or when my foot will land. Sometimes I drop into holes up to my hip, sometimes I step into water, sometimes I trip over hidden boulders. Each step is an act of faith.

I finally break free of the grasses and branches in front of my eyes, and fall out onto the beach. The dark soft sand is inviting; I fall to my knees. Then I take off my boots and peel off layers of wool socks. My cramped feet sink into the sand, the cool ocean water massaging them. I walk back down the beach towards camp, barefoot through the surf.

*A later version of this essay is scheduled to appear in The North American Review.

PRETENDERS, ROLE PLAYERS, ACTORS ALL: THE THEATRICAL AND DRAMATIC FUNCTIONS OF DISSEMBLING IN *OTHELLO*, *RICHARD III*, AND *HAMLET*

Peter Porco

Disguise is common in Shakespeare's plays. Whether a physical cover-up, like Viola's dressing as a young man and presenting herself to Orsino's court as Cesario in *Twelfth Night*, or a behavioral mask, as in Hamlet's putting on an "antic disposition" in *Hamlet*, the business of hiding one's self behind a false other self is a theatrical convention Shakespeare uses to great effect. A number of comedies turn on disguise and confused identity, while the sort of disguise created by pretense and role-playing figures prominently in some tragedies and histories as well.

For example, Iago in *Othello*, Richard in *Richard III*, and Hamlet all feign personalities at odds with what we take to be their true selves. Iago and Richard in particular play roles that contrast so thoroughly with their inner natures that their respective plays are suffused with trickery. Enigmatic Hamlet moves in a different dramatic universe than they, where the lines of the self are not so finely drawn and where the audience cannot always be sure whether it watches pretense or reality, but duplicity is still a primary *modus operandi* for both Hamlet and his antagonist, the king.

Despite the considerable differences in their characters and respective plays, Hamlet, Iago, and Richard share the felt necessity of advancing a hidden agenda through the ploy of deception. Because their purposes are too horrid or dangerous to reveal—each is bent on some form of destruction—they conceal instead and turn a different persona outward. In a world opposed to their real intentions, each man is an outlaw who must dissemble and persuade others to believe something about him that is not true.

But if their fellow characters are fooled, the audience is not. We hear Iago's, Richard's, and Hamlet's soliloquys and asides, those passages of self-talk and thinking aloud that were written for our ears. We know exactly what Iago is up to, and therefore how monstrous his lies are, how false his ministrations on behalf of Othello, Desdemona, and Cassio, and how richly ironic the appellation "honest Iago." In the opening lines of *Richard III*, and in other soliloquys, Richard unabashedly reveals his true character and frightful aims—"I am

Peter Porco's paper was written for English 681, "Studies in Drama: Shakespeare," Robert Crosman, Professor, UAA English Department.

determined to prove a villain”¹—and so all the more audaciously hypocritical is the person he pretends to be, that of a man of piety and concern for the commonwealth, and so all the more entertained are we. The scene in 3.7 at Baynard’s Castle, where Buckingham and Richard together enact the pretense of the duke’s “zealous contemplation,” is full of monstrous dissembling and high-blown rhetoric, a masterpiece of politic lying and manipulation.

And while Hamlet’s musings invite us to suffer his outrage, anguish and doubt—pains to which the two villains appear largely immune (at least, for Richard, until his last dreams)—they also establish a field on which his antic wit makes fools, in our eyes, of Polonius and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. We delight in the ironic distance between Hamlet’s sense of the truth and his enemies’ perceptions of him, and between what Hamlet and we know about Claudius and the king’s groping for the cause of his nephew’s “transformations.”

But the technique of a role-playing deceiver who follows a secret design, something of his own script, serves another purpose besides entertainment. In these works it helps to strike the aesthetic balance and reveal the basic dramatic conflict. It places in sharp relief for the audience’s benefit the clash between the outer world—what we might call the prevailing script—and the hidden ends of the villain or hero—the countervailing script. The concealed agenda that helps drive a conflict is often at the heart of theater and allows us to experience more intensely the tension “between the pass and fell incensed points / Of mighty opposites,” as Hamlet describes the battle between himself and Claudius.²

As their plays open, each of the three finds himself in a world generally hostile to his intentions, defined figuratively by a script whose unfolding and anticipated conclusions are contrary to what he desires or considers his best interests.

Iago feels insulted and betrayed, deeming himself worthy to be Othello’s lieutenant, but having been passed over for the choice position despite his best efforts to persuade his superior to promote him. Iago also suspects that the “lusty Moor” has seduced his wife, “the thought whereof / Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards.”³ At bottom, Iago is a square peg in a round universe—selfish, unscrupulous, and alienated morally from the “free and open” Othello and the loving, virtuous Desdemona.

Richard would be king, and although his brother, King Edward IV, is dying, Edward’s two sons, Richard’s other brother, Clarence, and the general opinion of the court stand between him and the throne. Richard has also willfully isolated himself, citing his misshapen body as the cause.

...Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;

Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.⁴

But there seems to be something else. Through the rich, rhetorical delight he takes in his perverse stance and contempt for the “weak piping time of peace,” Richard suggests that he chooses evil for its own sake, that he is by character predisposed to stand apart.

When we first meet Hamlet—before he has heard his father’s ghost charge murder—he is depressed, in mourning for the dead king, and rankled by the “most wicked speed” with which his uncle and mother married. In his first words spoken alone, we hear him off-handedly wish for the moral right to kill himself. He appears the picture of alienation and malaise: “God! / How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable / Seem to me all the uses of this world! / Fie on’t!”⁵ Nobody apparently believes him. His mother feels his “nighted color” is a put-on of some kind, and in the next scene both Laertes and Polonius warn Ophelia that what she calls Hamlet’s “tenders of his affection” “are not sterling,” as her father phrases it. When Hamlet does learn of the murder—which is to learn that he and his uncle, the present king, can never be reconciled and are now in fact “mighty opposites”—his melancholy resolves itself into hatred and desire for revenge:

...Hold, hold, my heart!
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost...⁶

The prince now creates an opposing script, with a well-defined role for himself and a projected outcome at great remove from any of the court’s considerations: death to King Claudius.

So radical a goal demands, however, that for the time being it remain obscure, even initially to Hamlet’s only friend, Horatio, and the others who have seen the ghost, all of whose pleadings to know what the spirit has said to him Hamlet admirably resists. Instead he warns them he’ll now be acting, playing a role, and demands their silence,

How strange or odd soe’er I bear myself
(As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on)...⁷

Hamlet feigns loss of his wit to confuse Claudius, to make himself seem a harmless idiot while he bides his time until he can act. He pretends madness to survive, lest the king detect him—and his true agenda—and kill him too.

Hamlet can entertain regicide because he is in a position to do it. Claudius is stronger, but Hamlet still enjoys great power, political and personal. He needs it. One doesn't intend to be an agent of change, to write his or her own script—which means rewriting the official version—without power. Iago, Richard, and Hamlet all have it. Politically, Iago is the lowest of the three, a mere “ancient,” an ensign. But he works in close enough contact with Othello and Cassio to weave his destructive design. In addition, his charm, ability to think quickly on his feet, and immense will make up for any lack of political power. “Honest Iago,” trusted implicitly, has Othello's ear fully and enacts his villainy through it.

Richard is a duke, the king's brother, Lord Protector. He can raise armies or hire a couple of murderers. More powerful than his position, however, are his audacity and talents as a persuasive manipulator who can spew poisonous lies and, for the most part, keep free of their rebounding spray.

Hamlet is a prince. “For let the world take note / You are the most immediate to our throne,” Claudius tells him and the court after the marriage.⁸ Later, bearing no real love for Hamlet and with ample cause to be rid of him, the king nevertheless cannot charge him with treason “for two special reasons,” as he tells Laertes: “The Queen his mother / Lives almost by his looks”⁹ and

She's so conjunctive to my life and soul
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive
Why to a public court I might not go
Is the great love the general gender bear him...¹⁰

Hamlet is a keen wit who can fool most people at court and stay a step ahead most of the time. Moreover, like Iago and Richard, he has a great talent for playing a role at variance with the truth. Each of the three characters, in fact, is not merely a role in a play by Shakespeare, but plays the key role in his own personally designed drama. That is, besides being an ensign, a duke, a prince, he is an actor too.

Iago is superb at it. Even before Othello fires his lieutenant, Michael Cassio, for falling into a drunken brawl, a key event occurring one-fourth of the way into the play, we have had ample proof that Iago, who has instigated the events leading up to the dismissal, is a villain. From the drama's opening moments, Iago has revealed himself as a resentful egoist, a willing dissembler, and an unconscionable manipulator working to destroy Othello, drawn by Shakespeare as a noble, generous, blameless man.

Whip me such honest knaves! Others there are
Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and when they have lined their coats,
Do themselves homage. These fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself....¹¹

...I hate the Moor
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
H'as done my office. I know not if't be true,
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.¹²

Yet in the sequence surrounding Cassio's dismissal, which kicks the plot into high gear, we see Iago also to be a kind of evil genius and consummate actor. His plan to inebriate Cassio and have Roderigo taunt the lieutenant into an unbecoming violence has worked to perfection, and now Othello, pulled from his bedroom by the clamour of Montano and Cassio at swords, angrily demands to know the cause. "Honest Iago, that looks dead with grieving, / Speak. Who began this?"¹³

Why do we want to grin at the picture of Iago looking "dead with grieving"? How thoroughly he masters his master and events! The moment, of course, gives us a massive dose of dramatic irony, and it is always satisfying for the audience to know more than the major characters in a play know, even when we like and respect those characters, as we do Othello and Desdemona. But we relish this scene also because of Iago's boundless villainy and talent for feigning. He is the most clever character in the play. And as the scene unfolds, we see him pulling still more strings until he himself is delightfully astounded by his skills. Having set Cassio on to plead through Desdemona to Othello for reinstatement, Iago contemplates his success with self-congratulatory irony:

And what's he then that says I play the villain,
When this advice is free I give, and honest,
Probal to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
Th'inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit;...¹⁴

In irony layered upon irony, Iago, in truth, tells the truth. An excellent judge of character, he has pegged Othello, Desdemona, and Cassio perfectly and

plays them like musical instruments, to use his own figure, uttered aside when Othello arrives at Cyprus into the loving arms of his wife: "O, you are well tuned now! / But I'll set down the pegs that make this music, / As honest as I am."¹⁵

To himself and his inner world, open to our view through the dramatic technique of the soliloquy, Iago is indeed honest ("honest" being the most recurring ironic motif in the play). He tells us precisely who he is, and it is a revelation that makes his character—remorseless, full of hate, self-absorbed—all the more chilling.

Richard, Duke of Gloucester, is another villain whose evil will and manipulative powers frighten at the same time they entertain us. A marked difference exists between Iago and Richard, namely, that Richard's motivation is clearer to us and not as problematic. But like Iago, Richard intends grave harm. And like Iago, he is audacious and enjoys exercising his duplicitous powers for their own pleasures. His improbable wooing of the widowed Lady Anne, the former Princess of Wales, who thoroughly detests Richard and for excellent reason, is a *tour de force* of dissembling in the interest of an ulterior motive:

What though I killed her husband and his father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father.
The which will I, not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent
By marrying her which I must reach unto.¹⁶

The overweeningly confident Richard proposes bedding and marrying Anne to her face while she mourns the corpse of her slaughtered father-in-law, whom Richard murdered. Predictably she is shocked and outraged. But Richard can do more than commit heinous deeds and attempt arrogant seductions. He can dissemble. "My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word," the silver-tongued duke tells Anne.¹⁷ He feigns tears, remorse, feigns a willingness to die at her hands:

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast
And let the soul forth that adareth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.¹⁸

Broken-hearted, exhausted, overpowered by Richard's prodigious energy, and at the moment swayed by his lies and flattery, Anne relents. But lest the audience be fooled for the briefest moment, Richard's first deed following her

departure, to countermand her wishes regarding Henry's burial, and his next soliloquy prove every word to her was a lie. The audience is now convinced it is watching an egoistic monster with an utter lack of human feeling or decency:

Was ever woman in this humor wooed?
Was ever woman in this humor won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that killed her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit at all
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha!¹⁹

Richard, his dissembling words often drenched in irony, can be terribly entertaining. On greeting his nephew, the young and inexperienced Edward, Prince of Wales, whose murder he is already plotting, Richard speaks trenchant truth aimed elsewhere than its true mark, himself:

Sweet Prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit;
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your Grace attended to their sug'red words
But looked not on the poison of their hearts.
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!²⁰

We find no similar broad-stroked irony in Hamlet, a very different play evoking different responses from the audience. Iago and Richard are knaves plotting evil, confident in their powers, single-minded. They tell large destructive lies for reprehensible ends. While they go about their dirty business we secretly enjoy their effects, even somewhat identifying with them. But ultimately we want them punished. On the other hand, Hamlet, through his father's murder, is the victim of a crime. He is a hero, although flawed, and draws our sympathy. Through Iago and Richard we taste villainy. Through Hamlet we experience anguish, doubt, and the burden of princely cares.

We see a theatrical difference, too. The villains' machinations are symmetrical with their actions; what Richard and Iago plot, they do. With Hamlet,

we experience gaps between what he tells us he will do and what he does. Even he, no less than the ghost, wonders at his seeming loss of purpose in revenging the murder. Having observed how the player became so moved while reciting the Hecuba speech, Hamlet laments his own dependence on histrionic inaction—on mere words:

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must (like a whore) unpack my heart with words
And fall a-cursing like a very drab,
A scullion!²¹

Nevertheless Hamlet, like Iago and Richard, is an actor, a dissembler, who captivates us. His role—that of “This mad young man,” as Claudius refers to him after the slaying of Polonius²²—may or may not be convincing. His mother and Polonius believe it. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern seem to believe it. Claudius appears mistrustful, or at the very least certain that Polonius’s hypothesis—Hamlet is “mad for love”—is wrong:

Love? His affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger;...²³

But then the king knows well what it is to feign a part, a demeanor, a behavior. He has hidden his crime by evasion and dissembling, playing the role of a mourning brother, and convincingly playing the part of Denmark’s king. Hamlet knows the king is an actor.

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables! Meet it is I set it down
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;²⁴

Hamlet and Claudius are brother dissemblers, shadow wrestling as they try to pin each other to an absolute truth. It is noteworthy that these primary antagonists, these “mighty opposites” around which this longest of Shakespeare’s plays revolves, interact directly with each other only four times in the drama, and none at any length: when the king chides Hamlet for continued mourning in 1.2; at the “Mousetrap” in 3.2; after Polonius’s murder in 4.3; and at the climactic

scene of 5.2. Both are present in the same room in 2.2, but the king and queen depart on Hamlet's entrance; they are together in 3.1, but Claudius hides behind the arras and Hamlet may or may not know he's there; and they are together at Ophelia's grave, but do not speak directly to each other, although Hamlet's parting words, "Let Hercules himself do what he may, / The cat will mew, and dog will have his day,"²⁵ appear to be a cryptic reference to Claudius and himself.

Much of their psychic sparring is through others. Hamlet and his uncle communicate directly and often indirectly through Polonius, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, Gertrude, Ophelia, Laertes, Osric, and the players. For the audience, the effectiveness of that kind of interaction depends on what we know of the true motives of each. "The Mousetrap," Hamlet's most clever move and the turning point of the play, is the most stunning act of deception in the drama, for it tells the absolute truth while wearing the persona of a piece of fiction. So long as Claudius is guilty as charged by the ghost, he is powerless before the thrust of the little play's truth. And yet the truth of its assertion rests silently for a spell with only Hamlet, Horatio, and the king, unacknowledged, and unrecognized by all others while the world is full of pretense.

It is also interesting that Hamlet, who otherwise often berates himself for doing nothing, recognizes immediately how useful the players can be to him, and with little apparent forethought incorporates them into his designs, into his secret script. He needs their help because, as he comes slowly to admit to himself in the soliloquy that closes 2.2, "The spirit that I have seen / May be a devil" who abuses him.²⁶ "I'll have grounds / More relative than this."²⁷

But there's more. Hamlet is harrassed, by his own brooding conscience, but more significantly by Claudius and Gertrude who have set Polonius, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to "pluck out the heart of [his] mystery."²⁸ They patronize him, spy on him, toy with him. Under such pressure his madman's mask isn't secure. His energy to dissemble has limits. Little wonder the sense of relief that comes with the first words of that long soliloquy in 2.2: "Now I am alone."²⁹ It's the first time we hear him take his own counsel since he's seen the ghost, and no sooner is he alone than he unburdens himself of his real thoughts, and shows a self struggling with rage, doubt, and self-doubt: "Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!"³⁰

Hamlet is not as confident as Richard or as skillful as Iago in plotting his course. Perhaps he would be, except that he doubts. As much as that his moral cause is right, we love Hamlet because he seems more human, with more of human failing, than the others.

Each of these dissemblers succeeds, yet each fails too. Their immediate, destructive goals are met. But Hamlet, and half-a-dozen others, are destroyed in the process; Richard dies unpitied and unloved, exactly the hell he came to fear; and Iago, who never repents, departs in silence for probable torture and execution.

ENDNOTES

¹Richard the Third 1.1.30

²Hamlet 5.2.61-62

³Othello 2.2.295-97

⁴R3 1.1.20-31

⁵Ham 1.2.132-35

⁶Ham 1.5.93-96

⁷Ham 1.5.170-72

⁸Ham 1.2.108-09

⁹Ham 4.7.11-12

¹⁰Ham 4.7.14-18

¹¹Oth 1.1.46-52

¹²Oth 1.3.377-82

¹³Oth 2.3.176-77

¹⁴Oth 2.3.336-41

¹⁵Oth 2.1.197-99

¹⁶R3 1.1.154-59

¹⁷R3 1.2.168

¹⁸R3 1.2.173-78

¹⁹R3 1.2.227-38

²⁰R3 3.1.7-15

²¹Ham 2.2.568-73

²²Ham 4.1.19

²³Ham 3.1.162-67

²⁴Ham 1.5.106-08

²⁵Ham 5.1.278-79

²⁶Ham 2.2.584-85

²⁷Ham 2.2.589-90

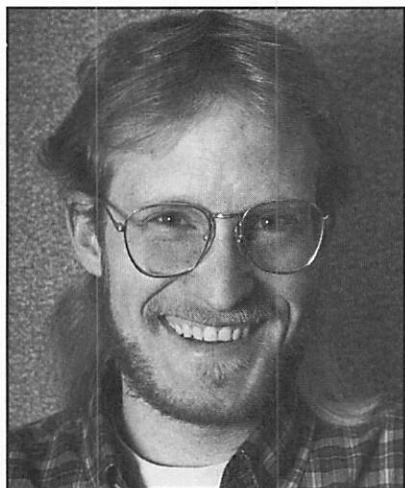
²⁸Ham 3.2.349-50

²⁹Ham 2.2.533

³⁰Ham 2.2.534

GWICH'IN ORGANIZATION AND ACTION— PROTECTION OF THEIR CULTURE AND THE PORCUPINE CARIBOU HERD

Geoff Butler



INTRODUCTION

This paper was originally submitted to Dr. David Maas, UAA political science professor, as a final project for Political Science 340, Politics of the Fourth World. The final project was to be a case study of an indigenous peoples/development issue. I chose the Gwich'in Indians and their struggle regarding the Porcupine caribou herd, their way of life, and oil development possibilities in the Arctic Refuge. Soren Wuerth, a fellow classmate, also chose the Gwich'in as the topic for his paper. As part of our research we

went to Arctic Village for four days in November of 1990. Arctic Village is one of two Chandalar Gwich'in villages within the Venetie Indian Reserve. The term Chandalar refers to the regional band of Gwich'in originally living within the Chandalar and Sheenjek River drainages just south of the Brooks Range. Arctic Village is located approximately 240 air miles north and slightly east of Fairbanks, Alaska, just outside the southern border of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge (ANWR).

While in Arctic Village, we were able to speak with some of the residents on the issues confronting their culture, and get a firsthand view of their way of life. This paper begins with a narrative describing an ice fishing trip which I was invited to attend while visiting Arctic Village in November. The paper, which focuses on the Gwich'in of Arctic Village and Venetie, goes into an overview to explain the current struggle of the Gwich'in Indian nation, and ends with a description and chronology of Gwich'in efforts to protect their culture and the Porcupine caribou herd, which are inextricably connected. Comments from personal interviews with Arctic Village residents are interspersed throughout the paper. Quotations not cited for endnotes are accredited in the text.

Geoff Butler's paper was written for Political Science 340, "Politics of the Fourth World," David Maas, Professor, UAA Political Science Department.

It was 35 degrees below zero. The sun and moon were both low on the horizon at opposite ends of the frozen lake just outside of Arctic Village. After freeing both ends of the fish net with a double-bitted axe, Edward Sam looked at me with a smile and a glint in his eye; "Now comes the cold part," he said, as I watched him slip off his wool gloves.

Kneeling at the hole we had chopped through the 18 inches of ice, he began picking the fish net with his bare hands. I couldn't imagine then that he would continue for 20 minutes without a break. Edward had predicted a catch of 30 fish before beginning the pick. The set was proving to be a good one. Fat healthy whitefish were piling up all around, flipping only a few times before lying still and gathering frost.

He worked on with full dexterity in his fingers. "When my hands get cold I just put them back into the water!" he exclaimed—laughing and splashing his hands in the slushy open water. My own hands, although protected, were growing stiff with cold. Suddenly he looked up and proclaimed, "I feel pike!" I looked down wondering what he was talking about. A moment later my eyes must have grown wide as he pulled forth a 20-inch Northern pike. "How did you know?" I asked in amazement. "I've been on this earth for quite some time now young man," he replied going back to his work.

The sky turned gold. The net was empty, and 29 fish lay on the ice.

OVERVIEW

For thousands of years, the Gwich'in Athapascan Indians have lived in the regions now called northeastern Alaska and northwestern Canada. Until roughly 150 years ago, they lived a nomadic lifestyle as their ancestors had from prehistoric times, gathering and hunting what they needed from the land. They lived primarily off the Porcupine caribou herd which has been migrating through Gwich'in territory since time immemorial. The Gwich'in/caribou relationship can be equated to the one-time nomadic hunting lifestyle of the plains Indians as they lived off the American buffalo on the great plains of the Continental U.S.

Gwich'in reliance on the caribou is still fundamental to their existence both from a standpoint of food and other living necessities which the caribou provides, and culturally, as hunting and use of the caribou is tied to nearly all aspects of Gwich'in life, and has been for unrecorded generations. The Gwich'in believe a fundamental connection exists between their people and the caribou. Common folklore maintains:

Every caribou has a bit of the human heart in him, and every human has a bit of caribou heart. Hence humans will always have partial knowledge of what caribou are thinking and feeling, but equally, caribou will have the same knowledge of humans. This

is why caribou hunting is at times very easy, at other times very difficult.¹

The Gwich'in nation, currently numbering between five and seven thousand people living in Alaska and Canada, are fulfilled in living a simple, humble existence in harmony with the land and with each other. This harmonious existence is what the people value. Lincoln Tritt is a Gwich'in writer who lives in Arctic Village. He writes with a holistic approach for the cause of his people and the general well-being of the planet. In his writings he explains a common view held by his people.

...Our people see themselves as part of nature and are nurtured by it. For this reason they have developed a deep-rooted respect for it, much like a person would respect their parents for giving them life.²

The Gwich'in have decided the values they learned through living in reverence for the land are the values they wish to pass on to their children, and to future generations. In order to do this, the Gwich'in living in Alaska on the Venetie reservation chose to keep their tribal lands. Most Alaskan Natives adopted the Native Corporation System at the time of the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act in 1971. The choice to retain a portion of their native lands has given them the freedom to continue living off the land to a large degree. According to Trimble Gilbert, chief of Arctic Village, the land provides at least 50% of all food resources needed to sustain the approximately 120 people living in the village.

Since the first contact with white culture in 1789, the Gwich'in way of life has changed in many unavoidable ways. Despite the forces that are still fragmenting their society, and within these constraints, the Gwich'in have made careful choices as to the extent of alterations to their way of life. The value of living with respect to the land and the caribou has never been traded or compromised.

The Gwich'in are no longer able to live a nomadic lifestyle as their ancestors had done. Their culture is now integrated with Euro-American culture in fundamental ways. They use snow machines and river boats for hunting and transportation instead of dog sleds or foot travel. They live in log or wood frame homes instead of caribou or canvas tents. Television sets are common, and are valued among Gwich'in activists who want to stay abreast of current issues potentially affecting their way of life. Their culture is tied to mainstream America in unavoidable ways. The Gwich'in accept this, but at the same time, they are adamantly protective of their connection with the land, the caribou, and with their ancestral way of life. Chief Gilbert maintains this view:

That's the only way that I can see how we are going to survive is to live off the land. That's the only way our health is going to be good, to live off the land half and half. We have to have money too. We need that too, we are two different cultures. Two different cultures we have to learn.³

As the Gwich'in gradually became less nomadic, they settled in areas through which the Porcupine caribou herd traditionally migrated. Since the Gwich'in are now confined to relatively small local areas, their dependency on undisturbed caribou migrations is much more acute. Due to the exorbitant import prices of cash-based resources needed to harvest caribou, the Gwich'in cannot afford to travel greater distances than they presently do in order to bring caribou back to the villages. A reduction in the number of caribou, or the migratory patterns of the herd could effectively end the Gwich'in way of life. This is what the Gwich'in believe. They are, therefore, highly opposed to any activities which could adversely affect the caribou herd.

The Porcupine caribou herd numbers between 150,000 to 200,000 animals. The entire herd migrates seasonally from their wintering grounds in northern Yukon Territory, Canada, and the northwest corner of Alaska, to their calving grounds on the coastal plains of northeast Alaska and northwest Canada. The coastal plains are where the herd renews its cycle, giving birth to the next generation of calves. The largest part of the herd uses the coastal plains of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge (ANWR, or Arctic Refuge) as its calving area. This section of the herd supports the majority of the Gwich'in people.

In 1980, when Congress enlarged the Arctic Refuge to 19 million acres, they set aside 1.5 million acres of coastal plain termed the "ten-o-two" (1002) land, to be studied for its oil resource potential versus its value as a wilderness area. At this development the Gwich'in nation became very alarmed. This area of coastal plain is the location of the core calving area for the Porcupine caribou herd. There is great debate on the short- and long-term effects oil exploration and development could have on caribou populations and migratory patterns. In the preliminary study conducted by the U.S. Department of the Interior, the findings predicted substantial effects on the Porcupine caribou herd if oil development were to occur in their calving areas. The Gwich'in people believe they are the ones taking the risks involved with oil development. Louie John, a Gwich'in activist living in Arctic Village is very concerned about the potential effects oil exploration and development could have on his people and their way of life. Talking about the 1002 lands he said:

That land is sacred ground to our people. We believe there is going to be an impact on the caribou herd, and that it could be destroying our life. That's our most urgent concern of our life as

Gwich'in people. There's 7,000 of us that depend on that caribou herd.⁴

Although the Gwich'in have historically kept their distance from white culture in an effort to retain their own, they came to realize they would have to voice their concerns to protect the caribou and their culture. Oral tradition recalls the Gwich'in nation gathered only when the people as a whole were faced with problems. Until recent times, issues effecting more than a few regional bands seldom occurred. The nine regional bands of Gwich'in, nonetheless, have always had an established sense of commonality, and have considered themselves to be one people throughout their archaeologically supported 4,000- to 5,000-year heritage of living in the Arctic of northwestern Canada and northeastern Alaska.

EARLY ORGANIZATION—THE VENETIE RESERVE, THE RAMPART DAM

Establishing the Chandalar Gwich'in's commitment to protect their traditional way of life was the founding of the Venetie Indian Reserve, a 1.8-million-acre tract of land owned by the Gwich'in of Arctic Village and Venetie in Alaska. During the 1940s, Indian land claims in the Continental U.S. were under jurisdiction of the Indian reservation system. Seeing the potential for maintaining self-determination rights, the Chandalar Gwich'in secured the land they now have jurisdiction over. Gwich'in activists, John Fredson and Johnny Frank, founded the Venetie Tribal Reserve by organizing a petition to attain reservation status, which was signed by the U.S. Department of the Interior in May of 1943. The Venetie reserve comprises only about half of the lands traditionally used by the Chandalar Gwich'in.

According to Sarah James, a local Arctic Village resident, and third generation activist for the Gwich'in, the next major organization in this century occurred in the late 1950s. The reasons for organizing then were much the same as they are today—to protect the Porcupine caribou herd and habitat, and, in so doing, the traditional Gwich'in culture and way of life. In the late 1950s and early 1960s the Gwich'in became alarmed at a proposed hydroelectric power project slated for construction on the Yukon River. They were concerned that key caribou migration routes in the area would be altered by massive flooding of the Yukon River in this region. In addition, if the dam were built, several Yukon Flats villages would be under water, according to Bob Childers, a chief spokesman for the Gwich'in.

The primary proponent for the Rampart Dam was Alaska Senator Ernest Gruening. Two factors contributed to his defeat for reelection and therefore the defeat of the Rampart Dam project, according to Bob Childers, president of Childers Associates, an Anchorage-based consulting firm specializing in Native

and environmental issues and Canadian affairs. The first reason given for the senator's decline was his stand against the Tonkin Gulf resolution which declared war on North Vietnam. He was one of two U.S. Senators who came out against the declaration of war, which drew him disfavor among Alaskan residents. The second reason suggested was the unified Gwich'in nation which rallied to protect their traditional lands and subsistence way of life.

GWITCHA GWICH'IN GINKHYEE—(3G's)

With the proposal of the Rampart Dam, Jonathon Solomon, a Gwich'in leader from Ft. Yukon, along with the help of other Gwich'in organizers, effectively lead a voter's campaign against Senator Gruening. Solomon founded the organization Gwitcha Gwich'in Ginkhyee (3G's) as the support network for their efforts. 3G's translated in English means "Yukon Flats People Speak."

The one-time prominent Alaska senator lost his reelection by a body of votes less than the voters comprising the Gwich'in nation. Childers believes this block of voters helped push him over the edge. Sarah James and her family were also instrumental in organizing Gwich'in resistance to the Rampart Dam proposal, as well as later efforts to protect the caribou and the Gwich'in way of life. Sarah James was nominated as the board member to 3G's from the village of Venetie in 1976. Her grandfather and father worked closely with Jonathon Solomon's family on the organization efforts. "My family, Jonathon's, and many other families have been involved with caribou protection through the generations," said James.⁵ She believes the Rampart Dam's defeat was also effected by lobbying efforts of environmental groups. Citing the formidable challenge which the language barrier posed at the time, James pointed out that coherent dialogue between the Gwich'in and Euro-American nations was very difficult.

U.S HOUSE COMMITTEE RECOMMENDATION TO EXPLORE THE ARCTIC REFUGE FOR OIL

In 1978, the Gwich'in were confronted again with a threat to the Porcupine caribou herd, and as they see it, to their lifestyle and culture. This dilemma faced by the Gwich'in is the same one they face today—oil development in the primeval calving grounds of the Porcupine caribou herd. In March of 1978, a U.S. House Committee recommended opening the Arctic Refuge to oil exploration. At that time, the network of organization from the days of the Rampart Dam battle, as well as a staunch commitment to safeguard their lifestyle, was still well intact among the Gwich'in both in Canada and Alaska.

Within days of the recommendation for oil exploration, Jonathon Solomon was leading a campaign to Alaskan and Canadian villages to inform the Gwich'in nation of the latest developments, and to organize resistance, according

to Bob Childers. Childers has a long history of Gwich'in advocacy, and was instrumental in the rapid response initiated by the Gwich'in to oppose oil exploration in the Arctic Refuge.

Ever since the late seventies, Childers, who came to Alaska in 1972 with a degree in environmental sciences from UC Santa Cruz, has worked with, and helped establish the various Gwich'in support networks as they have evolved. As current staff director of the Gwich'in Steering Committee—the most active contemporary Gwich'in organization, he is instrumental in fund raising, organization, ideas, and efforts to protect Gwich'in interests, and is a chief network liaison between Gwich'in activists and the larger network of environmental and human rights groups which share the cause of the Gwich'in; to prohibit oil and gas exploration in the Arctic Refuge.

After spreading the news of Congressional recommendation to explore the Arctic Refuge for oil, Jonathon Solomon in 1978, lead a delegation of villagers to Washington, D.C., and gave testimony to protest the recommendation.⁶ During the late seventies, the Gwich'in worked to establish an international Porcupine caribou herd protection and management agreement. According to Sarah James, the 1970s saw 3G's working on a draft agreement to be submitted to the U.S. Department of the Interior which would ensure the safety of the Porcupine caribou herd in Alaska and Canada as the basis of the Gwich'in subsistence lifestyle.

At the same time, in November of 1978, the U.S. Department of the Interior (DOI) was drawing up their plan for a management treaty of the international Porcupine caribou herd. This initial DOI document focused on research and the regulation of hunting.⁷ Upon review, the Gwich'in felt the document could restrict their hunting practices if the caribou herd declined, and also felt there was nothing to prevent damage to caribou habitat, which could cause an initial decline of the herd. The Gwich'in quickly sent their grievances in writing to Secretary of the U.S. DOI, claiming participation rights in shaping an international Porcupine caribou agreement, with a focus on habitat protection.⁸

At this time, Gwich'in efforts to establish an international Porcupine caribou herd agreement favorable to their needs was the route chosen to most effectively deal with the three issues that confronted them. These issues were: the Congressional recommendation to explore the Arctic Refuge 1002 lands for oil, government-drawn plans of Porcupine caribou herd management that could restrict their hunting and subsistence way of life, and mounting societal fragmentation from increasing international border restrictions.

THE INTERNATIONAL PORCUPINE CARIBOU COMMISSION (IPCC)

Up until the late seventies, Gwich'in organization was carried out under the umbrella of 3G's, according to Bob Childers. But with compounding

pressures, a new organizational framework was needed. The International Porcupine Caribou Commission (IPCC) was established by the Gwich'in of Alaska and Canada in December of 1982. Prior to forming the IPCC, the state governments of Alaska and the Yukon Territory had initiated their own proposal for a Porcupine caribou herd management agreement that would protect state interests. The Gwich'in were not well represented in this proposed agreement, and protested its validity, citing how the state proposal did not comply with federal laws or required studies. This view was shared by lawmakers, and the state initiative was thrown out.⁹

Once again, Bob Childers and Jonathon Solomon were instrumental in forming IPCC. According to Childers, IPCC was started with the non-profit organization, Alaska Rural Community Action Program (Rural CAP) acting as the enabling agency. Solomon was then a board member of Rural CAP. Many of the same people involved in the caribou protection efforts of the 60s and 70s also became involved with the IPCC, according to Sarah James. The primary goal of IPCC was the same as it had been from the beginning of Gwich'in organization, to "take immediate and continued action for long-term conservation of the Porcupine caribou and their habitat."¹⁰ To support their position, IPCC used a statement from article 1 of the International Covenant on Economic, Social, and Cultural Rights, which reads in part: "In no case may a people be deprived of its own means of subsistence."¹¹ This covenant is part of the United Nations charter on human rights.

In the early eighties, the focus of Gwich'in activism was still the formation of an international Porcupine caribou herd management agreement, with an international board to act as a liaison between user communities and the federal governments of the U.S. and Canada. At this time, the newly elected Alaska Governor Bill Sheffield was receptive to the Gwich'in position on forming an international management agreement. In 1984, at the request of the IPCC, he changed the state's position which had formerly been opposed to a federal agreement, to, in turn, support such an agreement. With the aid of the governor, IPCC contributed widely in shaping the state's position on the developing of the U.S. international agreement, favoring strong habitat protection, a substantial management role for subsistence communities, and user community representation on the proposed international board.

THE FINAL INTERNATIONAL PORCUPINE CARIBOU HERD AGREEMENT AND THE INTERNATIONAL PORCUPINE CARIBOU BOARD (IPCB)

In 1985 and 1986, government officials from the U.S. and Canada held additional talks which lead to the present International Porcupine Caribou Agreement. A joint agreement on the conservation of the herd was signed in July

of 1987, in Ottawa, Canada, by the governments of both countries. As stated in the document, the purpose of the agreement is:

To facilitate cooperation and coordination among wildlife management agencies, users of the herd, and other land users and land owners in the range of the herd in Canada and the United States.... The International Agreement is intended to help conserve the caribou and its habitat so as to ensure continued availability of the animals for use by people in both countries.¹²

With the agreement, the International Porcupine Caribou Board (IPCB) was established. The U.S. Department of Interior appointed four committee members from each country to serve on the board. IPCB's function is to monitor and make recommendations on the status of the herd, and on issues potentially affecting the herd. Their role is advisory only. Recommendations and advice given on caribou herd and habitat management is not binding on the parties of the agreement, which are the governments of the United States and Canada. The agreement lists a series of objectives in reference to "the parties" of the agreement; objective A reads:

To conserve the Porcupine caribou herd and its habitat through international cooperation and coordination so that the risk of irreversible damage or long-term adverse effects as a result of use of caribou or their habitat is minimized.¹³

According to Sarah James, the board is sworn to act if the herd is observed to be in decline, but does not necessarily oppose development.

Oil development in the heart of the Porcupine caribou herd's prime calving grounds is the main concern of the Gwich'in. To them this is sacred ground and must not be violated. Although both sides of the oil development debate have numerous supporters, no one knows for sure what the short- or long-range effects of oil development in and around the caribou calving grounds would be on the Porcupine herd. Arctic Village resident Edward Sam believes the caribou and his way of life would suffer greatly if oil development occurred in the calving grounds. "I studied oil seismography and how it would hurt the calving area, the 1002 area. From what I studied, if they do the seismic work in the calving grounds the caribou aren't going to want to go there any more." Comparing the caribou calving area to a hospital nursery he added, "If you go into Providence Hospital and spill oil, humans are going to say they're sorry. But the oil companies, they aren't going to say they're sorry."¹⁴

The IPCB does not take a stand one way or another on the issue. According to John Rogers, chairman of the U.S. delegation for the International Agreement, and Assistant Regional Director for Alaska with the U.S. Fish and

Wildlife Service, development in the Arctic Refuge "is not an issue the board can deal with."¹⁵ Rogers said the board's responsibility is to advise the governments of Canada and the U.S. and recommend actions to protect the herd. Currently, the Gwich'in have no acting members on the board, and are not satisfied with this relationship. They feel their interests would be better represented by membership on the board. The two Native representatives on the IPCB are from communities which favor development in the Arctic Refuge. They are: Nolan Solomon, a long-time Kaktovik resident and George Ahmaogak, Mayor of the North Slope Borough. The Gwich'in feel they warrant representation on the board, as their people account for 85-90% of all caribou taken from the Porcupine caribou herd, according to Bob Childers. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service Alaska Division, including John Rogers, supports the naming of a Gwich'in board member to the IPCB, according to Rogers.

The organizational framework alluded to in the 1987 International Porcupine Caribou Herd Agreement was already in place on both sides of the international border among the Gwich'in, who have long since had an oral tradition of consistent management regulations on the Porcupine caribou herd, with conservation, efficiency, and minimum impact being well established as values in management policy.

In the final outcome, the agreement was considerably affected by support for oil exploration and development in the Arctic Refuge on the part of the oil industry and the U.S. administration. The State of Alaska's position favoring shared control and representation for Alaska Natives was compromised considerably. Despite this, passage of the agreement and establishment of the IPCB is certainly not a detriment to the Gwich'in and their cause. Bob Childers is optimistic about the agreement's potential as a political lever. "I feel pretty good about the agreement, I think it could produce," he said.¹⁶ It is yet to be seen how much influence the agreement may hold for the Gwich'in in the event of oil development in the caribou calving grounds. Certain clauses of the agreement would be hard to ignore if the herd were adversely effected. The agreement recognizes:

the importance of preserving the habitat of the Porcupine caribou herd, including such areas as calving, post-calving, migration, wintering, and insect relief habitat.¹⁷

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR REPORT TO CONGRESS ON THE 1002 LANDS

In the late eighties, the Gwich'in were strengthening and expanding their network of support and activism opposing oil development. With equal zeal the oil industry pushed for development. The late eighties saw a renewed effort by

government and the oil industry to explore the Arctic Refuge for oil. In 1980, the U.S. Congress directed the U.S. Department of the Interior to weigh the 1002 lands for oil potential against the value of wilderness area and wildlife habitat. Seven years later, in the spring of 1987, the DOI submitted its controversial report and Legislative Environmental Impact Statement (LEIS) to Congress recommending immediate leasing of the entire 1002 lands for oil exploration. When the DOI's report became available for public comment, there was a fervor of discontent expressed by many groups and individuals. Despite the negative reaction from areas of the public sector, the lobbying by proponents of the oil leases kept momentum going in the direction of development. The final report and LEIS stuck to its original recommendation to open the 1002 lands to oil exploration.

Within the draft report there were statements by the researchers indicating the possibility of a substantial decline in the Porcupine caribou herd, but in the final report, amended after public comment, this conclusion was downplayed to indicate minimal chance of adverse effect on caribou populations as a result of development.

DRAFT REPORT: Long-term losses in fish and wildlife resources, subsistence uses and wilderness values would be the inevitable consequences...development will result in widespread, long-term changes in wildlife habitat, wilderness environment, and Native community activities. [Development] could result in a major population decline [of the Porcupine caribou herd] and change in distribution of 20 to 40 percent.... Because of the many variables involved and lack of relevant experiences in estimating impacts on this herd and because of the difficulty of quantifying impacts, this estimate is uncertain.

FINAL REPORT: Impacts predicted for exploration and development drilling were minor or negligible on all wildlife resources in the 1002 area. Potential major effects on wildlife from production are limited to the Porcupine caribou herd and reintroduced musk oxen.

A change in distribution of the [Porcupine caribou herd] could reasonably be expected. The potential for occurrence of a population decline...cannot be predicted nor the size of a decline estimated. Nevertheless, there is a risk that a decline could occur. However, no appreciable population decline is expected as a result of oil development.¹⁸

During the public comment period between the draft and final reports, the Gwich'in gave testimony in writing and at public hearings both in Kaktovik and in Washington, D.C. The IPCC sent their comments to the DOI outlining several comments and recommendations for amending the draft report to more accurately portray the issue, and to recognize the far reaching effects oil development could have on the people and caribou of the region. "First, you must know that our people are really angry about this report. It is unacceptable as written," the IPCC began.¹⁹ In their recommendations they pointed out that with the exception of Kaktovik, the report failed to address the other Native groups throughout northeastern Alaska and northwestern Canada who subsist on the Porcupine caribou herd. The Gwich'in of Arctic Village and Venetie in Alaska, and Old Crow in the Yukon were not addressed in the report. The IPCC also pointed out that the core calving grounds of the Porcupine caribou herd were not indicated on the map in reference to those areas proposed for oil development. Without knowledge of the habitat importance of those lands, the IPCC felt the public could not accurately understand the importance of that area for the Porcupine herd and for those people who use the herd for their subsistence.

The Gwich'in recommendations had little impact on the report produced by the U.S. Department of the Interior. When the final report did come out, the Interior Department's recommendation was, if anything, much less comprehensive in addressing the grievances brought against them.

The Gwich'in were not well received when they made efforts to give comment at the public hearings to which they were not invited. Speaking of the hearings Sarah James recalled, "They ignored us all the way through the process. They said oil exploration and development would have no effect on the caribou herd. We believe differently," she said. "We asked them to hold some hearings in Gwich'in communities, and they ignored us. When they did schedule public hearings in Washington, they did not invite us," she went on. "And when we showed up, they put us way in the back and gave us almost no time to talk," she said, describing how representatives from the oil companies, and pro-development Native corporations were given ample time to state their views. "They gave us maybe ten minutes to speak, and usually by the time we did get to speak, the committee members had mostly left, leaving only staff members to listen to us."²⁰

THE 1988 GWICH'IN GATHERING— CREATION OF THE GWICH'IN STEERING COMMITTEE

By 1988, the pro-development sector, comprised of the oil industry, most of the Alaska Native community, most members of the state and federal House and Senate, as well as the Reagan Administration presented a formidable alliance to confront. In support of the Gwich'in were most national environmental groups, several human rights advocacy groups, a few churches, and a number of Native organizations.

The IPCC was an effective working group. Its focus was on caribou protection, and therefore the interrelated protection of the Gwich'in people. With increasing pressure to allow oil exploration and development in the heart of the caribou calving grounds, and with the refusal by the U.S. Interior Department to view the issue in terms of human risks, it became apparent the Gwich'in must once again expand their efforts to oppose oil exploration and development on the coastal plain of the Arctic Refuge.

In 1988 the Gwich'in organized a traditional gathering of all peoples, as has been customary during past times of trouble. With the existing network of the IPCC, the Gwich'in organized what turned out to be the first meeting of the entire nation in over 100 years. This meeting was held in June of 1988 in Arctic Village, Alaska. The purpose of the gathering was to again affirm their unity as one nation and address together what they believe are the primary threats to their existence. The chief item on the agenda was to discuss and formulate a plan as a nation, to deal with the threat of oil development in the Arctic Refuge. To address the issue, the Gwich'in Steering Committee (GSC) was created during the gathering. Eight tribal members from Alaska and Canada were chosen by the chiefs and established by traditional consensus resolution. The committee pledges "to protect the people, caribou, land, and water."²¹

Sarah James was appointed as chairperson of the steering committee. It continues to network with other groups, informally lobby in Juneau and Washington, D.C., raise funds, and encourage educational outreach through the media, to enhance networking and support for the cause of the Gwich'in. The primary goal of the GSC is "to establish Gwich'in survival as a major issue in the debate over oil development in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge."²² To achieve this goal, the GSC initiated two efforts. One was a lawsuit filed against the secretary of the U.S. Department of the Interior, Manuel Lujan. The other is an ongoing educational effort to spread the news about the Gwich'in's cause through the media, and through networking with other groups supportive to the Gwich'in.

THE LAWSUIT AGAINST THE U.S. INTERIOR DEPARTMENT

In August of 1989, the GSC filed suit with the Native American Rights Fund, a public interest Indian law firm based in Boulder, Colorado. The case filed in a U.S. District Court in Washington, D.C., challenges the findings of the Legislative Environmental Impact Statement put forth by the Interior Department recommending oil development in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. The lawsuit claims that the report to Congress by the Interior Department and the Legislative Environmental Impact Statement (LEIS) does not uphold legal requirements, and does not address potential damage to the Gwich'in people and their way of life.²³ The Gwich'in people believe the LEIS is slanted to favor oil development in the Arctic Refuge, and does not show clearly the potential impacts

on the environment, Porcupine caribou herd, and people living in the region. Sarah James explained that the Gwich'in, along with the majority of the nation's environmental community, was not satisfied with the findings of the LEIS. "We asked them to do it (the LEIS) all over again."²⁴ If the case did win, the LEIS would have to be reviewed, taking another four years, according to James.

The case argues that the LEIS did not supply adequate information to assess the potential damages of oil exploration and development in the Arctic Refuge, and violated public participation rights in the decision-making process. According to Bart Garber of the Native American Rights Fund (NARF), the environmental impact statement was a non-traditional document designed for review by Congress, and not as a benefit to the public in the decision-making process. Presently, the case is in a U.S. District Court waiting for a ruling. According to Garber, the government dismissed it on grounds that no basis in law exists which shows the LEIS violated public participation rights. The dismissal has been opposed by NARF, but the case could sit a year or two pending decision.²⁵

Differing from Sarah James' opinion, neither Bart Garber of NARF, nor Eric Smith, a private Alaskan attorney working for the Natural Resource Defense Council (NRDC) feel the stalled ruling on the case will delay a future decision by Congress on oil exploration and development in the Arctic Refuge. The NRDC is working on a companion case filed by a group of national environmental organizations which are claiming the same allegations against the Interior Department. Eric Smith explained that Congress was not bound by the recommendations of the Interior Department. If the LEIS was ruled deficient before Congress made a decision on oil development, "that might play a part in their thinking," he said.²⁶ Other than a national emergency, a decision by Congress is the final word on whether the 1002 lands in the Arctic Refuge are explored and developed for oil, according to Smith.

To the Gwich'in, the issue is a national emergency, and if they are accurate in their fears, Congress' decision could decide whether or not their way of life will be drastically altered forever. Angry at the prospect, Walter Newman Sr., of Arctic Village, commented at a public meeting in Arctic Village, "What's going to happen to the people? What's going to happen when the caribou are gone? There are no alternatives in place for these people for their livelihood right now. That's the bare facts."²⁷

HR-39, THE ALASKA COALITION

A hopeful prospect for the Gwich'in is a bill currently before Congress that would declare the 1002 lands of ANWR a wilderness area, thus prohibiting oil exploration and development. HR-39 was originally introduced by Morris Udall, Democrat, Arizona, and chairman of the Interior Committee in the U.S.

House. During the last legislative session his ANWR wilderness bill gathered 130 co-signers in the U.S. House. This year, the bill is receiving renewed support by many of last year's co-signers. According to Sarah James, during the last Congressional session HR-39 gained more co-signers than Alaska Congressman Don Young's pro-development ANWR bill.

Heading the support for HR-39 is the Alaska Coalition, an environmental lobby organization based in Washington, D.C., comprised of the most prominent national environmental groups including the Wilderness Society and the Audubon Society. Initiated by the Sierra Club, the Alaska Coalition is a network of more than 70 environmental groups working together on Alaska environmental issues. Their primary goal currently is the preservation of the Arctic Refuge.

To keep abreast of the issue, the Gwich'in Steering Committee stays in close communication with the Alaska Coalition, but is not actually working with the lobby group. "We think it's the best protection we can find at this time," said Sarah James. "But we do not actually join with them, because they are an interest group. We protect our lifestyle," she said, explaining that the GSC did not associate too closely with environmental organizations, as their agendas may conflict with certain hunting and subsistence aspects of the Gwich'in lifestyle.²⁸

Despite this relationship, Randal Snodgrass, grass roots coordinator for the Alaska Coalition, is very hopeful that in this instance, an Alaska Native community and an environmental group can remain on the same side of the issue. Citing the fact that the Gwich'in have endorsed both bills, Snodgrass felt it was a major breakthrough. "Just the fact that a Native community understands that a wilderness area designation is not going to take away subsistence rights, but rather protect habitat, is getting over some hurdles," said Snodgrass, "In the past, Natives and environmentalists have worked against each other."²⁹

NETWORKING WITH OTHER GROUPS

Another primary goal and strategy of the Gwich'in is to network through the GSC with outside human rights groups, indigenous peoples rights groups, Native, and religious groups. Soon after the GSC was created, they made contact with Indigenous Survival International (ISI), National Congress of American Indians (NCAI) and the International Indian Treaty Council (IITC). These and other groups have adopted support resolutions for the Gwich'in cause, and have increased the international audience exposed to issues faced by the Gwich'in. Through GSC fund raising, delegations have been sent to Washington, D.C., and San Francisco to confer with various groups, and give testimony in public hearings.

In October of 1990, the Episcopal Diocese of Alaska passed a resolution calling on the church body, including 40 churches throughout Alaska and 7,000 members, to petition the President and Congress:

...to recognize and affirm the cultural and human rights of the Gwich'in people, and to permanently protect the calving and nursing grounds of the Porcupine caribou herd by prohibiting oil development in the Coastal Plain of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge.³⁰

The resolution points out that nearly all Gwich'in communities of northern Alaska and Canada are Episcopalian, as are two of Alaska's three members of the U.S. Congress, and also President George Bush. With this resolution, the Episcopal Church of Alaska plans to expand the support network by taking the resolution to the National and World Iminical Council of Churches, according to Cynthia Monroe, a research associate for the GSC in Anchorage.

Here in Alaska the Gwich'in have received support from the Tanana Chiefs Conference (TCC), which is an interior Alaska membership of Native tribes, and from the Rural Community Action Program (Rural CAP), which is a statewide non-profit organization acting as a voice for rural residents in Alaska.

At their annual meeting in March of 1990, TCC passed a resolution in support of permanent protection for the calving grounds of the Porcupine caribou herd. TCC has brought their resolution before the National Congress of American Indians and member tribes all over the nation, according to Will Mayo, director of Village Government Services for TCC.³¹

For most of their 25-year history, Rural CAP has been sponsoring the Gwich'in in the context of rural Alaskans needing a voice, according to Bob Polasky, director of Subsistence and Natural Resources for Rural CAP. "The way we look at the Gwich'in situation, they are rural people that need to be involved with the issues affecting their lifestyles," said Polasky. ANWR is not the issue for Rural CAP, "We are not for or against ANWR," said Polasky.³²

MEDIA OUTREACH

Media outreach efforts on the part of the GSC have also produced results in getting the Gwich'in's message to the public, through local, national and international news coverage in newspapers, magazines, TV, and video. Feature stories describing the Gwich'in/oil development relationship appeared in National Geographic, Time, The Environmental Forum, People, and Green Magazine. A video of the 1988 Arctic Village gathering was aired on public TV in the U.S. and Canada, and a "National Geographic Explorer" program titled "Alaska: The Price of Progress," was aired nationally in February of 1990. Later in the year, a longer version of the same program exploring the Gwich'in/development dilemma was aired on "The Nature of Things" in Canada.³³

GWICH'IN COMMUNITY AND INDIVIDUAL INVOLVEMENT

The Gwich'in have a reputation of swift direct action when it comes to matters affecting their traditional culture and way of life. The Chandalar Gwich'in of Arctic Village and Venetie are well aware, and pleased, about the self-determination rights they do have on the land they own, but it is only a small local area. They are also well aware of their limitations in controlling the many outside forces which effect their destiny as a society. With this knowledge comes a deeply rooted kinship in the desire to maintain their way of life.

Speaking about the Gwich'in gatherings, Sarah James commented, "The whole village is involved in the issue in one way or another; it's our way of life; it's in our minds every day. Some would donate food, money, time, or actually go to the gathering."³⁴

CURRENT ACTIVITY

Presently, the Gwich'in Steering Committee is pushing for the chance to tell their whole story, uninterrupted, to the Senate Select Committee on Indian Affairs. Thus far, according to Bob Childers, the U.S. Congress has never heard the entire case of the Gwich'in. Because of the GSC's status as a tax deductible charity, they cannot lobby Congress directly. Nonetheless, the GSC hopes the Senate Select Committee will hear their case, because of the Gwich'in's right to be heard on an issue with such potential impact on their way of life.

Childers feels the story Congress has heard so far is biased in favor of the oil industry. He feels that Congress is only exposed to evidence pointing to stable or increasing caribou populations in areas of previous oil development. He believes there is another side of the story to tell with the Porcupine caribou herd. Childers and other affiliates of the GSC went to Washington, D.C., in early February of 1991 to discuss this and other issues. While in Washington, they met with Indian and church groups which may be able to help gather support. Another issue currently being worked on by the GSC is a "free passage" agreement, which has been under discussion for over a decade. With such an agreement, it is hoped that current border problems for the Gwich'in can be alleviated. Increasing border restrictions on their traditional travel, trading, and hunting patterns are adding to societal fragmentation.

FUTURE PLANS

The Gwich'in continue in their networking, organizing, and activism. Presently, there is not another gathering of the Gwich'in nation planned for 1991, although Bob Childers indicated there is talk of a meeting of all chiefs and GSC members this summer. For this meeting, the GSC hopes to discuss additional

efforts at education within Gwich'in society at the elementary education level. The Gwich'in of the Yukon Territory are implementing an educational curriculum called the Porcupine Caribou Schools Program, which promotes learning about the caribou and management practices.

Childers has a hope for the Gwich'in that goes beyond protection of the Porcupine herd and their calving grounds by making the 1002 lands a wilderness area. He envisions moving all the Arctic Refuge and Yukon Flats management centers to rural on-sight areas such as Ft. Yukon and other Gwich'in villages, and then restaffing those centers with trained Gwich'in personnel. Speaking of current management staffing he said, "We want to develop training programs and take all their jobs within 20 years."³⁵

CONCLUSION

The dilemma facing the Gwich'in nation is a classic example of an age-old struggle. The conflict involves two groups of people with conflicting resource needs, conflicting world views, and unequal political power. It is a well-understood economic fact that a society cannot continue expansion without an increase in its resource base. It is also a fact, although not so well understood, that the life-sustaining systems of our planet are limited in the amount of expansion allowable for the human race. The Gwich'in are satisfied with a sustainable balance between themselves and their resource base. Lincoln Tritt writes:

...our people, the Gwich'in Athapascan of northern Alaska, called the planet "Driinjir' Doo'aii" which roughly translated means suspended or elevated wilderness. As such, they knew they had no other place to go if they abused it. For this reason, they lived the way they did, with great reverence for their place in the universe....³⁶

Louie John, who has traveled in the Continental U.S. speaking for the cause of the Gwich'in, believes the U.S. needs to slow its growth. He feels it is very important to look ahead and think about future generations.

I think the U.S. is now on top of its peak; it can't climb any more. From here on it's stable or downfall. It's your children who will rule this country inside of twenty years. They should know about these things too, know how to preserve, not take everything out at once. You have to think about the next generation, otherwise there'll be nothing left. This country could be powerful, but a giant can fall real fast.³⁷

The factors which contribute to Gwich'in societal fragmentation are numerous and increasing. The effects of these factors create a variety of results in the attitudes and actions of the Gwich'in both individually and as a nation. From observations noted while visiting Arctic Village, it appeared that many people of all ages are concerned and aware of the challenges confronting them, and committed to working together for the common goals of their people. Fostering strength in the family unit is a priority. Many of the children know the issues, and where they stand on the issues. During our visit to Arctic Village we spoke with the children at the school. We asked them how they felt about oil development in the Arctic Refuge. The reply was a unanimous negative response. We asked them what they would do if oil people came to develop the coastal plain. One youngster promptly replied, "Shoot them!" Another more diplomatic little girl shouted out, "Sue them!" Many of the young people and children we talked to declared their intent to stay in the village and continue the life of hunting caribou and living off the land.

Alcohol is viewed as an enemy of the Gwich'in culture by most families, and is not willingly allowed into some Gwich'in villages. Reverence for the land and animals from which they derive their subsistence is maintained as a part of traditional socialization into Gwich'in identity, and remains a traditionally held value within families and extended family groups.

In my studies of our background, I have found that today's society is based on the exact principles that our society [Gwich'in society] was set up to prevent, namely greed, ego, and power. All these are very destructive to the idea of unity which is essential to the continuity of life on this planet.³⁸

The Gwich'in's economy is a mix between subsistence and cash. Their dependency on commodities to maintain their half-and-half subsistence culture is undeniable. Although many people value living off the land, they also enjoy some of the smaller enhancements to a difficult lifestyle which are available through their partially cash-based economy.

The views on development differ among the Gwich'in as they do in all groups. Many Gwich'in feel the oil development is going to come no matter what they do or say, and thus have become hopeless and uninvolved. Many Gwich'in feel this hopelessness is protracted by the media exposure which shows the pro-development route as the only choice of the American people and government. Others do not understand the issues, and therefore do not get involved.

The Gwich'in face an uncertain future, but they are not alone. With the recent war in Iraq, pressure to develop more domestic oil reserves has increased, and the Coastal Plain of the Arctic Refuge is at the top of the list for many members of state and the federal government, as well as the oil industry. The war with

Iraq exemplified dependency on the many resources which sustain dominant U.S. society and culture. Indeed we share a common destiny with the Gwich'in, and with them an uncertain future. In the words of Chief Gilbert:

Myself? I'm not worried about myself; I'm worried about the kids. Every time I sit on top of that hill, I see a lot of kids running around. They don't know their future yet, but I see their future, and I worry about them. You have to leave something for them in this world. Not only the Native people am I talking about, but the white kids too.³⁹

ENDNOTES

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¹²U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Alaska Division, First Annual Report of the International Porcupine Caribou Board (Anchorage, AK, March 1990), 2.

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¹⁶Robert Childers, President of Childers Associates and Staff Director of the Gwich'in Steering Committee, interviews by author, Anchorage, Alaska, October 1990-April 1991.

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²⁰James.

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²³Ibid.

²⁴James.

²⁵Bart Garber, Attorney of Native American Rights Fund (NARF), telephone interview by author, Anchorage, Alaska, February 1991.

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²⁷Walter Newman Sr., Arctic Village resident, interview by author, Arctic Village, Alaska, November 1990.

²⁸James.

²⁹Randal Snodgrass, Grassroots Coordinator of Alaska Coalition in Washington, D.C., telephone interview by author, Anchorage, Alaska, February 1991.

³⁰Press release by: The Episcopal Diocese of Alaska, Fairbanks Alaska, Oct. 19, 1990.

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³³Childers et al., 15.

³⁴James.

³⁵Childers.

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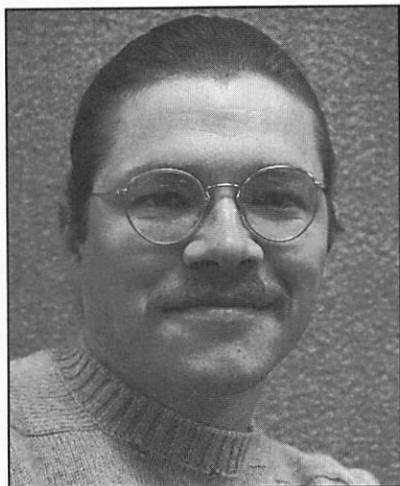
³⁹Gilbert.



Participants at the Awards Ceremony.

DADDY IN THE MORNING

Joe Stafford



I smelled coffee brewing again this morning, and I lie in bed listening through the wall to my mother moving in the kitchen, humming softly to herself. Her house shoes whisper across the linoleum, and the refrigerator opens, closes. She's always gotten up before sunrise, earlier even than Daddy, and I hear her again this morning, and Daddy hears her, too.

His bed creaks and he rises, pulling on his jeans and slipping into his house shoes, and he calls down the hardwood-floored hallway that passes the guest room where I've been sleeping these past two weeks.

"Ruth," he calls in a hoarse voice, and I wait for my mother to answer. Unlike her, Daddy is not much of a morning person, and over the years he has grown used to her ritual of rising to plug in the percolator and start his breakfast cooking; something greasy and hardy enough to carry him through until lunch: fresh eggs fried hard, rubbery bacon, cream gravy poured steaming over biscuits from a can.

"Ruth!" Daddy calls again, and I realize we have both been dreaming the same dream. I get up quickly, put on my housecoat, not bothering with my house shoes. I stick my head out into the hall and his face, lit by the rising sun, looks back at me from the distance, with that bewildered, not-fully-awake expression he wore in the mornings even when I was a little girl.

"Daddy," I say. The gentleness in my voice angers him; his face hardens and he goes back into his room and shuts the door too loudly. Then the house is quiet, completely silent, and there is no coffee brewed, and my mother isn't there, after all.

I close the door and get dressed, considering, for a moment, a yellow spring dress I brought with me when I came to stay with Daddy, but, as I have every day for two weeks, I wear something practical: jeans and an old sweatshirt.

Joe Stafford's paper was written for English 662, "Graduate Writers' Workshop: Fiction," Ronald Spatz, Professor, UAA English Department.

I lift my lipstick and examine it, then put it back on the night table and indulge, for a moment, my impulse to accept the pleasure of not needing to fix my hair too well or to wear makeup, to accept the freedom from the masks I wear for work and for my husband and my two boys. This will not last much longer; Bill called last night to tell me how impatient he is growing with my absence and, as icing, to put the boys on the line and have them deliver well-rehearsed short speeches begging me to come home. Daddy watched me as I put the phone down, and for a moment his eyes acknowledged the fact that I, like mother, will soon leave him alone here on the farm. But he maintained and maintains that rock-hardness, that protective insensitivity that has served him so well in the past. And after I hung up, after the flash in his eyes, he rose from the table without saying a word and, putting on his boots, went out to do some unnamed chore in the dark, some milking or egg-gathering, some excuse that he would dream up on the way.

Perhaps that is why he was so angry this morning: he realized I had seen the flaw in his armor, realized that his carved-from-stone Texas cowboy facade was still lying in bed, preparing to meet the day as though nothing were the matter, as though "got chores to do" will solve everything, as though it is someone else, some unwanted foreigner, who has put his head into the hallway and called out, "Ruth!"

I stand before the mirror for a moment longer, comparing the face that stares back with the face of my mother, and with Daddy's. The high cheekbones, those are hers. And the color of my hair, my thin, almost frail body, even my eyes. After a moment I brush my hair, tie it back, then pick up the lipstick again and apply it, a discreet shade of pink, a contrast to the raspberry red favored by my mother, and go out into the hall.

By this time Daddy has been out to the mailbox for the Sunday morning paper and is back, muddy boots beside the boot jack on the porch (mother won't allow shoes in the house). He is sitting at the table, listening to the farm report on the radio and reading the paper, idly rubbing his fingers over his toes through thin cotton socks, not looking up when I enter the room. He is waiting for breakfast.

"You got up awfully early this morning," I say, and Daddy looks up.

"Morning, Deanie-Do-Nothing," he says, producing a thin semblance of a smile before looking down at the paper and letting his face harden again. He has always taken special pleasure in nicknames, and mine is from the name the family has always called me, Dean, short for Nadine. He has something cute for everyone in the family (except my mother—she is always Ruth and nothing more), and the names have been a rich source of pleasure and occasional puzzlement among us. My older, Gene, who's 14, has always been "Jeremiah Snickerfritz" to Daddy, for instance, and my younger, Bobby, has been, from infancy and aptly, "Loud-mouth." There is "Tater," my nephew, named from a comic strip, his sister "Lucy Dominoosey," and, finally, "Teesa Tan" for my older sister Theresa, who came and went two weeks ago, maintaining a long-cultivated distance. Significantly,

Daddy has not offered nicknames to his sons-in-law: Bill has always been Bill, and Theresa's husband, a "yankee" who took her to live in New Hampshire years ago, has always been Andrew and nothing more.

"Call me that again and you won't get any breakfast," I answer playfully and swat at Daddy with a dish towel. He produces the temporary smile again, but does not look up, and with disappointment I go about making a breakfast in the kitchen that has grown familiar again after all these years, and produce eggs that I hope are fried hard enough, and bacon rubbery enough, and gravy over biscuits from a can.

All the while I watch him furtively, and I know he senses this scrutiny. A detail stands out: the sleeves of his Western-style shirt are snapped tight around the wrist; mother always rolled them for him in the mornings. I consider, only for a moment, the idea of volunteering to roll his sleeves, but this seems too forward; I am ashamed when I realize I fear the possibility that my fingers might brush his arm. I watch him, catching glimpses between the preparation of the meal, and silent eating, and finally, the cleaning up. The entire time he sits studying a single inside page of the paper. I search for some way of sounding him for his feelings, to see if he has begun, in any small way, to deal with our loss. Finally, lifting his plate away, I make a note of the food he's left.

"Aren't you hungry, Daddy? Weren't the eggs okay?"

"They were fine," he says. "I'm just..." He swallows as though he has just taken a giant gulp from the thermos he carries with him, rattling with ice, into the field, "...not all that hungry this morning."

"Do you have a lot of work to do today?"

"Yeah," he says, snaps the paper aside and stands quickly, as though he has suddenly found himself in the midst of some unpleasant situation from which he wants to flee. "Back around noon," he says, grabs his straw cowboy hat from behind the door and lets the screen slam after him. I watch through the mesh as he wedges his boots on, kicks them against the edge of the porch to dislodge the last remnants of mud, then snugs his hat at a familiar angle on his head and confidently surveys the panorama of the farm. He steps down, strides to his faded blue Ford pickup truck and drives away with a scrub of tires and spattering of gravel.

I gaze out the screen after him for a moment, then steel myself and go about the chores my mother usually does, but my mind is restless as I sweep and vacuum, dust and finish the dishes, make preparations for lunch. I realize, with a little laugh that is cut off halfway through, that Daddy and I are alike in many ways, and that I, too, can take solace in "got chores to do." The thought brings a desire for tears, but the impulse is frightening. I am suddenly reminded of a trip we took years ago to Palo Duro Canyon, and how Daddy, in an unusually playful mood, swerved the car dangerously near the edge of a precipice. "No brakes!" he yelled. Theresa and I screamed, truly frightened, and Daddy drove the rest of the

way soberly after a good scolding from my mother. Dangerously near a precipice. It is how I feel now.

The house is clean; there is nothing left to do. I wander into the guest bedroom, the room that was once my sister's and mine and is, for now, mine again. The events of two weeks ago force themselves into my mind; the words of the preacher, the solemn faces and fresh suits of my husband and brother-in-law and the deacons from the church as they bear a weight away upon their shoulders, and I recall looking toward my father and seeing that same, stubborn look on his face, the look he wore this morning at breakfast. Afterward, he shook hands with old friends and even volunteered to drive us home until Bill insisted otherwise.

"This is not as hard on him as his mother's death," I remember thinking, and I wanted to lean and whisper this to my mother, but, of course, she wasn't there. But I think, she would have nodded and agreed.

She told my sister and I the story of Daddy's mother's death several times, when she wanted us to understand Daddy better, or when he fell into one of his angry, snappy moods as we were growing up.

"You girls were too young to remember," she said. "He really took it hard when she died. She had TB, I told you that. That was during the Depression, and Lord, we were poor. Nadine, you were no more than a year old, and Theresa must have been about two. I was 18 and your daddy was a year older. Those were terrible times."

They had been migrant farmers then, in California, moving with the seasons and saving their money to buy their own place—a goal they never realized: this farm is leased.

My mother was right; I really don't remember that far back. Of the funeral, I recall only the yellow of a small, one-room church and the smell of ozone, as though a storm were coming. That, of course, is from the story my mother told me, which, over time, I have masked as memory.

"He helped carry her and put her down into the grave," my mother told us. "She was buried in a pine box, like they usually did back then. The worst part—and this is what hurt your daddy so bad—was that him and his brother had to help with burying her. I still remember your daddy putting shovel after shovel of dirt into the grave with the tears just rolling down. He cried the whole time, and all that night during a thunderstorm that came up. But I never saw him cry once after that. That was the last time."

And as though she had explained away the world, my mother would wipe her hands on her apron, smile good-naturedly and tell us two girls to run-scoot and go back to our chores.

I am still yearning, wanting to talk about these things, when Daddy comes in for lunch, but I see his expression through the screen as he steps from his pickup and walks toward the house, and I know we will not talk about such things, not today, not ever. I dutifully serve him a cold lunch, just as was my

mother's habit, and after a few attempts at small talk I go down the hall away from Daddy and let him eat in silence. After lunch he likes to take a short nap, leaning back in his leather recliner in the living room with the TV turned on. I hear the prattle of sound from the television, and when I go to peek around the corner, he is sitting leaned back, staring at the set. His face is as firm as ever, his hands resting on the arms of the chair, his legs strong and straight. He knows I am secretly watching him, so I speak.

"Can I get you anything, Daddy?"

"Naw," he says, and our conversation is finished.

He goes back to work in the field, this time taking the red International Harvester tractor and leaving the pickup. I venture into the sticky spring afternoon to feed the chickens in the yard and take table scraps to the scraggly, flighty tom that hunts in the barn. I absently pet Pepper, Daddy's old mare that is no longer fit for riding, speaking to her in soft tones and offering her the weeds she longs for with her neck stretched through a gap in the corral.

Finally I have idled through the day and shadows grow. I am in the house making dinner when Daddy comes home. His face seems easier now, as though his tiredness has, in some way, relieved the pressure beneath it.

"How was your day, Daddy?" I ask.

"Got most of the Parker place finished today despite the mud," he says. "And got the well motor to running again."

"How do you feel?" I ask. He looks me in the eye for the first time today.

"Alright," he says, but there is a plea in his look, or I am imagining it, as though I have glimpsed into a lonely room beyond a closing door and seen, for an instant, the desperate eyes of a hostage child. I search his face, but he looks down, touches the brim of his hat on the table, turns and gazes through the screen into the evening.

"Well," I say, feigning the brightness, turning back to the meal I'm making, "if you'll run down into the cellar and bring me up a can of green beans and some canned peaches, I might think about fixing you some supper."

He puts his hat back on and, slipping into his house shoes, steps from the porch into the thickening darkness. I continue with the meal, setting the table and preparing two cornmeal-covered salmon patties. I set them aside, glance out the kitchen window, thinking Daddy has been gone too long. I step onto the porch, scanning the night.

"Daddy?"

I listen, go back inside, put on my shoes and hurry out again. The big, wooden door of the root cellar, the tornado cellar, is thrown open, leaving the counterbalance dangling in a faint yellow light which streams upward, attracting moths.

"Daddy?"

I step carefully down the rotten wooden stairs into the light of a kerosene storm lamp, which sways suspended from a splintery rafter. My mother's

canning, accumulated through years of labor, lines the walls oppressively. I don't like the cellar: it is a damp, creepy place, a haven for beetles and spiders and worms. Cobwebs touch my arm and I jump, turn, feel an intense desire to run. But for a moment, I hesitate, examining the shelves. Dust-coated Mason jars cover the walls: quarts of orange-yellow peach preserves stacked beside tan apples, gray-brown pinto beans, cucumbers, corn and varieties of peas; pint jars of jalapeno peppers, sweet peppers, red peppers tucked here and there beside hominy and jellies. On one shelf, a dusty, bulging box has been disturbed, marked with the fresh trails of fingertips. From the bottom step, I can see inside the box the multiple colors of a hand-sewn quilt, new-looking and neatly folded.

I gasp. Upstairs, the International Harvester has sputtered to life, startling me. I dart up and give a shiver, glad to be above ground again, and I see the headlights of the tractor flash on; they sweep over me blindingly, and the enormous silhouette spins and heads away. It is as though the machine has a mind of its own and must carry my father into the night, must, must bear him away. I cup my hands over the lower half of my face, feeling a rush of anxiety, uncertainty, a desire to chase Daddy but thinking I should let him go.

Just outside the circle of light from the porch, I find one of Daddy's house shoes. Inside, I set the shoe behind the door, clear away the uneaten meal, glancing out the window from time-to-time as the tractor rumbles back and forth through the dark field beside the farmyard.

"What is he up to?" I wonder, rubbing my hands together, folding my arms. I attempt to read an old copy of *Redbook*, grow impatient, look out again. The tractor has stopped moving, is idling now, lights still on, in the middle of the field, far off in the moonless night. I stand, watching for any movement, but there is nothing. I return to the magazine, give it up, turn on the television for a while, turn it off. From the porch I look again and notice the nip of the cool night. The tractor idles, giving no hint of activity.

"What is he doing?" I wonder again. It is late, half-past nine, and my panic rises as the minutes pass. I put on my shoes, hurry to the bedroom and grab a sweater. The screen slams behind me. Running, I stumble through the dark toward the twin eyes of light, calling:

"Daddy."

I am perhaps 100 yards away when the tractor roars again, kicks in with a jerk and starts toward the end of the turnrow. By the time I reach the house, the tractor is almost there, rolling along the blacktop highway, turning up the drive. The tractor stops, settles, is quiet as I stand watching under the light of the porch.

The door of the tractor cab, six feet off the ground, creaks opens, and one foot, wearing only a tattered, muddy sock, steps out, followed by the other, clad in a house shoe. Daddy slowly, painstakingly works his way down the side of the machine, finally resting one foot then the other on the gravel drive.

I wait on the porch and watch the bent figure of my father moving toward me, his bare head held low. His face is puffy, soft, vulnerable. His expression is of bewilderment, his eyes lost. He stops, stands before me holding his arms stiffly out in front at an odd angle as though he has just finished a slow dance with an invisible partner. He gazes around, searching, until his eyes meet mine.

"Nadine," he whispers, and the single word seems to break him, and he leans into me and lets out a sob, a terrible animal sound.

He is trembling against me, in my arms, and calls out again, his voice loud and thick: "What can I do?"

Through a blur, I lead him into the house, one arm around his shoulder, and he does not resist, shuffling beside me along the hall. In his bedroom, I remove the one shoe and put it gently on the floor. I help him undress and watch as he wearily curls into the bed, and I sit speaking to him softly until his breathing becomes even. I touch his shoulder and brush my fingers through his thin, sweat-stiffened hair.

Time passes, and I dry my eyes on the quilt, something bright my mother made a long time ago. Finally, feeling dreadfully tired, I retrieve the muddy shoe and turn out the bedroom light.

Wandering through the house, I place the shoe beside its partner behind the door, put away a stray dish and the unread magazine, close the door and turn out the lights. The sun has yet to mark the horizon with the first hint of dawn as I lie in my bed, a bed I slept in as a little girl, and wonder, only for a moment, if we will hear my mother in the morning.



Mr. Robert M. Walp, Founder and President Emeritus, GCI, speaks at Showcase luncheon.

INTERNAL VERSUS EXTERNAL LOCUS OF CONTROL: A CROSS-CULTURAL VIEW OF THE BENEFITS AND COSTS

Val Taylor



Although one of the aims of psychology is to identify universal patterns of human thought and behavior, there often appears to be little commonality between Asian and Western conceptualizations. For example, it is generally perceived that Western orientation leans towards individualism, achievement and personal control, whereas an Asian orientation emphasizes societal welfare, passivity and fulfillment of one's destiny through religious actions (predestination).

The notion that we need to control life events in order to achieve psychological fulfillment has been supported by many

Western theorists. For example, self-actualization,¹ superiority,² locus of control,³ and the detrimental effects of learned helplessness⁴ are four theories that emphasize control of life events. On the other hand, many Asians follow the Hindu faith and are therefore philosophically and socially bound to a deterministic conviction, leaving them little option to exercise personal control.

If the Eastern versus Western orientation is indeed an inherent dichotomy, it seems to imply that any theory of personality incorporating such concepts must necessarily remain indigenous, having little or no relevance outside its native culture. In particular, the theory of locus of control of reinforcements, developed by Julian Rotter,⁵ serves as an excellent heuristic to investigate this seeming dichotomy between East and West. A basic assumption of Rotter's theory is that people who possess an internal locus of control believe they exercise personal control over their fate while those who demonstrate an external locus of control perceive their actions to be largely governed by external forces such as luck or fate.

Through the practice of Karma, Hindus seem to find themselves in a highly discrepant situation, caught between idealized Western norms and a

Val Taylor's paper was written for Psychology 465, "Cross-Cultural Psychology," Rosellen Rosich, Professor, UAA Psychology Department.

culture that appears to offer little internal control concerning life actions. Therefore, the purpose of this paper is to discuss the socio-cultural impact of the Western endorsement of an internal locus of control on the Asian individual. Examining differing perspectives of internal versus external control may show whether or not this particular theory may be applied cross-culturally.

THE ROLE OF HINDUISM IN LOCUS OF CONTROL

In order to gain insight into this particular interface of Asian Indian culture and personality, it is necessary to understand the religio-philosophical system of Hinduism. Central to the Hindu belief system is the doctrine of Karma, of which one important component is the transmigration of souls. The concept of soul is described by Weber:

The finiteness of earthly life is the consequence of the finite good or evil deeds in the previous life of a particular soul. What may appear from the viewpoint of a theory of compensation as unjust suffering in the terrestrial life of the person should be regarded as atonement for sin in a previous existence.⁶

In addition to this idea of rebirth there are two other basic elements of the Karma system: dharma, the idea of proper action; and varna or caste.

The three concepts of dharma, varna and soul are all related since the caste one is born into determines one's dharma and those whose actions fit their dharma accumulate spiritual power. This, in turn, determines whether the soul will be reborn to a higher rank. All Hindus are ascribed a rank within the caste system. An individual's caste places strict limitations upon his or her liberty and constrains him or her to rigid conformity because people who do not conform to their dharma will be reborn into a lower caste. Each individual knows his or her place in society, from the Kashatriyas and Brahmins, who tend to be dominant, right down to the Shudras, untouchables, whose dharma ensures that they are regarded as scavengers. For example, according to the Manu, a religious Hindu book, the Shudra's clothes should come from the dead, they should eat from broken dishes, they must live outside the village and members of higher castes may not interact with them in any way. Their low social status is decreed by the caste system and perpetuated through the doctrine of Karma, meaning the only hope of a better existence in the next life is through conformity to prescribed rules in their current life.

In light of its long and checkered association with the British, and the ever increasing move towards modernization, through industrialization and urbanization, the question may arise as to the prevalence of the caste system in present-day India. According to Roland,⁷ despite rapid and major adoption of various aspects

of Western-style culture, such as a democratic political system, caste still predominates over class, even among well-off suburbanites. In the cities, associations are formed within various castes, to provide greater opportunities for jobs, marriages and the like. Paranjpe also demonstrates that concepts such as Karma are still very much a part of contemporary life. A survey of Indian college students revealed that belief in the Karma system continues although it is more prevalent in the upper castes than the lower castes. Paranjpe suggests these beliefs help justify the plight of the lower castes as being the inevitable result of deviation from one's dharma, that is, their punishment.⁸

VILLAGE STUDY OF UNTOUCHABLES

The unfortunate position of the untouchables was well illustrated in a study conducted in the Hindu village of Duari. Omprakash⁹ attempts to explain the relationship between situational variables within the caste system and their effect on the villagers' self-concepts, including locus of control. It was hypothesized that the doctrine of Karma engenders negative values among Hindu society in general and the "untouchables" in particular. The upper caste, the Thakurs, are socially and economically dominant within the village of Duari. They are landlords to the lower castes, so all decisions regarding village affairs are made by them. The result is exploitation and oppression for the low caste, who are already poverty stricken. In this study, villagers were assessed along three dimensions, one of which was locus of control. Not surprisingly, the lower caste members were highly subject to feelings of low self-esteem, powerlessness, and a low need for achievement. These individuals are all too well aware of the negative repercussions associated with violation of established codes.

Furthermore, it was Omprakash's contention that if these destitute lower castes would adopt an empirical-rational approach, they could improve their life. To achieve this approach, or "scientific temper," he prescribes that Hindus adopt the following orientations: high self-esteem; accepting of challenges; growth-oriented; high need for achievement; self-actualization; and mastery over the environment. In other words, he suggests that they assume an internally oriented ideology. According to Omprakash, the low castes are unable to use a rational thought system in their present situation because "rationalism as a canon of interpretation of the Vedas and Smrites is forbidden. It is regarded as wicked as atheism and the punishment is excommunication."¹⁰

Furthermore, according to the author, until the doctrine of Karma is abandoned and the Hindus adopt an internal locus of control, social and government programs designed to relieve poverty will not be successful. Unfortunately, but not surprisingly, the caste system serves the high caste Brahmins and Thakurs very well because "they keep the masses ignorant so that they are successful in exploiting them for their personal gains."¹¹ He concludes that when

a system such as this is based on beliefs that are "untenable, ill formed, or prejudicial,"¹² programs need to be instituted to alter such cognitions.

PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPACT OF POWERLESSNESS

Even after they have left their native culture, Asian Indians continue to foster feelings of powerlessness. Through studying its effects on Asian Americans, Stanley Sue¹³ has been able to trace the psychological and social impact that occurs when the externally-oriented Asian comes into close contact with the internally-oriented West. He found the resultant conditions increased their feelings of frustration, helplessness and oppression. In common with Omprakash, Sue recommends that psychologists should aim at direct intervention, both with individuals and within the social system. By teaching assertiveness and developing institutionalized programs that facilitate a sense of control, Asian Americans will face fewer problems in the future. That is, their psychological adjustment will improve if they change their orientation from external to internal.

It is not surprising that psychologists decree that individuals should have internal rather than external locus of control because the majority of research has consistently shown that it is advantageous to have an internal locus of control. Internals tend to be higher on achievement, to be better adjusted psychologically and to be less anxious and less likely to suffer from psychiatric illness.¹⁴ Yet, it must be pointed out that the vast majority of this research was conducted by Western psychologists, who themselves have inevitably internalized the Western individual/active control ethic.

ALTERNATIVE PERSPECTIVES OF PERSONAL CONTROL

There is a growing awareness of the dangers of using the Western model and a corresponding interest in adapting them to the local context. For example, Kumar¹⁵ examined the belief in an external locus of control as viewed from the Hindu perspective. He suggests that Hindu's external orientation reflects not so much a belief in fate or chance, but rather a transpersonal perspective. That is, Hindus emphasize coordinating their actions with the cosmic order. However, this coordination should not be interpreted as passivity. In a similar vein, Paranje points out that a belief in Karma provides a stable external factor for making attributions when bad or good fortune occurs. Thus Karma is adaptive since it "meets a psychological need left unfulfilled by science."¹⁶

These views are echoed and further supported by Weisz, Rothbaum and Blackburn.¹⁷ These authors suggest that an internal orientation may be viewed as "primary control," which seeks to actively change existing realities. On the other hand, an external orientation, rather than being construed as passivity or submissiveness may represent ways to gain control via secondary means. In Eastern

cultures, secondary forms of control are central to everyday patterns of interaction and are consequently the more highly valued. Weisz et al point out that the acceptance of one's present reality and accurate prediction of events can result in a sense of meaning or purpose. Attributing meaningful reasons to situations that cannot be altered contributes to a feeling of satisfaction with life and may actually help the individual achieve a sense of mastery.

IS WESTERN PSYCHOLOGY INAPPLICABLE TO EASTERN CULTURES?

In presenting opposing viewpoints concerning this particular East/West dimension, it has been the author's intention to explore the costs and benefits to be gained from applying a Western-built theory to an Eastern culture. It is, of course, inevitable that Western personality theories should be Western-centric since they are the product of Western philosophical thought, stemming from its own particular cultural milieu. Does this mean, therefore, that Western psychology is irrelevant and inapplicable to Asia? There are two main views on this issue. The first view is that Western theories are indeed so biased towards their own culture that it makes it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to make valid cross-cultural comparisons and consequently, we cannot rely on them to understand Asian personality. An alternative viewpoint acknowledges that while there appear to be many fundamental differences between Eastern and Western psychologies, it does not necessarily follow that the latter cannot have application to the East. The growing interest in the measurement of locus of control in a cross-cultural setting illustrates the attempt to discover the applicability of a Western personality theory to Asian cultures.

INTERPRETATION OF FINDINGS CULTURALLY BIASED

Although generalized expectancy is only one of many variables at work in this complex belief system, there appears to be little contention that Indian people do score highly on externality. Indeed, Rotter anticipated that this would be the case¹⁸ and is further substantiated by Parsons and Schneider¹⁹ and by the studies previously cited. So, it seems to this author that the issue is one of validity of interpretation rather than the validity of its measurement. While it would seem generally advantageous, according to Western studies, to possess an internal locus of control, it must be emphasized that these conclusions are necessarily reflections of Western dominant cultural values. Even Rotter concurs with this assessment when he points out the unfortunate tendency of some psychologists to assume that it is good to be internal and bad to be external when he concluded, "adjustment, after all, is just a value concept."²⁰ Even in our own culture it is not always advantageous to be internally oriented; in some cases an external

orientation may be more adaptive than an internal one. For example, one study examined a group of elderly, institutionalized people who had little control over their environment.²¹ An external locus of control was associated with better adjustment for this group. In addition, we stand a better chance of effectively adapting to stressful situations if we are able to realistically appraise our own impact upon it. Forsythe and Compas²² found psychological symptomatology to be high for subjects who demonstrated a poor fit between appraisal and coping. Consequently those who perceived a situation as beyond their control and used emotion-focused (secondary control) strategies were found to adapt more positively than those who used problem-focused (primary control) coping methods.

IMPLICATIONS OF A WESTERN MODEL OF CHANGE

A second point concerns the enormous social and psychological implications which must necessarily arise once one decrees the superiority of one orientation over another. The endorsement of an internal/Western orientation by psychologists such as Omprakash and Sue is a concern since it assumes that ideals such as individualism and achievement motivation, which are associated with an internal perspective, must be attained in order to achieve a healthy schema. However, when the psychologist prescribes social change based on the values of another culture, the implications become enormous. It is a traumatic enough process for an individual to undergo a change in one's whole schema, even when the resultant cognitive set is congruent with the indigenous culture. But, when the Eastern external is directed to assimilate Western ideals in order to precipitate socio-cultural change, the prescriber is dictating not only the acquisition of a whole new belief system for the individual, but also an alien set of cultural values and social patterns. While it may sometimes be appropriate, and indeed ethical for the psychologist to speak out against the status quo, it is a risky proposition to base one's prescriptive action on the central ideals of another culture. There is no doubt that the lower Hindu castes are an oppressed minority, but Omprakash and others like him may be misdirected in asserting that India must look to the West for its formula for change.

BLENDING OF EAST AND WEST

While it may be simplistic to opt for a strategy somewhere between total isolationism and Western obsession, it may be the most viable and logical alternative. On a theoretical level certain Western assumptions, such as individualism, are essentially alien to the Indian ethos. But rather than dismiss those values as totally irrelevant, a more constructive approach may well be to take advantage of the existing body of knowledge as and when appropriate. This would include making efforts to establish specific cultural validity and

generalizability through the acknowledgement of the richness and equal validity of Asian religio-philosophical traditions. The goal would be to evolve theories based on relevant concepts, not on inappropriate frames of reference. In discussing primary versus secondary control, Weisz et al²³ recommend this blended approach as a way to enhance our coping skills. They suggest that either method of control is both effective and maladaptive to some degree, such that the optimal solution would employ a judicious blend of both. This view is supported by Folkman and Lazarus²⁴ who propose that the effectiveness of coping strategies must depend on the “goodness of fit” between the individual’s effort and the context of the event. Therefore, in those cases where life events are uncontrollable it would be maladaptive to try and exercise personal or primary control. According to Roland, modernization in India is already following this pattern with a great deal of success. While there is an increasing move toward personal achievement and individualization, Roland sees these changes to be “subsumed under we-self and familial embeddedness rather than acquired for self-actualization.”²⁵ Another proponent of the adaptiveness of secondary control, Sampson²⁶ labels the American cultural type as a “self-contained individualism” and maintains it is not effective in realizing our core values of freedom, independence and achievement. He points out that the costs of personal freedom may be excessive if people only act as they desire without concern for group belongingness. Instead, he suggests an “ensemble individualism” modeled on Eastern cultures. When a person’s sense of self is defined through relationship and connection, he believes that achievement is bound to follow.

This point of view shows that it is not necessary to adopt theories or cultural values wholesale in order to perceive their worth. It is possible to accept a culture’s basic beliefs, while suggesting new options for their attainment. This final part of the picture adds an optimistic note, illustrating that the discipline may well be more receptive than it ever has been to the incorporation of alternative philosophies.

To be absolutely right in our beliefs provides us with temporary security, but it is security bought at the price of surrendering opportunity for fresh learning and new growth.²⁷

ENDNOTES

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SKETCHING

Elizabeth Kelly



They want to get pregnant, April and Paul. April read in the paper somewhere that if you drink a lot of cod liver oil twenty minutes before having sex, you're almost assured successful fertilization. So I'm on another pharmacy run for April and it aggravates me to no end. I need to be working.

The pharmacist, Mr. Rogotzke, and I are becoming great friends. I see him at least once a week. This is part of the deal. I do little errands for April because as she says, "Art is so much more convenient than accounting. You can make your own schedule. You're not locked into the rig-

ors of a nine-to-five day." I ignore things like that and think about what her end of the deal involves. In return, I get to use the extra half acre or so in her back yard, adjacent to mine, for my dog Cliff. Cliff is a big dog, a St. Bernard. He can run and play and do necessary dog work and I don't have to worry about paying a fine to the city for dog work in unauthorized areas. It works out pretty well for the most part, but since this childbirth thing has come along, I think she's started to abuse the agreed upon guidelines we've established. The fact that I can't have children and am sick to death of hearing about her gynecological check-up reports doesn't help either. After all, I really don't give a damn how well-suited her pelvis is for childbirth. But I can't have Cliff in the house with me when I'm working, not on this latest project, so I put up with it.

Mr. Rogotzke has no tastebuds. And while I am absolutely fascinated by this little detail, I find it difficult to believe seeing as he is at least fifty pounds overweight. If you can't taste food, why in the world would you eat too much? But when I questioned him, he just kind of stuck his tongue out at me, right over the counter and pointed to it. "Thee," he said. And sure enough, flat as a pancake. His tongue was smooth, kind of like the inside of your lip, no bumps.

But when I see Mr. R. today, I don't have time to talk tastebuds. I have begun a series of sketches, ink sketches of a woman floating in a pool of water.

Elizabeth Kelly's paper was written for English 662, "Graduate Writers' Workshop: Fiction," Ronald Spatz, Professor, UAA English Department.

Little ripples surround her arms and legs as they stroke, back and forth, up and down. Or sometimes she is in a very dark room, her head tipped up, neck stretching, arms raised in an embrace toward the ceiling as single drops of water pelt her forehead and roll to either side, catching in her eyebrows or dampening her cheeks.

When I get home, I run my hands over the last attempt, still damp, and it smears. A drop of wet ink runs off the sheet and plops in a perfect circle on the wood floor. My husband, John, will not be happy with my mess. The wood floors were his idea. But all I can think about is why in the hell I just can't get this completed? I can't figure it out and it's driving me crazy.

I let Cliff out and play the messages on the answering machine. There's one from April, "Mo, call me when you get the oil. I'll come get it after work." Then there is another one from April. "Mo, it's April again. On second thought, could you put that inside my front door. I have to go by the doctor's office and I might be late, but I might want to try it out tonight." She giggles and then hangs up.

The phone rings while I am standing over it, as if on cue. I am positive that it is April. She'll want to know whether or not I was able to get the cod liver oil or if I want to go to aerobics with her or if I'll want to get a bikini wax. Now see, here's the difference. I will go to almost any length to avoid shaving my legs year-round and April is having bikini waxes in February. I don't even own a bikini.

But she doesn't call to talk waxes. She calls to say, "The test was positive." Silence.

"Congratulate me, Mo. Isn't that great?" My ears hurt from her grating voice, my head hurts from thinking about nine more months of doctor's exams and endless pharmacy runs for baby formula and diapers and baby nose-drops. But mostly my heart hurts.

I muster up a "Congratulations, April. Does Paul know yet?" and she goes into a little docu-drama on how she told Paul and how Paul reacted and all of the plans they're making. When we finally hang up, I am drained and angry. When I sit down to sketch the woman in the pool, her arms and legs have grown leaden and thick; she is drowning.

When John gets home, it's nearly seven o'clock and the sun has begun to set making the living room hazy and dark. The living room furniture looms in dark and foreign mounds before me, unrecognizable except that I know it so well. I am sunk into the couch with a bottle of Smirnoff Vodka and a blender of strawberry daiquiri mix, one in each hand. I can't remember holding or drinking from a glass just like I can't remember drinking period. In fact, I can't remember having even moved for a long time and I don't bother to when John comes in.

I hear him walk in the front door, dropping his keys and probably some mail in the hall. Then he walks into the kitchen and sets his briefcase down on the

kitchen table. From where I am slouched, I can make out his form, solid and utterly dependable, moving toward me. His face I cannot see, but like the living room furniture, because I know it so well, I can picture it. I can picture his handsome face, slightly thin-lipped. A handful of memories floats through my brain in an instant and I can see us together at parties, out for dinner, standing in line at the theater and the checkout in the market. I can see women turn and stare at him. Then they notice me. I know they wish they were me. The warmest feeling of kindly possession floods me, almost makes me smile.

He cannot see me in the twilight of the evening and he calls for me. "Mo..." He waits for an answer and calls again. "Honey..."

"Vodka?" I say. He steps into the living room.

"Oh, hi, I didn't see you in the dark."

"Or perhaps I could interest my darling husband in some strawberry daiquiri mix minus the tequila?" I try to show him the bottle but my arms feel independent of my body and show no interest in reaching or lifting.

"Honey? It's so dark in here, why are you sitting in the dark?" I push my head back into the pillows on the couch and close my eyes in anticipation of stinging light. He turns on a lamp.

When I'm illuminated he sees the bottles and stands quiet, waiting.

I roll my head toward him smiling, but without opening my eyes, I say, "I'm just having a little drinkie. To celebrate."

"Oh. Well, what are we celebrating?" John says smiling. He slides an arm around me as he sits down on the couch.

While he's brushing away a stray curl from my face, I say in little more than a whisper, "April's having a baby."

And in that instant, something in the touch of his hand, something in the feel of his arm around my neck, dies, goes stiff and cold. But it's only an instant. So short in fact, I'm not even sure it exists. And then he is comforting and warm and utterly present to me. And I try and talk myself out of the sickening feeling rising in me, between us, try to make myself believe that he would stay, even if he'd known before we got married that we couldn't have children. But even after he has held me for an hour, saying nothing but, "Honey, it's going to be okay," while I cry and take breath in in great sobs, even after that, I can't shake the distant feeling in his touch, that fleeting moment of remorse, regret.

April insists that I come over and look at her baby books. Baby name books and baby wallpaper books and How to Raise the Intellectually Superior Baby. I go anyway.

April has decided that she is going to have a girl.

"What does Paul want?" I ask.

"Oh, he doesn't care, a boy I suppose." Paul is an uptown dermatologist who removes the moles of the rich. He wears pointed-toe Italian snakeskin shoes

to work and he is never known to carry anything less than five hundred dollars cash in large bills at all times. And, although I have no reason whatsoever for believing this, my intuition tells me that April and Paul do not love each other.

"What are you going to name it?" I ask.

"Irene Giselle."

I look at her as if she must be kidding. She is not.

"We want her to contribute to the collective unconscious of mankind," April says. "Irene and Giselle mean 'peace' and 'a pledge'." She pauses expectantly. "A pledge for peace, don't you get it?"

"Oh," I say and nod my head in understanding or at least with enough affirmation to satisfy her. She moves on to wallpaper. Little boats on ponds and ducks with bows around their necks floating aimlessly under rainbows and blue skies. Interior decorating, a real chance for April to express her "creative nature."

April thinks she's creative for two basic reasons. First, simply because her name is April and second, because she highlights her corporate reports in lilac. However, I am grateful that she is reviewing baby patterns and not going over how her sex drive has changed since becoming pregnant.

Although, I do find myself a tad curious about her sex life at times. Paul's a doctor for god's sake, that must be useful in a way that being a claims adjustor or a geologist isn't. Or maybe it just makes sex more clinical.

Sex for John and me, on the other hand, has always been a touch on the funny side. Not that we don't have our tender moments. We do. John is a very romantic kisser. He has this way of gently tracing every part of my face before he actually kisses me. He softly examines the shape of my eyes, my nose, my lips, even my earlobes if he's feeling especially thorough. Then he kisses me. After our lips touch, however, it's rather amusing.

He's kind of a hands man too, which I think is unusual. I asked him once, what kind of a "man" he was, "Are you a legs man?" I said.

"No," he said and I was incredibly relieved although not too surprised because I have legs like inverted tree trunks.

"So what does it for you?" I said.

We were lying in bed. We'd been married a whole day. We didn't know about not being able to have kids at that point. It didn't seem like a realistic concern at the moment. I wanted to memorize every detail about my husband and I was surprised by my own lack of forethought not to have covered this area earlier.

"Well," he said and he rolled over on his side to look at me, "I'm kind of a hands man myself." He picked up my hand and kissed it lightly; then just held it there comparing the sizes of our hands, lightly touching my fingers.

This surprised me. I have very small hands and when I was little, I remember my father holding them this same way, his hand, thick and strong engulfed mine.

My hands were no longer the soft, delicate creatures of my youth, however. They'd grown hard. They always smelled of turpentine or linseed oil or oil paint. I chewed my nails down to the stubs so my fingers were short, thick and stumpy looking. When John said this, I withdrew my hand and laid it out flat in the air in front of me.

"My hands are gross," I said and he just laughed.

April stopped going to aerobics months ago but we still occasionally take a walk together down the street. She has never had a moment of morning sickness and to my total disappointment, she has maintained beautiful legs which she is now slipping into lycra tights for our outing. They are a bright neon and black arrangement that I find somewhat offensive but she is delighted with her own sense of style.

"Très hip, don't you think?" she asks, stretching the last inch of her tights up and over her abdomen. The neon stripe contracts and expands over her stomach and then divides, winds and spirals its way down her legs, making them look like barber shop poles when she moves.

I nod but say nothing.

"I can't wait to get outside. I want to go for a long one, if you don't mind. I've been sitting on my ass for the last week and I'll scream if I don't get some exercise."

"Are you sure you're up for it?" I ask.

"Yeah, I'll be okay."

We head down our lane which is quite beautiful now that it is late summer, everything is full and lush, preparing itself for autumn. I've unleashed Cliff and he galumphs from one puddle to the next, making sure to get every portion of his body as filthy as possible. At the end of the road, April suggests we take a right.

"Prettier that way," she offers. It's also the direction of the Quik-Pak. I now know what our objective is. April has a craving.

Standing in line, our arms are laden with tortilla chips and picante sauce (extra hot), semi-sweet chocolate chips, fondue, a microwavable meat sandwich on a sesame seed bun and a pack of Bazooka bubble gum complete with fortune and comics (that's for me).

"I'm eating for two now," she says patting her growing form, then letting her hand rest on her stomach.

I start reading the headlines of various tabloids aloud.

"Liz packs on forty," and next to that "'Lose twenty quick pounds with the new Liz Taylor diet.' This is such shit." I look over at April. Her mouth is practically frothing she is so hungry. She also looks depressed and it is then that I remember she probably doesn't want to talk diet right now. I change the subject.

"Listen to this," I say. "'Armless couple loses baby. Born with no arms, this husband and wife lost their infant son when he bounced out of their pickup going only 10 mph...' How in the hell were they driving?"

This is definitely a poor choice.

April faints over the conveyor belt, smashing tortilla chips under her. Her body, along with the picante sauce slowly inches toward the checkout girl, who says without taking her eyes off of her cash register, "Paper or plastic."

But talking about deformity has upset me. I go home and wait for John but I grow impatient and start working. I am thinking about this theory, this idea that there is always some kind of coping mechanism and I decide to test this out on my sketches. I sketch my woman without arms, just a head tipped back, searching the emptiness above her. She kneels and water drops from nowhere to her face and she is unable to smooth it away. It runs freely, haphazard down her cheeks until she is in a pool of water. No arms to help her tread, she switches her legs, back and forth with great strength, her head bobbing just above the surface until she cries out, her strength leaving.

But I can't hear her and I can't help her.

I am still sitting here, dumb and unmoving, when either John or maybe it's Cliff, makes noise at the front door. But it is April; she is breathing heavily. The long walk has done more than she thought. It's at least a month before due-date.

"Mo," she says, "Time to go," and an uneasy smile spreads across her face. I swing into perfect action, as rehearsed, grabbing the packed suitcase from her front hall, helping her into the car, timing her contractions on the way to the hospital.

When Paul arrives, April has already moved to the delivery room and he masks up to join her, leaving me alone again in the reception area. I call John four times while I'm waiting, each time, speaking only with his secretary who tells me he is still out of the office with a client and that she will let him know just as soon as he comes back.

The real shock hits when Paul comes out of the delivery room.

"A six-pound, one-ounce boy," he grins. "It's a boy!"

"How's April?" I ask.

"Doing fine, she was great, a real trooper."

"Congratulations, Paul," I say and hug him, looking over his shoulder, trying to catch a glimpse of April or her baby, trying to imagine what it must feel like to have just given birth.

Hours later, April is already up, exfoliating her skin in the bathroom as if she's just delivered a pizza and not a human being. She and Paul are arguing about possible names seeing as their entire naming-strategy has just flown out the window.

"How about 'Henry,'" Paul says. He is flipping through a baby names book.

"What's it mean?" April asks. She sounds skeptical.

"Ruler of the house," Paul says grinning.

"You have got to be kidding. Give me that book," April says and she crawls back into bed.

I am thinking that I would just like to leave when the nurse brings the baby in.

April takes him and in the first gentle gesture I have ever seen her make, she brushes her cheek against the infant's head. My eyes are glued to him, glued to his tiny, perfect features, his fisted hands reaching, withdrawing and reaching again.

April looks up at me.

"Do you want to hold him?" she asks lifting the infant toward me. I shake my head no and find my arms extending anyway. I cannot help myself.

I take him and hold him with one arm. With my free hand, I brush his nose and cheeks and extend a finger to be grasped. Just as the tiny fingers wrap, coil-like around mine, John walks in.

I freeze.

"Hey, it's about time you got here. Get a load of my little tiger," Paul says motioning toward me.

John steps up in front of me so that only the baby is separating us. It's as natural and unnatural as a thing can be. I feel helpless. Hopeless and powerless in determining which of the two it should be.

Without looking at him, I walk the infant back to April who continues to flip through the baby names book.

"Alistair, protector of mankind," she says. "No, too forced." We trade articles.

"Here's one," I say, avoiding John, afraid of what he must be thinking. "Valentine, strong, healthy."

Paul grabs the book from across the bed, "No pussy names for my kid." He flips a few pages and continues to argue over names with April who for the first time since this whole thing began is starting to show signs of wear and tear.

"Listen, maybe we should just let you rest," I say and she smiles down on her son.

"Stay as long as you like," she says.

I feel totally removed. It's as if I am looking at her through the thick wall of glass that surrounds the nursery. All the activity inside is taking place at a distance, muffled and removed from me.

Finally, John looks up and says, "Paul."

"What?" Paul says.

"No, I mean, how about Paul for a name. Paul Jr.?"

April and Paul nod at each other and I know that if I stay in the room I will be sick. I hold my stomach and go to the restroom. Inside, I hear April and Paul discussing the possibility and potential problems of having a Paul Jr.

"When he starts getting phone calls, people will get us confused," Paul says.

"He does look an awful lot like you, though," April says.

"You're right about that," Paul says. "Well, maybe..."

John says nothing.

And nothing is said during the drive home. A heavy, dull pain hangs over us, together. But as we pull into our driveway, John releases one hand from the steering wheel and squeezes my hand. It is difficult to be close now, here, sitting in the driveway, the engine still running. More difficult than I could ever have imagined, because the answer isn't in our closeness.

After we've been sitting there for a while, John turns off the ignition and clutches the keys in his hand, stretching and yawning. I stretch too, it's odd. It's as if we're just waking up from a long nap.

"Want some tea?" John asks.

"No, I think I'm fine," I say.

I am anxious to work. I feel a great motivation to finish this woman and be done with her. When we get in the door, I kiss John and he wanders off to bed. I work feverishly until I have completely exhausted myself.

She stands there, this woman, arms raised, hair soaked from the water pouring over her head. Another version, she floats in the pool but it is perfectly calm. There are no ripples, no waves pulsating from her body. Another, the last, her head is lowered, her arms have dropped and she reaches out, toward me. She looks to me with great understanding, through me, with me. And I know I am finished because I have saved her.

When I slide into bed, I know that John is still awake but I try to be still and quiet anyway.

"You alright?" he asks.

I offer him one of my hands in response and he kisses it lightly. He begins to trace my face, gently moving to my eyes and lips. Then his fingers wander down my neck, between my breasts stopping just below my navel to make little circles and eventually rest over the place where all my fertility is supposed to be.

GRANDEZA Y DECADENCIA

Maryvonne Hopkins



SYNOPSIS

The author uses sharp contrasts in form and content to explore what constitutes happiness and what really matters in the character's life—is it friendship or riches?

Although the character is fictitious, his despair, vulnerability and hope can be felt by the readers. Most of us have or will experience, however briefly, moments of doubt, disarray, anguish and solitude.

It is in a bare mental landscape that Fulano de Tal alias Don Manuel Ramirez de Lanzas will gain insight. He discovers himself, as a friend, and is no longer afraid to look at himself in the mirror.

The musicality of the words chosen plays right into the melancholy and the joy expressed in this short story.

¡Mira! Este señor se llamaba Don Manuel Ramirez de Lanzas. Ahora le llaman Fulano de Tal. En la ciudad de Torremolinos tenía un castillo. Aquí, su techo es el cielo. Todos admiraban las luces de sus candelabros de oro y de cristal. Hoy, él solo mira las estrellas porque la luz del sol es intensa.

Siempre tenía ruido alrededor de él, voces familiares, risas, música y bailes. Pues hoy, de vez en cuando, a través de esta manta de silencio, él escucha a los pájaros que se acercan por un momento. Se calla para oír las hojas y el viento.... Sus zapatos no son de cuero sino de cuerda. Se olvidó como bailar. Casi no tiene la fuerza para andar.

Allá no tenía que salir de su castellón para ver a la gente o, si salía, siempre conocía a alguien o alguien lo conocía a él. Allí, aunque las busca, no encuentra caras familiares, no encuentra ojos mirándolo. Mira lejos y solamente

Maryvonne Hopkins' paper was written for Spanish 201, "Intermediate Spanish," Diana Conway, Professor, UAA Foreign Languages Department.

ve el mar, gigantesco espejo por todo lo que vive y mueve. Tantos largos paisajes que hacena cualquier hombre más humilde! Aquí el hombre está solo con él mismo. Allá, había calles por todas partes, movimiento cada día, divertimento y multitud.

Era para Don Manuel Ramirez de Lanzas una vida social, cultural y vida de caballería pero hoy, aquí esta. Apenas está andando, como si no supiera qué vía habría de tomar. Sólo tiene una u otra alternativa. Estaba borracho con actividad y compañía. Ahora, está sobrio y tiene miedo, tiene frío: tiene que descubrir quién es él sin otros, tiene que quererse—con o sin cualidades—y tiene que encontrar su fuerza dentro de él mismo. Eso será su grandeza después de la decandencia. Pascal dijo: “La miseria del hombre es que él no sabe quedarse solo en su cuarto.”



Performers in “Shakespeare: Sonnets in Motion.”

THE FUTURE AVENUES OF SKIN GRAFTING

Laurel Anne Christians



In the summer of 1983 the Selby brothers along with a playmate were critically burned while trying to remove paint, splattered on them during play, with a paint solvent. Soon after the accident the playmate died, and the Selby brothers, who were five and six at the time and had burns covering 97 and 98 percent of their bodies, were given zero chance of survival. In retrospect, the September 13, 1984 issue of the Harvard Medical Area FOCUS¹ reported that the Selby brothers' only chance of survival was through an experimental treatment developed by Dr. Howard Green. They were sent to Shriners'

Burn Institute in Boston, where they received this experimental treatment and survived. The name of the treatment was called skin grafting and its success in this landmark case has dramatically changed the way burns are treated today.

The New England Journal of Medicine reported in its November 1, 1990 issue that over two and a half million Americans will seek treatment for burns this year.² Of those 100,000 will be hospitalized and 12,000 will die. For these victims new burn treatments not only mean an increased chance of survival, but also offer a better quality of life following the accident than previous methods of treatment. Today, I'll be telling you first about cultured skin, secondly, about a derivative of cultured skin called Graftskin, and finally we'll look at the paralleling industry of artificial skin.

However, before looking at these treatments we will refamiliarize ourselves with the three different classifications of burns. The first-degree burn results in minimal damage to the dermis, or underlying layer of the skin. An example of a first-degree burn would be a non-blistering sunburn. Now if that sunburn blistered it would be a second-degree burn with moderate damage to the dermis. And in third-degree burns the entire dermis is destroyed with damage reaching down into the underlying subcutaneous layers.³ Because the entire

Laurel Anne Christians' paper was prepared and delivered for a 10-minute Informative Speech during the 1990-91 Competition Season, Brad Atchison, Coach, UAA Speech and Debate Team.

dermis is destroyed in third-degree burns there are no skin cells left to regenerate skin growth, as in the first- and second-degree burns, so skin grafting must be used. Up until a few years ago the only method of grafting was the conventional method. Here skin is taken from an undamaged area, known as the donor site, and grafted onto the burned area. Once the donor site is healed, which is usually within ten days, additional skin is removed and grafted. This cycle continues until grafting is no longer needed. Now this next step might sound a little on the creepy side. Burns awaiting permanent grafts are temporarily grafted with cadaver's skin, courtesy of organ donors. The major drawback of this type of graft—besides the obvious—is that antigens, or little foreign invaders, present in the cadaver's skin react with the patient's antibodies, or defenders, resulting in rejection of the graft.⁴

Cadaver skin grafts are also employed when using cultured skin. This is because cultured skin is grown in a laboratory within about three weeks, and it's during this time that temporary grafts are used. This is the way it works. Upon receiving a burn victim doctors must first determine what treatment will be best for the patient. If the patient has large undamaged areas, such as the back or thighs from which to take skin, then they will be treated with conventional skin grafts.⁵ However, if the burns are extensive, or these larger areas are damaged, the patient can now undergo cultured skin treatments. At this time a sample of skin, about the size of a postage stamp, is sent to Biosurface Technology, a company founded by Dr. Howard Green, one of the original developers of cultured skin. Cells are then removed from the sample and placed in a nutrient mixture.

Dr. Russ Tubo, the Research Manager for Biosurface Technology, explained to me in a phone interview that epidermal growth factor is a main ingredient in the nutrient mixture.⁶ This ingredient stimulates cell division resulting in a two-by-three-inch patch of skin in only three weeks. Now you might be saying "big deal," how's a two-by-three-inch patch of skin going to help someone who is burned over 85% of their body. Well consider that several patches are grown simultaneously, in fact, up to six-and-a-half square feet of skin can be grown from a single one-inch patch of skin. Of course, this skin isn't like our everyday skin, which consists of only two to eight layers of cells. And because it's so fragile, it's placed on Vaseline gauze for the trip back to the hospital, where it's grafted onto the patient within twenty-four hours.

There are many advantages in the use of cultured skin. The previously cited Harvard Medical Area FOCUS, points out that like conventional skin grafts, cultured skin is the patient's own skin.⁷ This is because the skin is made from the patient's own cells, so the body readily accepts the grafts. In addition, these cells can be saved to grow more skin as reconstructive surgery is needed. And finally, it has been shown that cultured skin rebuilds the dermal layer better than conventional grafting, resulting in less scarring. With all these advantages you might be wondering why conventional skin grafting is still used whenever

possible. Well, one big reason is cost. The cost of a two-by-three-inch patch of skin is approximately \$350. When you take into consideration the average person has roughly six-and-a-half square feet of skin, it's easy to see that this treatment can quickly run into tens of thousands of dollars. Of course, this cost will go down as production methods improve and competition from other manufacturers increases. One other disadvantage is that cultured skin is only good for twenty-four hours after leaving the lab, and must be grafted onto the patient within that time.⁸

Another form of cultured skin is the product Graftskin, developed by Organogenesis, Inc. What makes Graftskin so different is that it has the potential to be grafted onto anyone. The 1989 medical publication INSERM writes that the "cells are cultured out four times to provide for pure populations."⁹ This means that the antigens—or little foreign invaders—present in everyone's skin are essentially removed from the final product. These are the same antigens responsible for the rejection of the temporary grafts.¹⁰ Dr. William Notebloom, Associate Professor of Biochemistry at the University of Missouri-Columbia School of Medicine, explains that the absence of these antigens may enable researchers to develop skin banks. Imagine, skin can be cryogenically preserved, or preserved at low temperatures, and made available to anyone who may need it, just like blood is available today.¹¹ However, the realization of skin banks, and Graftskin is still a long way off. In fact, it was only in December of 1989 that Graftskin began human clinical trials, and these trials can continue for years before receiving approval from the Food and Drug Administration.¹²

As mentioned earlier, one of the complications in burn treatments is the use of cadaver's skin as temporary grafts. This complication can be avoided by using a new development called artificial skin. Dr. John Burke of Harvard Medical School and Dr. Ioannis Yannas of MIT have developed an artificial skin that resembles natural skin. Like natural skin, artificial skin is composed of two primary layers—the dermis and epidermis. The 1981 publication of the Annals of Surgery explains that the artificial dermis is composed of both collagen from cowhide, and chondroitin, a cartilage derivative from sharks. Once applied this layer remains, acting as a nutrient base permitting regrowth of blood vessels to the patient's dermal layer. The artificial epidermis is made from a rubbery substance called Silastic, and is used to maintain moisture levels. Once a permanent graft is available, whether it's in conventional or cultured skin form, the artificial epidermis can be easily removed, allowing placement of the permanent graft on the artificial dermis.¹³

Like Graftskin, artificial skin is also in human clinical trials and awaiting FDA approval. The June 1987 issue of the FDA Consumer¹⁴ reports that one benefit of artificial skin is that it has no antigens, so it's generally not rejected by the patient. This would decrease, if not eliminate, the need for anti-rejection drugs leaving the patient's immune system strong enough to fight off infection.

Another advantage, as explained in the October 20, 1989 Journal of American Medicine,¹⁵ is that artificial skin is a sterilized, storable treatment that would avoid disease transmission, be uniform in composition, and have ready availability.

Through cultured skin treatments like Graftskin, and treatments involving artificial skin, researchers are revolutionizing the way burns are treated. Although Graftskin and artificial skin are only now being used in the controlled settings of clinical trials, they are both tangible and inevitable treatments. In fact, the November 1, 1990 New England Journal of Medicine¹⁶ reports the progress of these trials is encouraging, both in the aspect of immediate wound closure, and in the long-term quality of the graft. It's only through continued efforts like these that new, faster, and less disfiguring methods of treatment can be found, not only for skin injuries but for any injury. No one anticipates being injured, and for the Selby brothers and their playmate, it was inconceivable. But through advances in medical science the Selby brothers survived, opening the doors to new and better forms of burn treatment.

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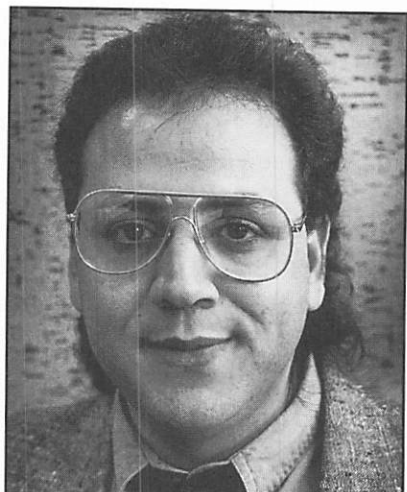
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POLITICAL ZIONISM

Ibrahim Edais



INTRODUCTION

The United Nations General Assembly Resolution 3379, that was adopted in 1975, declared "Zionism is a form of racism and racial discrimination."¹ Since its establishment, Zionism has adopted policies that are racial; they are built on ideological myths, and selective readings of the Bible. This paper will examine the ideologies of Zionism, and how they relate to the state of Israel. Hopefully it will shed some light on these misunderstood ideologies and benefit the reader.

RELIGIOUS ZIONISM

First, to define Zionism, it is important to draw a distinction between political and religious Zionism. Religious Zionism was connected with the great Messianic hope Judaism. According to this, with the coming of the Messiah at the end of time, the kingdom of God would be established for the whole of mankind. This kingdom of God would be located, in the holy land, where the Bible sets the stories of Abraham and Moses.

Religious Zionism led to the establishment of Jewish spiritual communities, and a pilgrimage to the holy land. In the 19th Century, the "Lovers of Zion" pursued the aim of creating, in that land of Zion, a spiritual center from which the Jewish faith and its culture would spread. Religious Zionism never encountered opposition from the Muslims, who regarded themselves as descendants of Abraham and his faith. Spiritual Zionism was not connected to political programs, or the creation of a state. Spiritual Zionism never caused clashes between the Jewish communities and the Arab population, whether Muslim or Christian.

Ibrahim Edais' paper was written for Speech 241, "Public Speaking," Brad Atchison, Professor, UAA Speech and Communications Department.

POLITICAL ZIONISM

Political Zionism began with Theodor Herzl (1800-1904), who composed its doctrine from 1882 onward, in Vienna, gave it systematic form in 1896 in his book on the "Jewish State," and began to apply it concretely at the first World Zionist Congress, held at Basle in 1897.²

This political Zionism is the primary subject of this paper. Herzl's main concern was not religious. No, he sought to define "Zionism" in a political way. His conclusion was that the Jewish problems could be summarized as follows:

1. The Jews are a single "people," regardless of the country they live in.
2. The Jews have been persecuted everywhere.
3. The Jews cannot be assimilated to the nations in which they live.

Herzl proposed the following solution:

1. Rejection of assimilation.
2. Creation of "Jewish state" in which all the Jews in the world would be brought together.
3. The state to be established in a "vacant" area.³

The area to be chosen was of no special significance to Herzl. Argentina, Uganda, and Palestine were among the proposed areas. Among the territories proposed to implement the Jewish state, Herzl chose Palestine because he needed the support of the "Lovers of Zion" (Palestine). Herzl created an uncertainty between the two classes of Zionism. This vagueness was needed for the implementation of his policy.

The Herzl ideology created confusion and ambiguity between religious and political Zionism. To make some sense out of this confusion, we need to look at the myths that Zionism is based on.

THE MYTH OF HISTORICAL RIGHTS

A memorandum to the Zionist Organization, of the Peace Conference in 1919, states "this land is the historic home of the Jews."⁴ The proclamation of the state of Israel, on May 14, 1948, affirmed that it was "by virtue of the natural and historic right to the Jewish people"⁵ that this state was being established in Palestine. The idea of "historic rights" is one of the building blocks of Zionism. This idea is linked to the "promised land," which is suppose to be a divine right for Israel to dominate Palestine.

The original occupier of Palestine was the Canaanite city-state. They ruled as far back as history is recorded. After that, Canaanite Palestine was continuously occupied by outsiders, among which were the Egyptians, Hyksos, Hittite, Philistines, Jews, Babylonians, Greeks, Romans, Persians, Arabs, Turks, Crusaders, Great Britains, Israelis and Jordanians.

The kingdom of David and Solomon, in which the Zionists base their territorial demands, lasted for only 73 years. Of course, there were always Jews in Palestine, but Palestine was never exclusively Jewish for any significant period in time. The Palestinians have always lived in Palestine throughout history and that is where the country gets its name.

VACANT LAND

As we have seen, Herzl referred to the establishment of the Jewish state on a vacant land. One of the myths of Zionism is the non-existence of the Palestinian people.

When Einstein asked Weizmann, who was one of the leaders of the world Zionist organization: "What of the Arabs if Palestine were given to Jews?" Weizmann replied: "What Arabs? They are hardly of any consequences."⁶

Joseph Weitz, former director of the Settlement Department of the Jewish Agency, wrote in 1940:

between ourselves, it must be clear that there is no room for both peoples together in this country...the only solution is Eretz Israel, at least the Western Israel, without Arabs, and there is no other way but to transfer the Arabs from here to the neighboring countries.⁷

But reality was different. According to the Balfour Declaration of 1917, the British government was in favor of establishing a national home for the Jewish people in Palestine. After the first wave of Jewish immigration to Palestine, according to the census taken by the British in 1922, there were 757,000 inhabitants altogether. This established the fact that 88% of the population was Arab and 11% were Jews. According to these figures there were 663,000 Arabs and 83,000 Jews.⁸

Palestine was not only inhabited, but it was also an exporting country. This land, which was supposed to be a desert, exported grain and various fruits. The farmers of Palestine produced wheat, vegetables, and citrus fruit. The production of these resources grew rapidly.

The Peel Report, presented to the British Parliament in July 1937, basing itself on the rapid growth of the orange-groves in Palestine, estimated that, of the 30,000,000 cases of winter oranges by which world production was expected to increase in the following ten years, the producers and exporters would be as follows:

Palestine:	15,000,000
U.S.A:	7,000,000
Spain:	5,000,000
Other countries (Cyprus, Egypt, Algeria, etc.)	3,000,000 ⁹

THE MYTH OF ONE RACE

The previous historical myth and the myth of the vacant land were to serve as the basic building blocks for the Zionists policy in Israel to appropriate the land and expel the indigenous population of Palestine.

Another basic historical myth of Zionism is that of the continuity of the race and the permanent yearning to return. This idea, that all the Jews in the world today are descendants of one race, is used to advance the Zionist program.

This myth advanced by the Zionists has no ground in historical or biological basis. First of all, the present law of the State of Israel defines the Jew as one who is born of a Jewish mother, or who has been converted to the Jewish religion. This definition is not only racial (born of a Jewish mother), but also discriminatory. This definition is a contradiction in terms. If the Jews were one race, then how do you explain, the black Jew, the Arab Jew, and the white Jew descending from the same race.

The idea of race is one that is shared by both Zionists and anti-Semites. This idea, that the Jews are one isolated entity that cannot be assimilated, was adopted by choice, by the Zionists. The anti-Semites used this idea with force.

All through history the Jews were one of the components of major ethnic groups; for example the Hebrews who left Egypt in the Exodus, and the tribes that entered into Canaan and mingled with the local inhabitants. The kingdom of David and Solomon included many nationalities and religions. Maxime Rodinson has demonstrated that in the following quote:

It is very probable—and physical anthropology tend to show that is true—that the so-called Arab inhabitants of Palestine...have much more of the ancient Hebrews' "blood" than most of the Jews of the Diaspora, whose religious exclusiveness in no way prevented them from absorbing converts of various origins. For

centuries Jewish proselytism was important even in Western Europe, and was continued elsewhere over long periods of time. Historically, sufficient evidence of this can be found in the Jewish state of Southern Arabia in the sixth century, based on southern Arabs who had become Jews; the Turkish Jewish state of the Khazars in southeastern Russia in the eighth to the tenth centuries, whose base was Turkish or Finno-Ugric and no doubt partly Slavic; the Jews of China who have become thoroughly Chinese; the Black Jews of Cochin; the Falashas of Ethiopia, etc. And, from an anthropological point of view, a glance at any meeting of Jews from different backgrounds will suffice to give an idea of the importance of foreign contributions.¹⁰

THE BIBLICAL MYTH

“If you have the Book of the Bible, and the People of the Bible, then you also have the land of the Bible—of the Judges and of the Patriarchs in Jerusalem, Hebron, Jericho and thereabouts.”¹¹ Zionist leaders, as Moshe Dayan in the previous quote, have continually used readings from the Bible to justify their argument of having territorial rights to Palestine, and a divine right. This concept of a “chosen people” when included with the concept of the “promise land,” is the basis by which the Palestinians were driven out of their land.

Colonialists have always sought justifications for their actions. The pretext was usually found in an alleged superiority of culture. This endowed the invader with a civilizing mission for his race in relationship to others. A religious pretext offered precious additional aid to such colonial conquests, or more generally, to any domination of one social group over another.

Historically, in their writings, all peoples have expressed a privileged conception of themselves. Should we accept the writings on one people while denying the writings of others?

The idea of “chosen people” is unacceptable politically and theologically. It has permitted aggression and domination. It should not be accepted on a theological basis because then you would have to choose some and by doing so you have to reject others. Policy based on this idea must not be accepted, whether it is Zionist or not.

SELECTIVE READINGS OF THE BIBLE

Political Zionism was shaped despite the protest of most Jewish religious and secular leaders. They declared that attempts to establish a Jewish national state in Palestine was contrary to the religious promises of Judaism. The American Council for Judaism wrote in the New York Times on 31 August 1943:

.... For our fellow Jews we ask only this: Equality of rights and obligations with their fellow nationals.... We oppose the effort to establish a national Jewish state in Palestine or anywhere else, as a philosophy of defeatism, and one which does not offer a practical solution of the Jewish problem.... Palestine is a part of Israel's religious heritage, as it is a part of the heritage of two other great religions of the world.¹²

In the 1930s Albert Einstein wrote:

I would rather see reasonable agreement with the Arabs on the basis of living together in peace than the creation of a Jewish state. Apart from practical considerations, my awareness of the essential nature of Judaism resists the idea of a Jewish state, with borders, an army, and a measure of temporal power, no matter how modest—I am afraid of the inner damage Judaism will sustain—especially from the development of a narrow nationalism within our own lands...we are no longer the Jews of the Maccabee period. A return to a nation, in the political sense of the word, would be equivalent to turning away from the spiritualization of our community which we attribute to the genius of our prophets.¹³

Selective readings of the Bible, such as the promise made to Abraham in Genesis XV, 18: "In the same day the Lord made a covenant with Abraham, saying 'Unto thy seed have I given this land, from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates.'"¹⁴ If these readings were applied literally the world would be heading towards disaster and Israel would continue to expand.

All the people of the Middle East have been given by their gods such promises. For example, the Arabs are descendants from Abraham. Why then do they take different attitudes toward the promises that were made to the Jews. Why don't people have the same attitudes toward the Arabs, the Syrians, the Hittites, or the Egyptians, whose rule over Palestine lasted much longer than the kingdom of David and Solomon? Could it be because we believe ourselves to be the descendants of that civilization?

We must reject such selective readings of the Bible, even if it considers the tradition of our tribe as the only valid one, because if this is allowed similar readings will, and have been, invoked to justify inhumane treatment, such as, massacres at Deir Yasin, violent occupation of territory, or even genocide.

FROM ZIONISM IDEOLOGY TO THE POLITICS OF ISRAEL

The state of Israel has continued on the same path that was set by Herzl's political Zionism. At the time of the partition decision of 1947 the Zionists owned 6.5% of the land, and in 1982 they possessed 93% of the land.

Israel's definition of a Jew still uses racial concepts. For instance, a Palestinian who remained in Israel when the state was created and who has become an Israeli citizen is classified as Israeli citizen with "Arab nationality" on his/her descendants. Those born to Jewish mothers and those converted to Judaism are classified as Israeli citizens with Jewish nationality. There is no Israeli nationality in Israel.

Furthermore, Israeli policy has executed expansionism. Since its creation Israel has annexed Jerusalem and the Golan Heights. In addition, it has invaded Lebanon and is still occupying part of it. The policy is best described by Moshe Dayan:

During the last hundred years our people have been in a process of building up the country and the nation, of expansion, of getting additional Jews and additional settlements in order to expand the borders here. Let no Jew say that the process has ended. Let no Jew say that we are near the end of the road.¹⁵

The invasion of Lebanon was planned long before 1982. In his diary, dated May 21, 1948, Ben-Gurion wrote:

The Achilles' heel of the Arab coalition is the Lebanon. Muslim supremacy in this country is artificial and can easily be overthrown. A Christian state ought to be set up there, with its southern frontier on the river Litani. We would sign a treaty of alliance with this state. Then we have broken the strength of the Arab Legion and bombed Amman, we would wipe out Transjordan; after that, Syria would fall. And if Egypt still dared to make war on us, we would bomb Port Said, Alexandria and Cairo. We should thus end the war, and would put paid to Egypt, Assyria and Chaldea on behalf of our ancestors.¹⁶

CONCLUSION

In this paper I have made a clear distinction between political and religious Zionism. Also, I have shown that Zionism is a racist idea, that was constructed on a series of mythologies, and selective readings of the Bible. This racist ideology, which was declared as such by the United Nations, exists and is

supported by many for lack of understanding, and as a result of ambiguity created between political and religious Zionism. In this paper, I only examined Zionism as it applies to Israel. I have not examined the Zionists effect of the Palestinian people living under occupation for the last 23 years. That will be the topic of my next paper.

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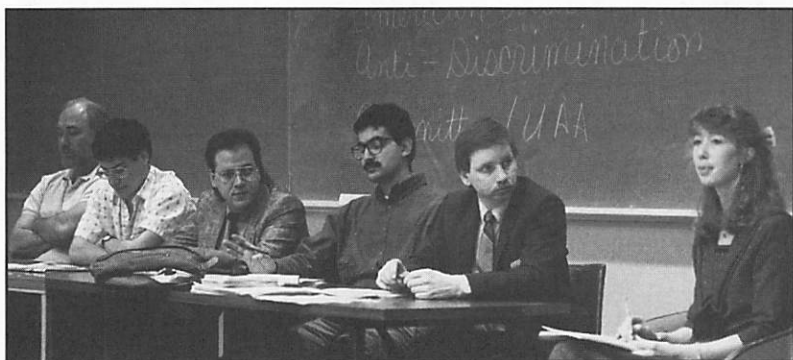
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Panel discusses "The Middle East Conflict."

ISOLATION AND CHARACTERIZATION OF VESICLES ISOLATED FROM THE BRUSH BORDER OF SOCKEYE SALMON (*ONCORHYNCHUS NERKA*) KIDNEYS

Nathan D. Turner

ABSTRACT



Brush border membrane vesicles (BBMV) were isolated from the body kidney of red salmon by a modified method of Holmberg, et al.¹ Briefly, kidneys were excised and homogenized. The homogenate was subjected to a series of differential centrifugation steps in the purified renal epithelial vesicles. Vesicle purity was tested using a series of epithelial and basal lateral markers including alkaline and acid phosphatase, prostatic acid, maltase, gamma-glutamyl transferase (GGTP), and 5'-nucleotidase. An

enrichment/depletion factor for each marker was determined by a factor for alkaline phosphatase, GGTP, 5'-nucleotidase, and maltase. A depletion factor was observed for acid phosphatase and prostatic acid. These observations are consistent with previously reported data in mammals.² Vesicle integrity was tested by measuring the time course of proton flux in the presence of a pH gradient. Vesicles were loaded with a pH sensitive fluorescent probe and subjected to an outwardly directed proton gradient. The time course of equilibration was measured by observation of the change in fluorescence as a function of time. Proton flux was observed in a saturable increase in the rate of proton flux, indicating the presence and activity of a sodium/proton antiport protein in the epithelial vesicle. This work was supported in part by a Biomedical Research Support Grant and Faculty Development Grant from the University of Alaska.

Nathan D. Turner's paper was written for Chemistry 498, "Individual Research," Eric Holmberg, Professor, UAA Chemistry Department.

INTRODUCTION

As an organism ages the functional and structural tissues that make up the organism encounter changes. By studying specific organ functions it is possible to determine what changes are taking place with ageing. The organ of interest in this project is the kidney, specifically the kidney of sockeye salmon (*Oncorhynchus nerka*). In an attempt to examine single functions, samples were prepared using isolation techniques designed to separate the kidney into some of its component parts.

In order to obtain samples with different physiological properties fish were taken at different stages of their life cycle. Samples were obtained from the mouths of the Kenai River and Russian River, and Upper Russian Creek. The Kenai River salmon were bright silver, early run. Those from the Russian River were slightly red and the Russian Creek salmon were post spawn. Each location represents fish in a distinctly different stage of the life cycle.

Initially brush border membrane vesicles (BBMV) were isolated from the proximal tubule of the kidney and enzymatically characterized. The isolation procedure was adapted from the method developed by Holmberg³ and George and Kenny.⁴ A kidney homogenate was processed using differential centrifugation in the presence of a divalent cation resulting in a purified renal epithelial vesicle sample. All vesicles were stored at -70°C to ensure integrity after storage. After isolation the response of the BBMV challenged by a proton gradient was measured. A major function of the kidney is to maintain the proper pH of the blood and its filtrate. An indication of a breakdown of kidney function or homeostasis in general could be shown by a change in the response of the kidney to a proton gradient. To properly measure a change in the response of the epithelium associated with the proximal tubule a "baseline" must be measured. The results reported in this work represent the "normal" response of BBMV to a proton gradient. This data was obtained from the bright, early-run fish that have not undergone the dramatic migration-induced physiological changes that are a characteristic trait of Pacific Salmon. Subsequent experiments may or may not show specific changes.

RESULTS

BBMV purity was determined by comparing the specific activity of epithelial and basal lateral markers of the isolated vesicles to the kidney homogenate. Enzymes of interest were Mg-ATPase, maltase, alkaline phosphatase, gamma-glutamyl transpeptidase, 5'-nucleotidase, and acid phosphatase.

ENZYMATIC STUDY

Mg-ATPase is a surface protein located, primarily, in the epithelium. It is characterized by activation by the divalent cation Mg^{+2} and deactivation by the inhibitor ouabain. Mg-ATPase showed a 4.89 enrichment factor of the vesicle preparation over the homogenate, this corresponds to that of prior analysis.⁵

Maltase is an epithelial surface protein that primarily hydrolyses maltose into its component parts, glucose. The activity of maltase in BBMV was determined by measuring the rate of formation of glucose using hexokinase to convert glucose to 6-phosphogluconate and nicotinamide adenine dinucleotide (NADH). The increase in absorbance at 340nm is directly proportional to the glucose concentration.⁶ There was a 13.2 enrichment for maltase in the BBMV over the homogenate.

Alkaline phosphatase causes the hydrolysis of substrates to result in the formation of an inorganic phosphate. P-nitrophenyl phosphate was the substrate used and, by the addition of base, it becomes alkaline after enzymatic reaction; the p-nitrophenyl turns yellow. The intensity of the color is proportional to the alkaline phosphatase activity.⁷ Alkaline phosphatase exhibited a 13.63 enrichment.

Table 1. Activity Table.

ACTIVITY			
ENZYME	HOMOGENATE	VESICLE	ENRICHMENT/ (DEPLETION)
Mg ⁺ -ATPase	5.22±0.15	25.56±1.37	4.89
Maltase	6.50±1.20	85.80±3.90	13.20
Alkaline Phosphatase	0.65±0.32	8.86±0.70	13.63
Gamma-Glutamyl Transpeptidase	3.88±0.35	41.50±4.70	10.70
5'-Nucleotidase	2.00±0.28	17.01±0.44	8.50
Acid Phosphatase	0.179±0.14	0.324±0.05	(0.18)
Total Protein	32.1 mg/ml	30.50 mg/ml	

Activities are reported as absorbance units/sec/mg total protein (Mg⁺-ATPase and maltase) or specific activity/mg total protein. Results are reported as Means ± S.D. (n=3).

Gamma-glutamyl transpeptidase is a terminal peptide bond cleavage enzyme. Gamma-glutamyl transpeptidase will cleave l-glutamyl-p-nitroanilide to give p-nitroaniline. Using NaNO_2 and N-(1-naphthyl)-ethylenediamine a pink color results that can be measured at 540nm and is proportional to gamma-glutamyl transpeptidase activity.⁸ A 10.70 enrichment for gamma-glutamyl transpeptidase in BBMV was achieved.

5'-nucleotidase dephosphorylates nucleotides to give the nucleotide and an inorganic phosphorus. The phosphorus concentration is determined using the Fiske and SubbaRow method.⁹ 5'-nucleotidase activity is proportional to the concentration of phosphorus.¹⁰ BBMV showed an 8.50 enrichment for 5'-nucleotidase over homogenate.

Acid phosphatase is a basal lateral enzyme marker. It is prevalent in tissues that have undergone a degradative change. Acid phosphatase activity was determined using the same process as alkaline phosphatase but a 0.18 depletion in BBMV was encountered. This indicates an enrichment in the homogenate of acid phosphatase over BBMV. All of the above enzymes are listed in the activity table (Table 1).

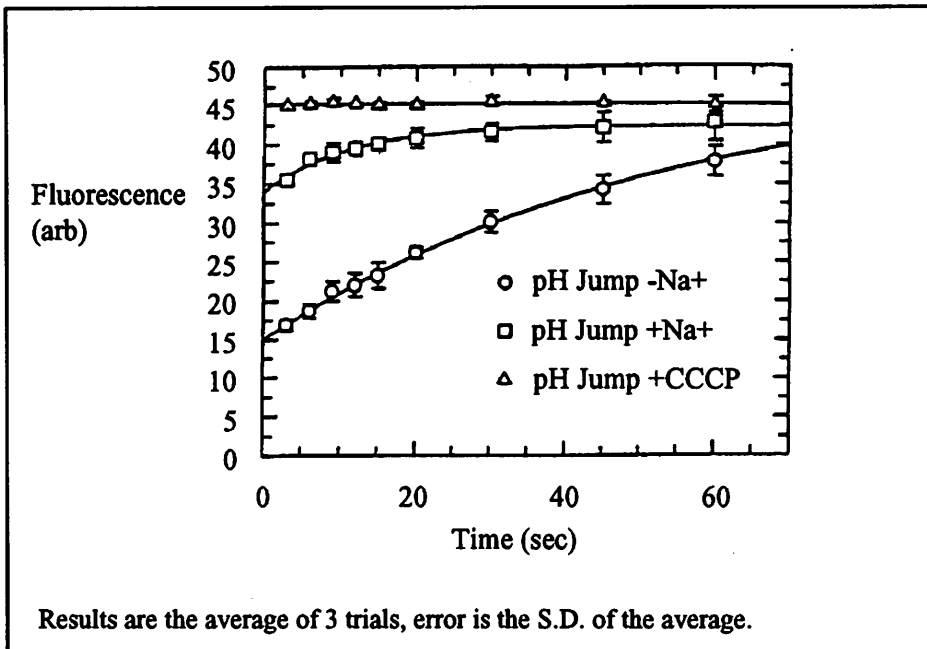
PROTON FLUX EXPERIMENTS

BBMV integrity was examined using fluorimetric analysis with acridine orange indicating response to a proton gradient. Acridine orange is a weak base that will accumulate in an acidic compartment. At a low concentration acridine orange fluoresces; at a high concentration the fluorescence is quenched by a static quenching mechanism. If the pH is lower on the inside of the vesicle the acridine orange will collect at a high concentration and the fluorescence signal will decrease. As protons leak from the vesicle the acridine orange follows and fluoresces with a higher quantum yield. This signal can be observed as a function of time indicating the time course that protons flux, or leave the vesicle, to the exterior compartment. The rate at which the protons leave the vesicle will indicate the degree of integrity that the vesicles possess. A slow time course will indicate a "tight" vesicle, and one that is probably physiologically active. A vesicle with a fast time course will indicate a "leaky" pattern and indicate poor vesicle integrity.

The BBMV were incubated in a solution of acridine orange at a pH of 6 for 30 minutes. A solution of acridine orange at pH 9 was added to achieve a final pH of 7.5. The resulting pH gradient causes an initial quenching of fluorescence due to accumulation of acridine orange into the interior of the vesicles and a subsequent fluorescence enhancement as the protons leave the vesicle.¹¹ A time course of proton flux was observed in BBMV isolated from salmon kidneys (Figure 1). The time course was fit using a single exponential function with an offset. The time course for the reaction was $0.02 \pm 0.0015 \text{ sec}^{-1}$ with a limit of

17.9 ± 1.11 arb. The limit indicates the relative amount of proton flux that occurred during the pH jump.

Figure 1. Time Cause of Proton Flux in BBMV Isolated from Salmon's Kidneys.



As previously stated, the dissipation of the proton gradient results in a fluorescence increase. The rate of the fluorescence increase can be increased by the presence of external sodium. It is known that a Na/H antiport pathway exists in the BBMV, this results in a greater rate of proton transfer during pH equilibration. This was seen in the reduced time of the BBMV regaining fluorescence after being quenched. Na/H stimulated proton flux was observed and measured. The time constant for the rate of proton flux in the presence of 500 mM sodium was $0.09 \pm 0.003 \text{ sec}^{-1}$ and the amplitude was 25.72 ± 0.56 arb (Figure 1). Experiments were controlled by the addition of the protonophore CCCP, which collapses proton gradients at a rate not observable by our instrumentation. Results with CCCP indicate that no flux was seen and a straight line was observed.

By varying the sodium concentration the Na/H antiport showed a saturable rate at about 15 f.u./sec (Figure 2). The Lineweaver-Burke analysis (Figure 3) illustrates the maximum rate of the Na/H antiporter in the BBMV. Numerical analysis yields $V_{\text{max}} = 15.02 \text{ f.u./sec}$ and $K_m = 38.21 \text{ mM}$.

Figure 2. Average Initial Rate versus [Na⁺].

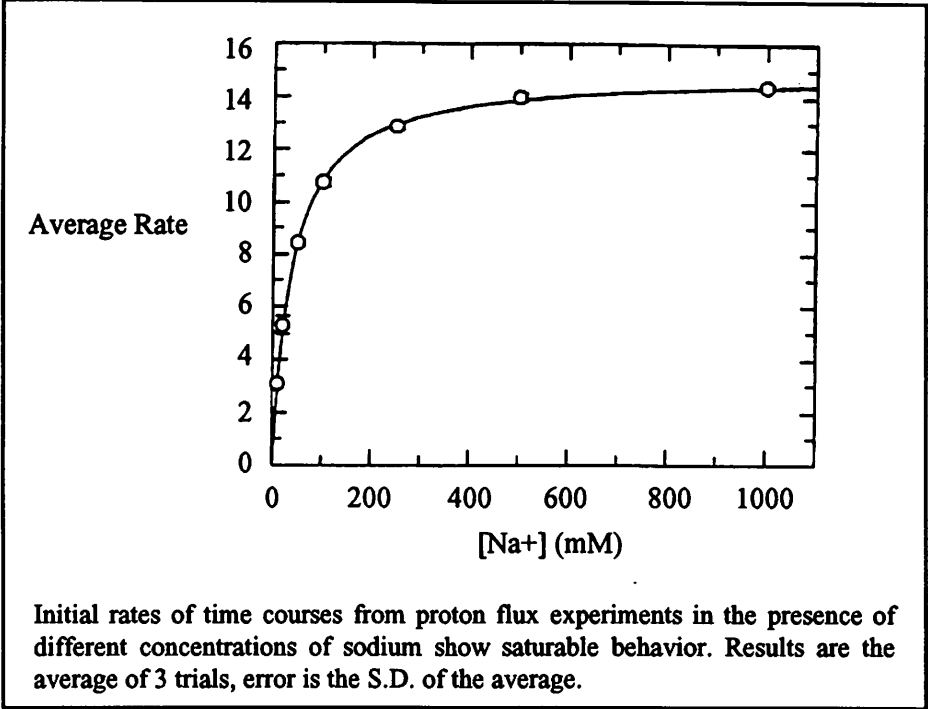
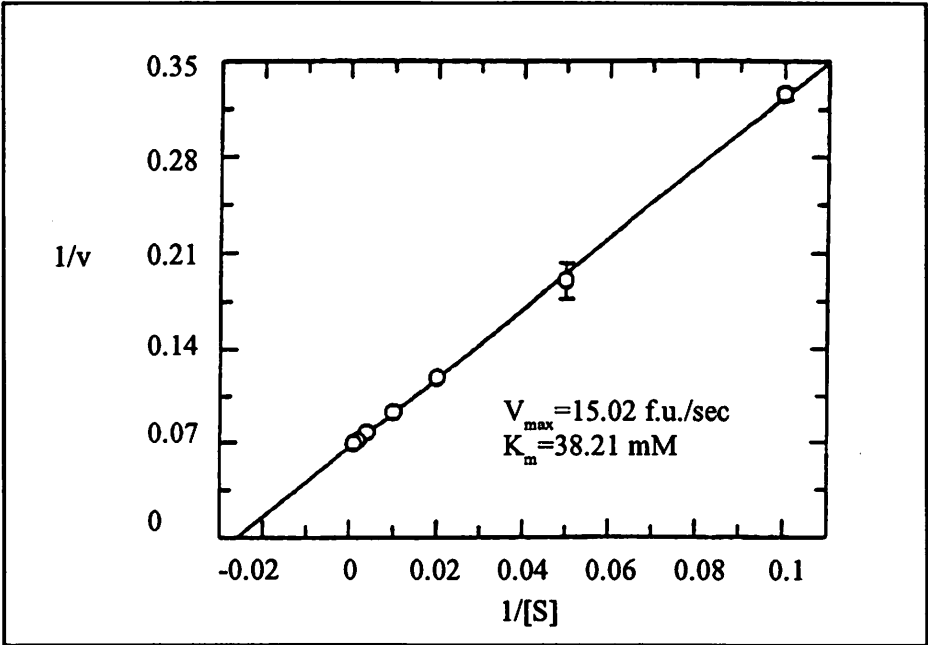


Figure 3. Lineweaver-Burke Analysis of Na/H Antiporter Activity.



CONCLUSIONS

Isolation of BBMV was successful as evidenced by the enzyme analysis and pH flux experiments. Enrichment/depletion factors for the enzymes analyzed for the salmon BBMV corresponds to the same general enrichment for rabbit kidney vesicles and rat kidney vesicles.¹² Analysis reveals a high purity of epithelial membranes with low contamination from basal lateral membranes. The active proton transport and sodium/proton antiport indicate intact and non-degraded vesicle membranes. The values for the amplitude from numerical analysis indicate that more protons are being expelled from the interior of the vesicle in the presence of sodium and in the presence of the protonophore CCCP. This is expected due to the characteristic behavior of the Na/H antiporter and LeChateliers principle in the case of CCCP. Time constants reveal a 4.5 fold increase in the rate of proton flux in the presence of sodium at a concentration of 500 mM. This indicates the activity of the Na/H antiporter. This antiporter was shown to be saturable as a function of sodium concentration. Reciprocal enzyme analysis revealed values of $V_{\max}=15.02$ f.u./sec and $K_m=38.21$ mM. Data analysis indicates that a plausible mechanism for the transport of protons across the epithelial surface of the proximal tubule follows standard Michaelis-Menton type kinetics.

BBMV for early-run salmon were successfully isolated and characterized resulting in "baseline" data for comparisons to be made with later run salmon BBMV. With this "baseline" established later life-cycle salmon can be evaluated for any changes in the BBMV characteristics and functions.

ENDNOTES

¹E.G. Holmberg, A.S. Verkman and J.A. Dix, "Mechanism of Acridine Orange Interaction with Phospholipids and Proteins in Renal Microvillus Vesicles," Biophys. Chem. 33 (1989): 245-256.

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⁴George et al., 43-57.

⁵Ibid.

⁶R.L. Searcy, Diagnostic Biochemistry (New York: McGraw Hill, 1969), 247.

⁷R. Richterich, Clinical Chemistry-Theory and Practice (New York: Academic Press, 1969), 173.

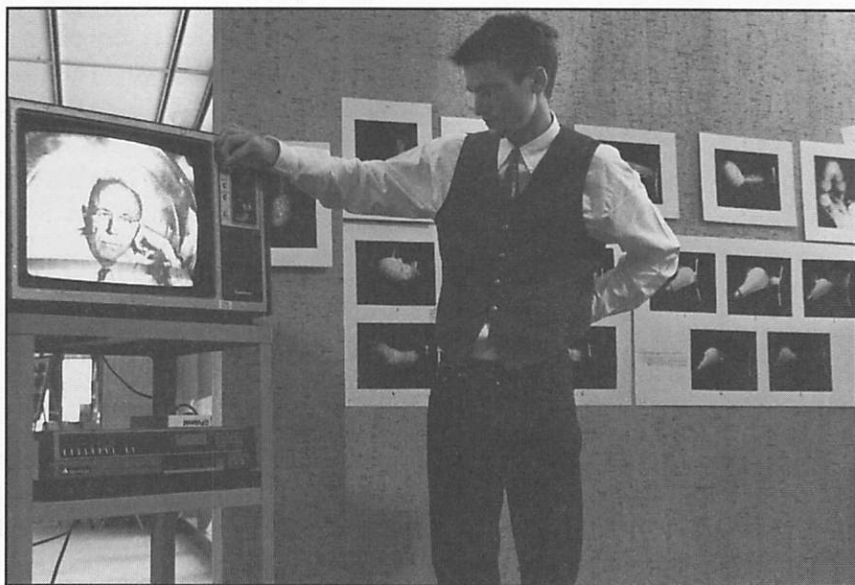
⁸E. Sczerlick, M. Orlowski and A. Szewcuk, "Analysis for Gamma-Glutamyl Transpeptidase," Gastroenterology 41 (1961): 353.

⁹C.H. Fiske and Y. SubbaRow, "The Colorimetric Determination of Phosphorus," J. Biol. Chem. 66 (1925): 375.

¹⁰Sigma Diagnostics 5'-Nucleotidase Procedure No. 675 (St. Louis, MO: Sigma Chemical Company, 1991), 1-19.

¹¹Holmberg et al., 245-256.

¹²George et al., 43-57.



David Hall presenting "Study in Strobe Photography."

MY FATHER'S EYES

Karen Cowan-Jensen



"You kept that awful thing?" I couldn't believe it. When Mom died a few years ago, I had looked for that portrait so I could burn it. Evidently my sister had grabbed it first and stashed it. The portrait now hung in the den of her new house.

"It's a great painting," Chris said. "When I look into her face I feel like she's still with us." She smiled into Mom's shaded blue eyes. "You really caught her; she looks so loving."

That's not how I saw it. Mom had grown old and withdrawn from life. This picture no more looked like the mother I remembered than I looked like the little

girl with banged-up knees that I'd been. But she had been that woman—once.

When I'd painted that picture, maybe fifteen years ago, I'd been really proud of it. Mom had been about 45. I was painting a lot back then, experimenting with big canvases. Mom had been my only life-size, full-body portrait. She was wearing a white dress and leaning against the garden fence holding a flashy bouquet of orange and yellow marigolds. Dad's flowers. She held her hat on her head with one hand and squinted into the brilliance of that day.

I remembered when I gave the painting to her. She cried, and I joined her. She said it was the most beautiful, wonderful thing anybody had ever done for her. She'd hung it immediately, clearing one dining room wall of Dad's hunting prints, then gotten out a bottle of her favorite sherry. We toasted the painting. We toasted each other.

Then Dad came home.

Mom was so excited about her portrait that she pulled him to the dining room to see it. I stayed seated at the table, holding my tiny glass and staring into the dark-gold sherry. Dad stood in front of the painting, his arms folded across his chest. I peeked at him for his reaction, but he had turned away.

"Where are my prints?" he asked. I cringed. Mom pointed at the prints stacked against the table. Without saying anything, Dad lifted the portrait from

Karen Cowan-Jensen's paper was written for English 362, "Undergraduate Writers' Workshop: Fiction," Ronald Spatz, Professor, UAA English Department.

the wall. His thumb smeared part of the white fence on the right side. White takes forever to dry. He wiped his thumb on the frame and shoved it at Mom. "Put the prints back."

Then he turned on the TV and tuned us out—not that we said anything.

After that Mom kept the painting in her room. I don't remember really looking at it again.

And now the damn thing was back.

I turned my back on the portrait and noticed a box stuffed full of photographs on the coffee table. I flopped onto the couch and pulled out a handful of pictures.

"What are these from?" I asked.

"That's the favor I wanted to ask." Chris hesitated so I sorted through the pictures I was holding. They were mostly old, black and white photos. I didn't recognize anyone.

"It would mean so much to me..."

I looked up at her. She was cradling a photograph in her hands like it was a baby bird.

"What is it?"

She smiled nervously.

"Listen, Chris, whatever you want, just ask." And I meant it. She was giving me a place to stay while I waited to close the paperwork on my new house. I was planning to do something to show my appreciation, and she was giving me an opening.

She handed me the photograph. It was of a young man in a dark uniform saluting the camera. I studied it and shrugged, "So?"

"That's Dad."

I almost dropped the picture. She was right. There were those cold, obey-the-rules eyes and that hard jaw. Dad at the beginning of his military career that he brought home when they kicked him out after 20 years because of a ruined back. I couldn't even look into the photograph's eyes for more than a second without flinching. He'd been dead for six years and could still make me squirm.

"I want you to paint him for me," Chris said.

"What?"

"I'll pay you for it. And I've cleared out the guest house so you can work there."

"I don't paint any more." Something soft and sad bumped against my nerves all the way to my fingertips. Painting was a piece of me that had crumbled away years ago. It was the one thing I had been really good at, but I let one excuse after another get in the way until there wasn't any time left to paint. I glanced at the portrait—Mom smiled serenely at me. She didn't look quite as artificial as I'd imagined. Then I caught the smeared patch of fence and looked away.

"I've got Mom's old paint set. She asked me to save it for you," Chris said, "and an easel."

I stood, sending photographs fluttering to the floor. I dropped the picture of young Dad on the table. "Why did you have to save all this stuff? What right do you have to dredge up the past? When Mom died, I wanted this dead, too." I jerked my thumb at the painting.

"Because you're good, Marie. I never understood why you stopped painting." She picked up the picture of Dad and shook it at me. "And I loved this man, even if you didn't. It would mean more to me than you can imagine to have Dad's portrait hanging beside Mom's."

"No!" I stomped out of the den and up the stairs to my room. My suitcase was lying open on the bed. I shoved it aside and sat down. Chris had followed me upstairs and sat beside me on the bed.

"Why do you still hate him?" she asked. "He's been dead a long time."

"I hate what he did to Mom. How he ground her down so hard that she gave up."

"It was her choice to live that way. She could have had friends. She could have had anything she wanted. Instead she buried herself in her books."

"That son of a bitch drove her to it. He hated his life and took it out on her."

"Grow up, Marie. You blame him for everything. He wasn't perfect, but neither was Mom." She pulled me against her shoulder and started rocking. "And it doesn't really matter any more," she said softly. I settled my head on her shoulder and rocked with her. She stroked my hair and whispered into it, "Get rid of your anger. Let it go."

I squeezed my eyes shut and tried not to think. Chris's neck felt warm against my face. She smelled lightly of roses. I relaxed against her. After a long time I whispered, "I'll do the painting."

I set up to paint in the empty guest house. Its walls and linoleum floor were almost blindingly white. Only a few cardboard boxes stacked in a corner and a card table disrupted the brightness. A canvas big enough to stand in leaned against the wall. I tapped a finger against its white surface; it sounded like a drum. Mom's spattered, old box of paints was on the tile counter. I flipped open its latches and lifted the lid. The smell of old, old linseed oil drifted out. I inhaled it deeply.

Most of the tubes of paint were solid lumps, so I made a list of the colors I needed to replace. Chris drove me to town to buy some more, but by the time we returned, it was too late to start painting. Chris accused me of stalling.

That night I couldn't sleep. I kept thinking about the painting of Dad, and about the young man in the military. That boy wasn't my father. The eyes and crew cut were the only things those two had in common. I pulled on my robe and padded down to the den to look through Chris's photo albums.

This time I found a picture that was him—an impatient-looking older man with his arms folded, standing in front of a black Volkswagen. *That* was my father. I slipped the picture into my pocket and went up to bed, and to sleep.

Actually, I was kind of excited about taking up the old brushes again. Sipping a hot cup of coffee I looked over my arsenal arranged on the card table. The brushes stood in a heavy glass like fat pick-up sticks. The new tubes of paint were piled in the paint box beside the brushes, and a fresh jar of linseed oil waited open and fragrant like yellow nectar.

The canvas was too tall for the easel, so I propped it against a bright wall and duct-taped it to the floor. With a pencil in my mouth I eyed the canvas from ten feet away, glancing between it and the photograph of Dad in my left hand. When I could picture Dad standing in the white rectangle of canvas, I put down my cup of coffee and sketched him in. I drew just a rough outline to get the proportions right and to nail him to the canvas. With the photo taped to the canvas at eye level, I was ready to begin.

My attack was supposed to begin at the face, but I started with the background instead. By the end of the first day, using a wide brush and bold, almost reckless strokes, I had filled in a grey sky with just a hint of blue to tie it to Mom's painting. I leaned Dad against the same white garden fence. He'd grown some beautiful flowers in that garden, he just wouldn't let anybody else plant anything there, so as a token gesture, I stuck in a single gladioli like a giant stalk of green wheat blooming with three gaudy red flowers. The rest of the garden I left dirt.

The second day I painted his khaki pants, dusty loafers, and a pale blue golf shirt. I worked in as much color as I could, smearing violets and blues into the shadows, and greens and yellows and anything else that would remotely fit. The canvas was heavy with color, and I liked it.

The only white left on the canvas was at his crossed arms and face. I squeezed out blobs of sienna, umber, and a fake flesh tone, and stirred them together until I got a puddle the consistency of pudding and the color of Dad's dark tan. I used it to fill in the white areas.

Once I stopped painting, I felt cold. Outside, the sky had gone from blue to overcast, and the light seemed dim. I gathered up my dirty brushes and cleaned them off before going over to the house.

The next day it rained and the lighting wasn't any good, so Chris and I drove into town for a movie.

"When can I see the painting?" Chris asked as we left the theater.

"When it's done," I said.

"When will that be?"

I shrugged. "It's gone really well so far, but..."

"But what?"

I suddenly felt like a little kid who didn't do her homework when I answered, "I don't know."

The next day it was still raining and I had a monster of a headache. I took some aspirin and spent the day reading.

That night Chris again asked me how the painting was coming.

"It's not, all right?" My headache was back, so I took a couple more aspirin and went to bed.

At 1:30 I was wide awake. I laid there in the dark and thought about the painting. When I couldn't stand it anymore, I dressed and went out to the guest house. With all the overhead lights turned on it was bright enough to work. Rainy skies weren't the problem. I didn't want to finish the painting.

So far it had been easy, just landscape and fabrics. Now I had to paint the skin, the hands, the man. At this point I was attempting to reanimate someone I didn't really want to see again.

I started with the forearms, mixing up more skin color and adding blue for shadowing. I smoothed it under his crossed arms, down to his hands, those strong hands with stubby fingers and the gash of a scar across the webbing at his thumb. The scar came from memory; it didn't show in the picture. I remembered when he sliced his hand on barbed wire, and how angry he was, and how guilty I felt because he was helping me restrung the fence that my friend's horse had pulled down. I was only about twelve then. He'd gone to the doctor and never said another word about it. I was scared to ask him.

Why didn't he tell me it wasn't my fault? He could have said something to me, but he never did.

I stirred yellow and white into the skin tone and applied the highlight across the knuckles of his right hand where the sun caught them. He used to wear a gold Marine Corps ring on that hand. It had a huge ruby in it. Sometimes he'd let me hold it, and I'd spin it on my thumb. It felt so heavy and smooth, and I'd thought he looked so handsome with it on. I gave him back that ring, painting it on his right hand so the stone flashed in the light.

I moved up to the face. With oil-paint sunshine, I brightened the left side of his face, along the strong jaw, the ears, the flattish nose. I reddened his cheeks and the top of his ear and his nose with sunburn. He was always outside in the summer, golfing or working in the yard.

Then, using the blued tone, I stroked in the dark side of his face. The lips I warmed up, then scrubbed in some white along the edge of the lower lip to show dryness. His lips were always cracked in the summer. I painted in his eyebrows and a slash of shadow for the crease along his mouth.

Using the photograph, I reshaped his nose until it was perfect. I raised one cheekbone, just a little bit, and daubed shadow down his windpipe. His adam's apple stuck out like a plum.

Then came the eyes. So far they were empty brown sockets. I touched one with my finger; it was dry.

At that point I started feeling light-headed. I looked at my watch. Four a.m. I took a couple of deep breaths. The thick paint smell made me dizzy. I closed my eyes. When I opened them, I jerked back.

It was my father.

Except he had awful, empty eyes.

Suddenly I wanted to get away from that thing. Even though it had no eyes, I felt like it was staring at me, accusing me.

Or was he waiting? I stepped up close and peered into his face. Maybe that was it, maybe he was waiting.

For what?

I picked out a clean brush and filled in the whites of the eyes. In my painting Dad was squinting. Somehow the overcast sky I'd painted at the beginning had burst forth with sunlight and poured its gold all over my father. I'd have to go back and redo the sky, make it blue and brilliant. I'd have to brighten up everything. The rest of the painting was dull compared to the face. And this face was the painting. Everything else was only there for the face.

I felt myself starting to get anxious, so I dug out my rarest blue, cobalt, and squeezed out a big dot for the eyes. I wanted those eyes to have every color in the rainbow in them. With my smallest sable brush I touched the green paint, the red, the violet, and a dab of black, and swirled them all together. I kept adding and mixing until I had a grayish hazel-blue, the color of a still lake on an overcast morning, just like that morning when I was four and Dad and I walked along the lake and I found an arrowhead. That was the color of my father's eyes. I painted in the irises.

Then I cleaned off the brush, dipping it in thinner and squeezing it through a paper towel between my fingers so it would be ready to paint in the pupils.

I ripped off the duct tape that held the canvas to the floor and laid the painting across the table so I could reach the eyes. I propped my left arm on the table and made that hand into a fist. I rested my right elbow on that fist, and with brush in hand, could just span the distance to the eyes. It was like making a one-handed shot in pool.

I tried not to breath on him as I poised the brush just above his left eye. My hand trembled. Touching the brush to the canvas helped steady it. I swept black paint along the inside of the pupil, a half moon to the left, another to the right—perfect.

I traced the right pupil. Not enough paint—it skipped like a dry pen. I dipped the brush into the linseed oil and stirred on some black, then swept around the second pupil and filled them both in.

I stood the painting up without really looking at it. It was almost done, and I wanted to finish it before I stepped back for an overall impression. A few quick sienna strokes with the tiny brush for an impression of eye lashes, a little more work to seat the eyes into the face, and the finalé, my favorite part; I dipped the end of my pointiest brush into fresh white and dabbed a dot of reflected light into each eye. The eyes sparkled to life.

I took a deep breath, held it, and sighed it out. It was time to look at the thing. Time to see if it was any good. Time to see if I'd brought my father to life. I stepped back, looked up, and there he was. But not quite like I remembered him. He seemed softer, less angry. Those hazel eyes looked straight into mine. I flinched away, then looked back.

Was he smiling? Nah, he hadn't changed that much. But I was.

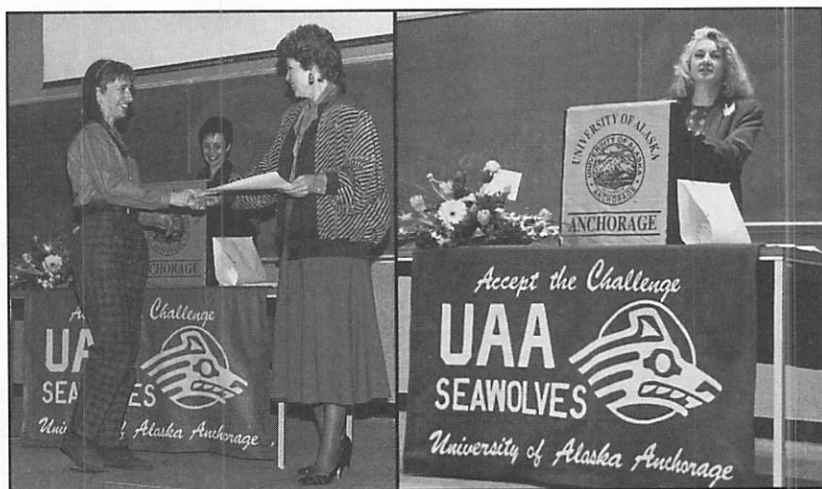
I left my dirty brushes in the cleaning fluid and carried the painting to the den at the house. I put it on some magazines on the carpet and leaned it against the wall beside my mother. I still needed to fix his background, and I'd decided to add piles of yellow and orange marigolds.

I looked at my father. I looked at my mother, then back at him.

They looked like such nice people. Why had they been so unhappy? This painting hadn't captured any of Dad's anger—or was it despair? Two people that had seemed so miserable together, looked at peace now. I took a deep, shaky breath and rubbed my hands across my eyes. I felt drained, like I'd been dragging around a heavy load these past few days and finally put it down. I was too tired to carry it any more. I wanted to go to bed.

I reached out to flip off the light, and stopped. My thumb was smeared with grey paint. When I'd carried the painting over, I must have touched the sky.

I rubbed my thumb against my fingers, then flicked off the light.



Presentation of awards.

JANE AUSTEN'S FANNY PRICE: A MODEL FOR CHANGE

Sherida Carpenter



Jane Austen...the name alone carries connotations of propriety and images of tea-sipping in the drawing room. While Austen has been criticized over the years for her focus on the "limited" aspects of the drawing room, new readers are discovering pertinent insights behind the supposed constraints of her social settings. Modern readers might find, in fact, astute advice concerning the conflict between cultural change and cultural tradition, certainly a matter not limited only to the drawing room, but of interest to society as a whole. Change was definitely an issue for Austen; she advocated

changes for women and she advocated changes in the more frivolous rules of society. The issue of decorum, however, was not a simple matter.

Throughout her work, Austen repeatedly denounced pretension and the more preposterous claims of decorum. She was also concerned with integrity of the self, especially the female self, within the confines of these claims. The struggle for self-fulfillment in a structured and oppositional society is at the heart of Austen's literary works; this theme persists from her very early writings, the juvenilia, to her more mature novels, such as Mansfield Park. When the early work is compared with the later work—about 25 years separate these two writings—it becomes obvious that although Austen eventually accepts the necessity of societal structure, her message regarding the demands of society versus self remains basically the same.

Austen's message for women is clear. Conformity is necessary only to a point. At some critical juncture, Austen's heroines go against the grain of society and reject its expectations; they rely instead on their own ideas about what is appropriate for their lives. Living in a society of strict conformity, they are non-conformists in many respects. And yet, these heroines also advocate compliance

Sherida Carpenter's paper was written for English 625, "Neo-Classical Women's Narrative," Judith Moore, Professor, UAA English Department.

with decorum, or the set of manners which dictated conduct during this period of time. It is this seeming contradiction which Austen embodies in the character of Fanny Price, the heroine of Mansfield Park. Fanny is both a strict moralist and a radical individualist. Austen implies that, in a culture where people are guided by structured rules of conduct, women must remain diligent and dedicated to sifting through the false pretensions and expectations which accompany such a rigid code of behavior, and within these restrictions, do their best to claim their own destinies.

It was important to Austen that women, and human beings in general, are able to make distinctions in regard to decorum; and it is this aspect of her work which significantly shifts—the reader can assume a maturing process—over the course of her writing career. After all, one of the major issues of decorum for the 18th-Century woman was the issue which most defined her life—marriage. At the age of sixteen, and younger, Austen was busy at work ridiculing women who entered into “meal-ticket marriages,” marriages which were made in accordance with external concerns of propriety but without regard for the internal concerns of self-integrity. The choice of a compatible marriage partner was critical for women, and through Austen’s characters, the author encourages women to retain control of this choice outside of the demands of decorum or societal expectation.

First, what did the issue of decorum mean in Jane Austen’s day? According to Jane Nardin, author of Those Elegant Decorums, 18th-Century society was governed by a rigid set of generally agreed upon, but unwritten, rules which defined “socially acceptable behavior in ordinary social situations.”¹ Matters of decorum could be very trivial, such as the issue of a single woman riding in a carriage with a single man; in fact, this particular issue is raised in several of Austen’s novels as well as the short work “Catharine” in the juvenilia. Or, the issue of decorum could be as serious as leaving one’s spouse for another lover, which is the primary disaster in the plot of Mansfield Park. Clearly, there are two very distinct sets of rules at work here, although both sets are interrelated and overlap to a certain extent. Making distinctions between the major and minor sets of social rules is not always easy, as Austen’s characters often discover.

As an author, Austen takes for granted that her audience understands this unwritten, though clearly understood, code of behavior and, in fact, the adherence to these strictures becomes a measurement of character in her novels. “All deviations from this code have a meaning; all reveal something about character.”² The reader learns of the various characters’ weaknesses through their adherence, or lack thereof, to the minor rules of behavior, and is not surprised when these characters fall from grace in a serious infraction of the moral set of rules. Austen’s heroines generally are the ones who sustain the code of propriety and it is the weak, or immoral characters who break the code of conduct. More importantly, distinctions between the trivial, surface set of rules and the serious underlying moral set of rules are easily made by the integrated Austen heroine, and are not

understood by the un-enlightened characters. For instance, Mansfield Park heroine Fanny Price observes the flirtatious actions of Maria Edgeworth and Henry Crawford behind locked gates at Sotherton, which may appear a minor infraction of etiquette, but is a foreshadowing of their devastating decision to run away together after she marries another man. Explains Nardin:

...the nonprincipled characters in the novel are naturally not as deeply committed to an ideal of good manners as are the principled characters whose decorous behavior is an integral part of their moral ideas.³

Manners, decorum, propriety, civility—these are all terms which Jane Austen uses to describe that which holds society together, that set of parameters or boundaries which defines us as a group of human beings living together in harmony. While some readers criticize Austen for her attention to the minor rules of decorum, it is actually the underlying moral fabric of society—upheld in part, by these minor rules of decorum—with which she is most concerned. As Austen scholar Tony Tanner notes, “It was not a matter of decorum for its own sake: good manners and morals were seen as essential to the preservation of order in society.”⁴ Distinctions between the minor set of rules and the major set of rules becomes a key issue in Austen’s work, however, and the differences between her work in the juvenilia and the later novels is noteworthy.

The relationship between social harmony and adherence to decorum was not truly understood or appreciated by the sixteen-year-old author of “Catharine, of the Bower.” As a teenager, Austen penned satiric, often hilarious, short works which ridiculed both form and substance of the popular literature of the time. Throughout the works in the juvenilia, “the deadly assassin is eagerly at work, showing no mercy to her victims...she takes deadly aim at a full range of real human foibles.”⁵ Virginia Woolf notes that: “The girl of fifteen is laughing, in her corner, at the world,”⁶ and other critics refer to the writings as a “zany picaresque.”⁷ In the juvenilia, Austen lampoons a variety of things, including: love at first sight, meal-ticket marriages, narcissism, sentimentality, vanity, hypocrisy, alcoholism, frivolity, pretension, parental authority, greed, and both male and female stereotypical behavior. These elements of ridicule eventually serve Austen well when she depicts memorable caricatures in her later works. “Austen took to the technique of ridicule with evident ease and relish, and though she qualified it in her later work, she did not let it go.”⁸

While critic Frances Beer sees “an emerging moral maturity” in the unfinished work “Catharine,” there is a difference, on the issue of decorum, in attitude and tone between this early work and Mansfield Park. The young Jane Austen is ridiculing both the trivial and major aspects of propriety in “Catharine”—no distinctions are made between the two. One of the characters of ridicule, for

example, is Catharine's aunt and guardian, who is described as being overly-concerned with decorum:

As her aunt prided herself on the exact propriety and neatness with which everything in her family was conducted, and had no higher satisfaction than that of knowing her house to be always in complete order....⁹

Later in the story, after a slight transgression of behavior, Catharine's aunt tells her, "...the welfare of every nation depends upon the virtue of its individuals, and anyone who offends in so gross a manner against decorum and propriety is certainly hastening its ruin. You have been giving a bad example to the world...."¹⁰ This is not just a case of ironic exaggeration. By having the aunt, already an absurd character, utter this absurd speech, Austen is certainly ridiculing the idea itself. Catharine doesn't take the idea seriously, nor does Austen, nor should the reader. It is plausible that, to the sixteen-year-old Austen, all aspects of propriety were appropriate objects of ridicule.

Interestingly, a key, morally-correct character makes a similar speech in Mansfield Park. Edmund, Fanny's love interest, expounds on the admirable duties of a minister:

And with regard to their influencing public manners, Miss Crawford must not misunderstand me, or suppose I mean to call them the arbiters of good breeding, the regulators of refinement and courtesy, the masters of the ceremonies of life. The manners I speak of, might rather be called conduct, perhaps, the result of good principles; the effect, in short, of those doctrines which it is their duty to teach and recommend; and it will, I believe, be everywhere found, that as the clergy are, or are not what they ought to be, so are the rest of the nation.¹¹

Although this speech is specifically aimed at the clergy, it is likely that Austen intended the message for a wider audience. In this short speech, she specifically details the distinctions in the minor and major rules of decorum which is such a dominant theme in Mansfield Park. Not one hint of ridicule is evident; Austen is serious about lapses in "conduct."

Earlier in the juvenilia story, Catharine chooses to ride in a carriage with a single man whom she just has met, and then chooses to enter the ballroom on his arm, knowing that her aunt will be offended by these improper actions. Catharine banters with her partner that she really knows better than to break the rules; "...it is no reason that I should offend against decorum a second time, because I have already done it once."¹² Nevertheless, Catharine proceeds to

transgress against the rules of decorum and consequently, does offend her aunt. The difference between Catharine and Mansfield Park's Fanny Price is that, in a similar situation, Fanny would never have made such a transgression.

Like Catharine, Fanny is also presented with decisions in regard to propriety, and unlike Catharine, Fanny chooses to act in accordance with the established strictures because she does not want to offend her guardian, Sir Thomas. The fact that both Catharine and Fanny are confronted with decisions in the face of "offending" an older guardian is key in this discussion. Catharine chooses to disregard the fact; Fanny uses the fact as the basis for her disapproval. Respect for the "older generation" is something which Austen may have come to appreciate at an older age herself; but also, such respect is pertinent to the moral propriety which Austen is advocating in Mansfield Park.

In Fanny's case, the decisive issue is play-acting. Although play-acting in general is not condemned by Austen, she uses this event to establish clear indications of moral integrity in the characters; the circumstances surrounding this in-house production raise doubts concerning its propriety among all the participants. Most of the characters choose to ignore their doubts, although all agree that Sir Thomas would not approve of the activity. The very proper Edmund is one of the first to object: "...it would show great want of feeling on my father's account...and it would be imprudent with regard to Maria...."¹³

After reading the play, Fanny is thoroughly convinced that it is improper, and firmly announces that she will not participate: "Indeed you must excuse me. I could not act any thing if you were to give me the world. No, indeed, I cannot act."¹⁴ Fanny's judgement proves right in the end. The resulting implications from this seemingly insignificant, improper behavior eventually lead to quite significant, morally improper behavior when the acting becomes reality—the illicit lovers in the play become illicit lovers in real life. Unlike Catharine, and her actor-cousins, Fanny realizes there are distinctions between the minor codes of conduct and the moral rules of society, and also, that a digression from one may lead to a digression from the other. As Nardin explains:

This view of manners, of course, represents a basic social purpose served by both the major and minor rules of propriety: these rules of behavior ought, ideally, to enforce patterns of behavior which are consistent with the moral values of the society. Jane Austen is well aware that the minor rules of propriety are often perverted from the laudable purpose and made to serve the ends of mere fashion or caprice....¹⁵

Austen is obviously concerned that too much attention is paid to the minor rules and not enough to the major rules of propriety; that people do not understand the underlying purpose of the minor rules. In Mansfield Park, Nardin

proposes that Austen is making “a devastating attack upon the standard of propriety current in fashionable society.”¹⁶ The issue of whether Fanny is, or is not, “out” in society, is a prime example. There is a long discussion about whether Fanny, who exhibits none of the tell-tale definitive signs, has performed the rituals for acceptance into society. Mary Crawford, the young woman who is concerned about this issue—what Nardin would call a “fashion caprice”—is the same woman who later suggests that the run-away lovers will be acceptable again if only they will get married. Mary Crawford can make no distinctions: moral issues are blurred behind the surface issues of societal custom.

Perhaps it is unrealistic to expect that the youthful Austen would have had such lofty considerations in mind when she wrote the juvenilia; but by the time of Mansfield Park, distinctions concerning propriety were of considerable importance to her. It is interesting to speculate on this shift in emphasis. Perhaps it was simply a matter of maturation, a shift in perspective based on acquired experience. As an intelligent and avid reader, Austen was certainly concerned about the dramatic events taking place in the world: a population shift to urban centers, the rise of the working class, the abolitionist movement, the French Revolution, and the American Revolution. Says Tanner: “These tumultuous revolutions, changes and arguments seem to have left very little mark on her fiction, and yet, of course, she knew what was going on.”¹⁷

Austen may not have agreed with the changes occurring in her world; perhaps she even feared them. For example, her sympathies in regard to rural lifestyle versus city life are easily detected throughout her work; she clearly upholds an ideal of rural life and denigrates anything to do with the city. Whatever the reasons for her change in attitude concerning decorum, Austen was decidedly more moralistic in tone by the time she wrote Mansfield Park. The teenager who wholeheartedly lampooned the rigorous rules of society had grown into a mature woman concerned with preserving aspects of society which she evidently considered threatened by change. Change for women, however, was uppermost in her mind. Although politics, as such, does not play a significant part in her novels, Austen certainly advocated many of the changes for women deemed politically sensitive at the time—changes advocated by what Margaret Kirkham calls the “Enlightenment rational feminists.”¹⁸ By incorporating these ideas into her “drawing-room” novels, she achieved more than originally perceived.¹⁹ Change for women is central throughout her work and can be illustrated by examining the similarities rather than the differences between the early writing, “Catharine,” and Mansfield Park.

Moral integrity, as has been noted, was essential to Jane Austen. She also believed that self-integrity was essential, especially for women. It becomes imperative that Austen’s characters incorporate the two to achieve success, as they always do. In fact, self-integrity seems to be the highest form of moral integrity. For Austen, self-integrity seems to entail an irrevocable commitment to

an inner truth which speaks clearly in the midst of societal demands. Says Fanny Price: "We all have a better guide within ourselves, if we would only attend to it...."²⁰ When societal needs conflict with the needs of the self, the self must win. In her article, "Feminist Irony and the Priceless Heroine of Mansfield Park," Margaret Kirkham explains:

...she (Austen) supposes that human beings are required to be obedient to moral laws or principles, but she is perfectly clear that the individual human being has the right, and duty, of determining by the operation of his or her own reason, what these principles are and how they are to be applied in the personal regulation of conduct.²¹

Marriage, of course, is the key issue for women. The final authority in regard to marriage decisions should be a woman's own integrity, maintains Austen, rather than the perceived conformities instituted by an uncaring society. On this issue, Catharine and Fanny are in complete agreement. In "Catharine," the heroine decries the necessity of disadvantaged young women being forced into marriages based on the latter considerations:

...do you call it lucky for a girl of genius and feeling to be sent in quest of a husband to Bengal, to be married there to a man of whose disposition she has no opportunity of judging till her judgement is of no use to her, who may be a tyrant, or a fool or both, for what she knows to the contrary?²²

At sixteen, Austen is acutely aware of this type of unhappy, personally devastating, marriage.

In Austen's later works she continues to describe unhappy marriages, marriages made on considerations of propriety and/or property, without regard to compatibility or love. Fanny's cousin, Maria Bertram, is paired with a man who offers many social and financial advantages, but whom she is incapable of loving, or even respecting. Facing such a prospect herself, Fanny is overwhelmed. Witness this intensely ironic scene between Fanny and her guardian-aunt:

'And you must be aware, Fanny, that it is every young woman's duty to accept such a very unexceptionable offer as this.'

This was almost the only rule of conduct, the only piece of advice, which Fanny had ever received from her aunt in the course of eight years and a half. It silenced her. She felt how unprofitable contention would be.²³

Society—"every young woman's duty"—dictates that Fanny marry a man whom she dislikes and distrusts. Fanny, of course, declines the marriage proposal of Henry Crawford. In so doing, she subverts the patriarchal authority of Sir Thomas, as well as society's dictates, and answers to a higher authority—self-integrity. Explains Christopher Gillie: "What is shown to be essential is that the personal should take priority over the social, not the other way around...."²⁴

Irony is a key element in Mansfield Park and through its use, Austen achieved much in regard to the woman's issue. Through both character and plot, Austen emphasizes her dual theme of morality and self-integrity. By making the character of Fanny Price, the ultimate upholder of moral propriety, into a truly radical defender of personal rights, Austen crystalized her concept of combining these two elements. Fanny can be seen as an ideal for Austen: a character who understands and lives a morally correct life, yet who also has the strength to exercise her will in regard to her own destiny—a moralist, and a feminist—the best of the present and the best of the future. In Fanny Price, we might have a glimpse of what Austen hoped for the future.

In the convolutions of the plot, Austen again ironically builds on her theme. The young woman who makes a marriage with all the appearance of propriety, and in accordance with her parents' wishes, becomes disastrously unhappy, makes a dramatic breach with the moral ethic and is consequently banished. The young woman who refuses to make such a socially-correct marriage, and goes against her guardian's wishes, eventually becomes the inheritor of both happiness and status. This young woman, of course, is Fanny. She takes a stand against an undesirable marriage despite her uncle's railings:

I had thought you free from wilfulness of temper, self-conceit, and every tendency to that independence of spirit which prevails so much in modern days...which in young women is offensive and disgusting beyond all common offense. But you have shown me that you can and will decide for yourself....²⁵

Sir Thomas regretfully realizes the intense irony of these words when his own daughter, not Fanny, eventually embodies the truth of this statement.

How do the characters learn to make the distinctions which seem so important to this author? How, in fact, does Fanny become Austen's ideal female character? Certainly there is an inner quality and moral rigidity among all of Austen's heroines which almost seems like a personal trait. However, Austen is also clearly laying blame on society for the wasted minds and energy of the young women in her books. Like other "rational feminists" of the time, Austen makes a case for education and work opportunities for women—opportunities which would make women less dependent on marriage for existence.

In the juvenilia's "Catharine," Austen decries the wasted mind of one such young woman:

She was not inelegant in her appearance, rather handsome, and naturally not deficient in abilities; but those years which ought to have been spent in the attainment of useful knowledge and mental improvement, had been all bestowed in learning drawing, Italian, and music, more especially the latter, and she now united to these accomplishments, an understanding unimproved by reading and a mind totally devoid either of taste or judgement.²⁶

This description could easily include Fanny's cousins, Maria and Julia Bertram, in Mansfield Park; ironically, these two initially denounce Fanny's lack of education when she is first brought to the Park as a young girl. Fanny eventually learns the lessons they learn, but learns other things as well. Fanny has an occupation; she is busy meeting the constant demands of various household members and she learns the values associated with work and self-sacrifice.

Nardin postulates that the idleness of the young people accounts for most of the tragic consequences of the novel:

Lacking work to employ their talents, fill up their time, and give them a stable sense of themselves, these young men and women experiment with a variety of undesirable ways to exhaust their excess of feeling.²⁷

Fanny and Edmund, the only two morally sound characters, are also the only characters with specific jobs to accomplish on a regular basis. Even Sir Thomas realizes that his daughters' upbringing was lacking, and indeed, shares in the blame.

He had meant them to be good, but his cares had been directed to their understanding and manners, not the disposition; and of the necessity of self-denial and humility, he feared they had never heard from any lips that could profit them.²⁸

As an under-valued "poor relation," Fanny learned the lessons of self-denial and humility quite well at Mansfield Park.

Proper education and employment, then, are specific recommendations for the women in Austen's novels. With these improvements in their lives, Austen is arguing that women would not be so anxious for, or needful of, the "meal-ticket" marriage. To some women, of course, marriage seems to offer freedom, as it apparently does for Maria Bertram. Anxious to escape the constraints of Sir Thomas' household, she agrees to marry a man who meets the criteria for a socially appropriate match. Love is not an issue; in fact, Maria is infatuated with another man and these two openly flirt with one another.

Looking into a beautiful park behind a locked gate, Maria complains to Henry Crawford, her love interest:

Yes, the sun shines and the park looks very cheerful. But unluckily that iron gate...gives me a feeling of restraint and hardship. I cannot get out, as the starling said.²⁹

In this wonderfully symbolic scene at Sotherton, Austen employs dialogue rich with hidden meaning. Maria is really complaining about the constraints of her engagement. The marriage itself may appear like a good idea, but she is not sure about the moral limitations which accompany it. Ironically, Maria is chafing at the very thing which she thinks will provide her freedom. In reality, she trades one cage for another; she is not free in either situation.

Maria's mention of the starling is a reference to Laurence Sterne's "Fable of the Starling" from Sentimental Journey, a book with which Austen was most likely familiar. Although this is the only mention of the fable in any of her books, Austen scholar Christopher Gillie suggests this fable can be seen as a metaphor for the main premise of her novels, including Mansfield Park.³⁰ In essence, under what circumstances is one free? The irony in Mansfield Park is that Fanny should be seen as the caged bird of the fable, rather than Maria. Fanny leads the truly confining life, and Maria, as a married and wealthy woman, is free to travel and pursue her own interests. It is Maria, however, who eventually becomes caged, and it is Fanny who eventually becomes free. Freedom, it seems, comes from within. This then, is the final message of the fable, and of Austen. The self-integrity which is so important in making marriage decisions also enables the heroine to retain freedom within the confines of her life.

In addition to educating her society and entertaining her readers, Austen was also giving women specific guidelines for improvement and advancement. While advocating change for women, however, she also recognized the need for stability. Critic Tony Tanner notes the contradictions which Mansfield Park illustrates so well: "(it) is a novel about rest and restlessness, stability and change—the moving and the immovable."³¹ Austen seems to have been faced with the dilemma which has plagued subversive elements throughout history: how does society make significant changes without self-destructing? What are the concerns inherent in changing the rules by which we have all agreed to live with each other? Clearly, there were elements worthy of dissatisfaction in her society, and just as clearly, there were elements worthy of approval. This can certainly be said of any society, and in this respect, Austen speaks to modern readers. Look for compromises and a compatible melding of the old and the new, she says, and ultimately, look to Fanny Price.

ENDNOTES

¹Jane Nardin, Those Elegant Decorums (New York: State University of New York Press, 1973), 12.

²*Ibid.*, 22.

³*Ibid.*, 86.

⁴Tony Tanner, Jane Austen (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1986), 19.

⁵Frances Beer, editor, The Juvenilia of Jane Austen and Charlotte Bronte (New York: Penguin Books, 1986), 9.

⁶Sandra M. Gilbert and Susan Gubar, The Madwoman in the Attic: The Woman Writer and the Nineteenth-Century Literary Imagination (Boston: Yale University Press, 1979), 139.

⁷*Ibid.*, 139.

⁸Beer, 9.

⁹*Ibid.*, 140.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, 171.

¹¹Jane Austen, Mansfield Park (New York: Bantam Books, 1983), 75.

¹²Beer, 159.

¹³Austen, 102.

¹⁴*Ibid.*, 119.

¹⁵Nardin, 85.

¹⁶*Ibid.*, 88.

¹⁷Tanner, 2.

¹⁸Margaret Kirkham, Jane Austen, Feminism and Fiction (New Jersey: Barnes and Noble Books, 1983), 49.

¹⁹Leroy W. Smith, Jane Austen and the Drama of Woman (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1983), xxv.

²⁰Austen, 335.

²¹Margaret Kirkham, "Feminist Irony and the Priceless Heroine," Jane Austen's Mansfield Park, Harold Bloom, ed. (New York: Chelsea House, 1987), 120.

²²Beer, 147.

²³Austen, 269.

²⁴Christopher Gillie, A Preface to Jane Austen (London: Longman Group Ltd., 1974), 120.

²⁵Austen, 257.

²⁶Beer, 141.

²⁷Nardin, 95.

²⁸Austen, 377.

²⁹Austen, 81.

³⁰Gillie, 114.

³¹Tanner, 145.

A LITERATURE GUIDE FOR JOHN STEPTOE'S BOOK: *MUFARO'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS*

Colleen Hildebrandt and Davia Saltzman



Colleen Hildebrandt (left), Davia Saltzman (right)

choices, providing the student more control which in turn promotes responsibility and acts as a motivator for learning.

A literature guide is an activity-based unit designed to give step-by-step instructions to the teacher in the instructional usage of a particular literature book in the classroom. A literature guide consists of two parts: a teacher's guide containing detailed instructions in the use of the guide, and a student's guide containing age-appropriate activities that meet the learning objectives of the guide. Student activities are often independent and center-based in order to free the teacher to interact with the students on a one-to-one or small-group basis. Center-based activities also permit students to make their own

PURPOSE

The purpose of the literature guide for John Steptoe's Book, Mufaro's Beautiful Daughters, is to give students a rich literary experience in past African folklore. Through this exposure, students explore and respond to an integrated language program that allows them to extend their knowledge and understanding of themselves and other cultures. The guide encourages students to share and compare ideas about the characters encountered, the issues raised in the text and the values presented. Through the activities, an appreciation for fine literature is nourished, as well as a friendship with books. This unit is useful as a focus for developing all of the language arts.

Intrinsic to the unit, three themes become the focal point of the student activities. The unit stresses student awareness of the culture and history of

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ancient Africa, the mystery and magic of African folklore, and human values such as pride, good versus evil, and self-image. These three themes are briefly described below:

1. Acquaint students with African tribal culture and history. Due to the majestic setting, that of an ancient Zimbabwe kingdom, the child gains insight into this era.
2. The mystery and magic of the plot, which deals with human transformation, is an element of the story that is highly representative of African folklore. These entities weave their enigmatic spells upon the child and give them a taste of the art of storytelling.
3. Exploration of basic human values such as misplaced pride, good versus evil, positive self-image and a comparison/contrast of individual traits. The student can then look at what they already know about themselves and apply what they are learning to their own human experience.

SUMMARY OF MUFARO'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS

Take a step back through time to a place of mystery and magnificence, to an ancient African city once located in the region of Zimbabwe. John Steptoe masterfully transports the reader to a memorable moment in literature, inspired by an 1895 publication titled Kaffir Folktales, by G.M. Theal; the story of two beautiful, yet very different, daughters of a man named Mufaro.

This story transcends time, cultural evolutions and environments, due to its intrinsic messages. The tale lauds topics that deal with the human perception of what it is to be mortal; the struggle between the evil and good identities in all of us—also our battles with pride and deception. It is an example of the movement toward a new breed of children's literature; with breathtaking illustrations, careful treatment of profound themes and a more modern depiction of blacks.

Steptoe begins, "A long time ago, in a certain place in Africa, a small village lay across a river and half-a-day's journey from a city where a great king lived." We are introduced to Mufaro, a happy man who lives in this village with his two beautiful daughters; Manyara and Nyasha. It is well known by all but Mufaro that Manyara is an ill-tempered, self-centered, spoiled woman; blessed with surface beauty. In contrast, Nyasha is gentle, kind and considerate as well as beautiful. Nyasha is so thoughtful in fact that she keeps Manyara's cruel treatment of her from their father to protect his feelings. Manyara continues to aggravate and tease Nyasha due to jealousy over the attention and praise her kind sister receives. Manyara would banter her sister by saying, "Someday, Nyasha, I will be a queen, and you will be a servant in my household." To which Nyasha would respond, "If that should come to pass, I will be pleased to serve you." Nyasha's good nature leads her to befriend all creatures, even a snake that visits her in her fields where she tends her garden.

News arrives that the king is seeking a wife. When Manyara's plot to keep Nyasha at home fails, she sets off alone at night to be the first to see the king. She is put to many tests by mysterious characters existing in the forest. A young elfish boy is hungry, yet Manyara has no compassion. An elderly woman advises her about her journey, but Manyara is too proud to listen. A grove of trees laughs at her, and she mocks them when she had been advised to remain quiet. At last, a headless man simply requests a polite interchange, but she is rude and she chants, "I will be queen, I will be queen!" Fear not, justice prevails in the end.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR/ILLUSTRATOR

John Steptoe was born in 1950 in Brooklyn, N.Y. He is a black American author/illustrator of children's books whose works have been recognized to reflect the thoughts and feelings of the young as well as his own artistic versatility. He is considered one of the first writers to relate the black experience to a primary grade audience from an authentic perspective. He combines striking artwork with realistic and often humorous treatment of such subjects as the interaction between parents and children, school, and brotherhood.

At seventeen, Steptoe created Stevie, a picture book about overcoming jealousy. It is considered a landmark in juvenile literature for its expression of a universal theme through the language, setting, and scope of an urban child. Subsequent works, which also feature black dialogue and inner-city settings, provide young readers with positive depictions of urban environment and family life. Several of these books developed from Steptoe's relationship with his family; in Daddy is a Monster...Sometimes, for example, he represents his children as main characters and makes the father an illustrative self-portrait.

More recently, Steptoe has departed from creating books that speak directly to the experiences of children in urban environments, and has reworked older tales or legends. In The Story of Jumping Mouse, an adaptation of a Native American legend that relates how acts of selflessness transform a mouse into an eagle, the illustrations are intricately detailed black-and-white pencil sketches which are often drawn from the mouse's perspective. Not only is the story itself a departure for Steptoe, the artwork has changed as well. As an illustrator, Steptoe moved from creating powerful and expressionistic art which relies on heavy outline, bright colors, and African motifs to more subtle paintings which reflect such styles as art deco and surrealism. He creates mixtures of black and white, and is able to animate the surfaces and depict a rich environment with more success than most artists can achieve with a full range of color.

Steptoe's illustrations in Mufaro's Beautiful Daughters have a muted brilliance and luminosity. Steptoe weaves tribal culture and history, magic and mystery in this version of the timeless moral lesson of pride going before the fall in his retelling of the fates of two very beautiful and very different daughters. The

lush illustrations in the book perfectly reflect the noble content of the story. While this picture book is dedicated to the children of South Africa, its story will touch youngsters of any culture.

OVERVIEW OF OBJECTIVES

General Objectives

1. Students will understand various features of the African heritage to include ceremonies, customs and dress.
2. Students will explore and discuss values in relation to the human experience, noting differences and similarities of cultures.
3. Students will examine the question of reality versus fantasy as it relates to the mystery and magic of the story.
4. Students will interact with and interpret the pace of the text and the rhythm of the illustrations to learn how these elements work together to create a unity throughout the story.

Specific Objectives

A. Getting Into the Book:

1. Mapping Activity: Using a mapping (or webbing) strategy the student will create a structure encompassing the qualities of a family. Students will synthesize the material by writing a personal statement.
2. Sneak Preview: By studying the pictures from various sections of the text the students will predict what happens in the story. They will record their ideas on a tape recording.
3. Talking Snake Activity: The students will write one fault about themselves and write a plan of action to make a change.
4. Curious Questions: Students will formulate two questions they would like answered as they read the story.

B. Going Through the Book:

1. Teacher's Inquest: The student will formulate meaningful questions from the text to ask the teacher at the end of reading.
2. Book Buddies: Students will take turns reading with a partner. The listener follows along in the text, asks questions, and predicts what is to come next. Then partners read silently and discuss the story afterward.

3. **Story Sequence Game:** Students will work with puzzle pieces to reconstruct the sequence of events in the story.

C. Moving Beyond the Book:

1. **On Stage With Mufaro:** The students will engage in an oral language experience by retelling the story using a reader's theater script.
2. **Mixed Media Event:** Using a variety of materials the students will create a bulletin board depicting the settings in the book.
3. **Enchanted Forest Game:** Students will play a board game that leads them through the events in the story. Their comprehension will be challenged by cards which ask questions about the story.
4. **Character Mug Sheet:** Character mug sheets enable the student to reflect upon the personalities of the characters in the text.
5. **Let's Make a Deal:** Students will play a vocabulary board game to figure out the meaning of the words in context. Students will deal with each other with two words they will put into new sentences.
6. **Character Concentration:** Students will play a card game that matches character traits with other traits, and traits with their pictures.
7. **Response Journal:** Students will write in their journals their responses to three questions that have been supplied by the teacher.
8. **Picture This:** Students will return to the story sequence game and make illustrations for it.

NOTES TO THE TEACHER: AN AID FOR THE ACTIVITIES

The following activities were taken from the Into, Through and Beyond sections of the Specific Objectives. Some teacher preparation will be required to facilitate the self-directed, center approach to the book.

Curious Questions, Teacher's Inquest, and Response Journal: These activities will require each student to have some sort of student journal.

Sneak Preview: Included in the student's guide are sequenced black-and-white photos for this activity. As a suggestion, use a copy of the book to cut out pictures and laminate for this activity as the black-and-white photos are of poor quality. You will also need a cassette recorder with a new tape.

Story Sequence Puzzle: Included in the student's guide are copies of the puzzle pieces. You can mount them on poster board and laminate them for durability.

Reader's Theater Script: Option—Use different colored hi-liters to mark the various character parts. The script is included with the activity in the student's

guide. Have puppet-making materials on hand if you want to encourage the play-acting portion of this activity.

Mixed Media Event: This activity will require a variety of materials. Some ideas are: discarded wall paper samples from local stores, burlap, straw, raffia, sticks, glue, etc. An excellent resource might be your students (perhaps a newsletter home explaining the activity and requesting materials). Local craft stores have very inexpensive bags full of discarded plastic leaves and flowers for the forest scenes.

Enchanted Forest Game: The game board has been copied by sections and is located in the student guide with the activity. You will need to piece it together and mount it on poster board to laminate. Cut out the copies of the challenge cards for the game to be mounted and laminated. Find game chips and have students make their own person-pieces to be moved around the board.

Let's Make a Deal: Copies of the statements for the doors to the game are in the student's guide. You can cut them out, then tape or glue them to a game board that you can make out of pressed board. Word definitions, also included, are mounted under the doors.

Character Concentration: The cards are included with the activity in the student's guide. You need to cut them out, mount them on poster board and perhaps laminate them.

Picture This: You will need pieces of paper about 10 x 48 for this activity. It will need to be divided into sections, with a magic marker.

CONCLUSION

The guide uses a multi-sensory approach to teaching language arts; in this way it appeals to all learning styles. The activities have been carefully planned and selected so as to facilitate learning in all facets of the language arts: reading, listening, speaking, writing and drama. To obtain a copy of the Student Guide Handbook and the center layout, contact Dr. Donna Gail Shaw, School of Education, University of Alaska Anchorage, 3211 Providence Drive, Anchorage, Alaska 99508.

ANNOTATED RESOURCE LIST

Print

Armour, Richard. Have You Ever Wished You Were Something Else. This is a delightful book of poetry with lively illustrations that can transform you into a variety of animals.

Cootzee, Abel. Woordeboek/Dictionary. A comprehensive Afrikaans-English and Engels-Afrikaans dictionary. Bringing the African language into the classroom would be a nice compliment to the guide.

Harbin, E.O. Games of Many Nations. Playing and creating a new African game would be another idea to take students beyond the book.

Hutton, Warwick. Beauty and the Beast. This European tale of an animal-groom makes an intriguing accompaniment to the story.

Millen, Nina. Children's Games from Many Lands. More game ideas.

Musgrove, MargeFet, with pictures by Leo and Diane Dillon. Ashanti to Zulu. This book provides insight into about twenty-six African tribes. The author has described ceremonies, celebrations, and day-by-day customs. The wonderful drawings cover thousands of details that represent a vast amount of research. In order to show as much as possible about the different tribes the Dillons have included a man, woman, child, their living quarters, an artifact, and a local animal in each tribal illustration. This book would be a wonderful way to present a unit on comparing the African tribes with our own Alaskan Natives. Also in this unit you could do a whole comparison of our state and Africa. Examples might be our vast size and diverse cultures within. You could look at similar and different industries.

Stark, Al. Zimbabwe, A Treasure of Africa. Lots of interesting facts as well as a few traditional recipes to use for an African feast.

Nonprint

Edna Mason Kaula, African Village Folk Tales, sound recording. An exciting addition and useful if the students will be writing or performing folk tales during the year.

Mufaro's Beautiful Daughter, 1 film reel, 14 min., Weston Woods Studio, 1989, motion picture. Well worth the 14 minutes as part of a multi-sensory approach to experiencing the book.

Mufaro's Beautiful Daughters, 1 filmstrip, 55 fr., Weston Woods Studios, 1988, filmstrip. Can be used as a tool for storyboards.

Mufaro's Beautiful Daughters, 1 sound cassette, Weston Woods Studio, 1988, sound recording. Would work well in a center, worth the time if you do not want to record it yourself.

Reading Rainbow, 55, "Mufaro's Beautiful Daughters," 1 videocassette (vhs), 30 min., GPN, 1988, videorecording. A bit lengthy, previewing is advised.

LE JOURNAL

Surath Saengsudham

SYNOPSIS

The paper is a part of a journal reflecting the opinion of the writer about the events around him during the Spring 1991 semester.

Le 15 janvier 1991

Comme il fait froid! Avec le vent, la température baisse à peu près à moins 30°C. Je suis inquiet au sujet de la température parce que je dois travailler au grand air.

Le 16 janvier 1991

La guerre est dégoûtante. La guerre est étonnante. Cette guerre sera différente si on a peur même d'être touché par le vent. Mais comme je suis un des soldats, je ne peux rien faire. Je dois seulement attendre avec patience, je dois aussi me préparer.

Le 17 janvier 1991

Je ne savais pas qu'il était si irritant d'écrire quelques pages en français. Si on m'avait demandé d'écrire en français en 1978, j'aurais pu écrire facilement. Mais maintenant, qu'est-ce qui se passe? Est-ce que j'ai perdu ma connaissance de la langue française, la langue avec laquelle j'ai appris à écrire et à lire?

Le 18 janvier 1991

Aujourd'hui je dois étudier le calcul parce que je vais avoir un examen lundi prochain. On ne peut pas utiliser de calculatrice ce semestre. Ayant étudié le calcul pendant trois semestres, je viens de me rendre compte du vrai but d'étudier dans une université: s'adapter.

Surath Saengsudham's paper was written for French 310, "French Conversation," Michel Berta, Professor, UAA Foreign Languages Department.

Le 19 janvier 1991

Il fait assez chaud aujourd'hui, cela me fait penser au printemps et, évidemment, à la chasse. Personnellement, je pense que les chasseurs sont fous. Quand les feuilles verdissent, les chasseurs quittent leur bureau, leur café préféré et leur métro pour aller mettre leurs bottes à la lisière des forêts. Comme un soldat dort au coeur du plus grand nombre, ils mettent leur maison sens dessus dessous avant de déclarer la guerre à ce terrible adversaire: le lapin ou le canard.

Le 20 janvier 1991

On m'a dit souvent que si je voulais bien parler français, je devais lire beaucoup de livres français. Donc je commence à lire plusieurs livres à haute voix. Je me rends compte que je peux facilement lire le français, mais quand je veux parler en français, c'est terrible, c'est complètement fou.

Le 21 janvier 1991

Tous les mardis et jeudis, je m'assieds au fond de la classe de français. Il me semble que je suis dans un couloir de la mort. J'ai si peur de parler que chaque fois qu'on me demande quelque chose, je ne comprends pas ce que je dis. Un jour, j'espère que je pourrai m'asseoir au premier rang et que je serai près à répondre couramment à toutes les questions.

Le 22 janvier 1991

J'admets que j'ai été assez irrité pendant la première semaine dans la classe de français. Qui était ce maître? Si contrariant et si fâché? Il y a beaucoup de choses dont il parlait avec lesquelles je n'étais pas d'accord. J'étais en colère de ne pas pouvoir lui expliquer ce que je pensais. Soudain, je me suis rendu compte d'un phénomène bizarre. J'ai ressenti une énergie énorme: un désir de parler, un désir de discuter. J'admets ainsi que j'admire sa méthode.

Le 23 janvier 1991

Quelle est la situation la plus terrible entre être battu physiquement et être battu mentalement? On m'a demandé si j'ai eu une jeunesse heureuse ou malheureuse. J'ai bien voulu expliquer que ma jeunesse n'a pas été si amusante.

Le 24 janvier 1991

Ma vie est comme un tunnel noir sans fin. J'ai tant de choses à faire tous les jours, que je veux m'arrêter et me foutre de tout. Mais je ne peux pas faire cela parce que je dois réaliser mon but.

Le 25 janvier 1991

Je me lève à 5 heures du matin tous les jours pour aller au travail. Mon emploi n'est pas tellement amusant. Je suis en plein air avec le bruit ennuyeux des avions. Quelquefois je peux à peine entendre: après le calme de la nuit, voici tous les bruits de l'enfer. Au dernier quart d'heure, je n'arrive plus à prononcer quoi que ce soit. À la fin de la journée, j'ai mal aux jambes, au dos, à la tête. Mon corps est devenu immense, ma tête énorme, mes jambes démesurées et mon cerveau minuscule.

Le 26 janvier 1991

La guerre continue encore. Je voudrais bien me permettre de faire au monde la proposition suivante: écrivons une déclaration qui frappe au coeur tous les hommes vivants. Elle n'aura qu'un paragraphe, peut-être qu'une phrase. Elle dira simplement quelque chose comme cela:

“Moi, homme, je suis américain, anglais, français, arabe ou chinois, et heureux de l'être, mais je suis d'abord humain; je ne veux pas tuer, je ne veux pas qu'on me tue; je refuse la guerre, quelles qu'en soient les raisons.” C'est tout.

Le 27 janvier 1991

Aujourd'hui est le “Superbowl Sunday.” Presque tout le monde allume son poste. Assis dans leur fauteuil, ils crient, courent et se passent la balle en écoutant le reporter. C'est une folie. Mais j'avoue que je “fais” du “football” à la télévision parce que j'aime ça. C'est un spectacle étonnant.

Le 28 janvier 1991

Lundi, lundi, lundi, je dois encore me réveiller tôt pour aller au travail. Comme ma vie est monotone! Il n'y a point d'événements stimulants. Chaque jour, ma vie se répète: se réveiller, manger, aller au travail, manger et se coucher. Ma vie est tellement monotone que je ne suis pas certain de la vraie raison de suivre des cours à l'université: pour réaliser mon but, ou seulement pour m'échapper de la vie monotone.

Le 29 janvier 1991

Je ne peux plus penser en français. Chaque fois que j'essaie de parler, les mots anglais s'échappent de ma bouche. Je dois regarder dans un dictionnaire anglais-français pour traduire les mots que je veux utiliser. Je ne suis pas sûr quelles sont les raisons pour lesquelles je ne peux pas conserver mon français.

Le 30 janvier 1991

Lorsque le professeur de français éclaire sa lanterne dans la classe, j'avoue que je suis un peu triste. Je suis triste parce que je doute que je sois un des étudiants paresseux. Donc je vais à la bibliothèque et j'emprunte plusieurs livres de grammaire française. D'ailleurs, pourquoi broyer du noir et m'affliger lorsque je peux mieux faire?

Le 31 janvier 1991

C'est épouvantable de s'organiser entre les cours et le travail. Je dois nager entre deux eaux. Chaque jour, je dois penser aux devoirs et au fur et à mesure je dois aussi travailler pour gagner assez d'argent pour ma scolarité. Comme je suis fatigué de donner des coups d'épée dans l'eau!

Le 1 février 1991

Il y a eu un tremblement de terre au Pakistan. Cet événement me fait penser à un fait épouvantable: il y a 25 ans qu'il y a eu un tremblement de terre en Alaska. Ce phénomène naturel peut se répéter brusquement et sans avertissement. Je ne peux rien faire car la machine ronde est si mystérieuse.

Le 2 février 1991

Dans quelques jours le timbre coûtera 29 centimes pour le courrier intérieur. La poste américaine a annoncé qu'il était nécessaire d'augmenter le prix pour améliorer les services. C'est bateau. La poste n'est rien qu'un B.O.F. J'ai raison de dire cela parce qu'aujourd'hui je dois rechercher un paquet qui contient le passeport de ma mère qui part en Thaïlande demain matin. Elle est restée à la maison toute la journée uniquement pour recevoir le paquet. Mais au lieu de frapper à la porte, le facteur a laissé un papier jaune qui dit: "veuillez amener ce papier à la poste pour votre paquet entre 7 heures du matin et 6 heures du soir du lundi au vendredi (il est déjà 6 heures du soir samedi)." Ainsi je dois téléphoner à la poste et expliquer mon histoire depuis A jusqu'à Z. Finalement, j'obtiens le passeport à peu près vers 9 heures du soir.

Le 3 février 1991

C'est pénible de me rendre compte que je suis sain et sauf pendant que mes "camarades" se font tuer au Moyen Orient. Nous, les soldats, avons une responsabilité commune. Nous avons prêté serment que nous suivrions les ordres et que nous serions prêts, quelles qu'en soient les raisons.

Le 4 février 1991

Est-ce que je suis pour ou contre le travail des femmes? Je ne sais pas. À mon avis, les femmes n'appartiennent pas aux hommes. Elles doivent donc pouvoir choisir leur façon de vivre. Personnellement, je déteste les oisives qui n'ont rien à faire. Si la femme travaille, elle doit avoir la possibilité de partager tout. Ma femme a fait des études. Tant pis si la maison n'est pas toujours propre. Je préfère avoir quelqu'un avec qui parler.

Le 5 février 1991

Avant d'être marié, je rêvais d'une vie idéale: nous serions privilégiés car je gagnerais assez d'argent et ma femme pourrait rester chez elle. Elle aurait même une bonne pour la décharger des travaux pénibles. Le soir, après le vacarme des machines à écrire, du téléphone, etc., je retrouverais le repos et la paix avec un immense plaisir. Ma femme serait souriante, les enfants joueraient calmement, sans bruit.

Le 6 février 1991

Je suis marié et je me rends compte que le mariage n'est pas tellement amusant. Il m'est pratiquement devenu impossible de m'isoler. Dans mon bureau même où les clients défilent, me poursuit un vacarme. Et pouf, c'est mon fils qui tombe, hi-hi, qui pleure, tac, qui casse tout, tu-tu, qui fait le train. La paix, nous ne l'aurons pas, jamais.

Le 7 février 1991

On ne sait jamais quand on reçoit un coup de téléphone bizarre de quelqu'un qui est fou. Hier soir, je venais juste de m'endormir quand le téléphone a sonné. "Allô, c'est toi?" demandait la voix d'une femme inconnue. Que pouvais-je répondre? "Euh...oui" ai-je dit. "Eh bien, écoute! Si tu n'admits pas que tu as eu tort hier, je refuse de t'épouser." Criait-elle. "Il y a un malentendu..." ai-je répondu. "Comment oses-tu dire une chose pareille? Admits-tu que tu as eu tort? Oui ou non?" "Mais, je ne suis pas..." commençais-je. Elle avait raccroché. Je pense parfois à ces deux inconnus que j'ai contrariés pour le meilleur ou pour le pire.

Le 8 février 1991

Ayant passé plusieurs années aux États-Unis, je pense que le sport a toujours joué un rôle important dans la vie américaine. Dans les lycées, presque tout le monde doit essayer de devenir un bon joueur de football. Les sports rudes,

tels que le football, sont considérés comme excellents, parce qu'ils trempent à la fois les muscles et le caractère.

Le 9 février 1991

Le 14 février approche, c'est la Saint-Valentin. Elle me fait penser au matin de mon mariage. J'étais nerveux. Je pensais à tous les incidents qui pourraient se produire pendant la cérémonie. Est-ce que tout se passerait bien? C'était trop merveilleux pour être vrai. Comment pouvais-je espérer qu'un tel miracle se produise? Il y a maintenant cinq ans que nous sommes mariés. Je commence à croire que certains miracles peuvent durer.

Le 10 février 1991

L'été dernier, j'ai eu l'occasion d'observer le décollage du Concorde. Le soleil apparaissait à travers les nuages. Le temps ne pouvait être meilleur. Le pilote a conduit l'avion jusqu'au bout de la piste et s'est arrêté. Nous attendions tous en silence. Soudain, l'appareil a commencé à s'élancer sur la piste, a pris de la vitesse et s'est élevé gracieusement dans les airs. Et, quelques minutes plus tard, il volait à une vitesse qu'aucun avion n'a jamais atteinte auparavant. Quel spectacle extraordinaire!

Le 11 février 1991

Je suis un des spectateurs qui ne désirent pas voir le début d'un film. C'est peut-être que je trouve que dans beaucoup de films il est trop facile de deviner la fin quand j'ai vu les premières images. Dans un film, par exemple, un méchant cache de la dynamite dans la voiture du héros pour la faire sauter; la voiture part en effet en mille morceaux. Je crois que plus de la moitié des spectateur sait bien que le héros n'a pas sauté avec elle.

Le 12 février 1991

Je n'en peux plus! J'en ai marre! J'ai besoin de vacances! Si nous n'avions pas les cours nous prendrions probablement des vacances bien que nous n'ayons pas beaucoup d'argent devant nous. C'est la vie.

SHOULD NURSES PRONOUNCE DEATH?

Shirley Eiben



The purpose of this paper is to discuss the question: Should the nurse (RN) be allowed to pronounce death? Surveys were done nationally and locally in Alaska to discover opinions regarding this issue. In addition, information has been given on how Alaska currently pronounces death along with advantages and disadvantages of the nurse pronouncing death.

The type of death discussed in this paper has been limited to the anticipated death that can be found within any health care institution or in the community setting. An anticipated death is when

a person has been diagnosed by a physician with a terminal illness and wishes to receive no resuscitation (DNR) in the event of a cardiac or respiratory arrest.

The information obtained from Alaska surveys has provided a strong resource in supporting the Alaska Nurses Association (ANA) and Alaska State Board of Nursing in taking a proposed bill to Juneau to pass a new law allowing the nurse to pronounce death. The bill has passed through the Senate with strong support from Senator Collins. Currently the bill is in the House Committee. The Alaska statutes state the physician and police officer may pronounce death.¹ To keep up with demands of the community, policies have been developed through the Emergency Medical System (EMS) allowing these employees to pronounce the death of the DNR patient.

How the Aging Population Affects Nursing

Before discussing the actual topic of this paper, it is very important to consider changes that are likely to occur in our population in the future. Research supported by L. Rice explained that our elderly population will continue to live longer. The statistics from 1930-1980 showed the elderly population grew twice as fast as the under-65 age population. Projections for the 60-year period, 1980-

Shirley Eiben's paper was written for Nursing 414, "Ethical, Legal & Professional Issues in Nursing," Anna Webb, Professor, UAA School of Nursing.

2040, are that there will be an increase of 41%, while the 65-years-and-over group will increase 160%! With the large increases in older population there has been a large increase of killer diseases that normally have a high mortality. These diseases include cancer, heart disease, diabetes and cardiovascular diseases. Even though current research shows the mortality rate has slightly declined; morbidity has largely increased, so there is a higher potential for an increasing mortality rate as our population continues to live longer.²

In 1983 the implementation of the prospective payment system and DRGs by the federal government precipitated a look at the community for access to care. In the past five years home health agencies have grown 539%. The health care worker will see older people in the community and hospital settings that are sicker and with more killer diseases than ever before.³

This may all contribute to the nurse being more involved with the terminally ill patient who eventually deals with death. This leads to my subject of the nurse pronouncing death.

Survey of the United States

Thirty-four states responded to a survey letter inquiring if they had a law written for the nurse to pronounce death of the DNR patient. The results showed that 14 states or 41% had approved the nurse to pronounce death. All of these states supported the nurse pronouncement outside the hospital setting, that is, nursing homes, hospice care and community health. Three states recognized by law that the nurse can pronounce death in the hospital. Of the 34 states that responded, West Virginia was the first to implement the law in 1979. Since this time there has been a gradual increase in interest to pass this law in other states as well. In the last two years, five states have written laws to support the pronouncement of death by a nurse. Twenty states or 59% commented there was no law for the nurse to pronounce death or need to change because they saw no existing problems. All of the states in this group recognized pronouncement of death as a medical diagnosis and only physicians were authorized to do so.

Current Procedure on Death Pronouncement in the DNR patient in Anchorage and Rural Areas

There is a percentage of terminally ill patients who would prefer to die in their own homes as opposed to the hospital setting. If this is the case, special arrangements need to be made. To make arrangements for a home death in Anchorage the physician must inform the coroner's office that a patient has requested a home death. Then the physician must fill out a special form documenting that the patient is terminally ill. In addition, the physician must agree to sign the death certificate. After the form is filled out by the physician, it

is sent to the coroner's office who notifies the Anchorage Fire Department (AFD) of the DNR patient, his/her address and the name of the care giver.

When the care giver of the terminally ill is ready for a response to a home death, the following procedure is followed.⁴ The care giver calls AFD dispatch number and describes the ill person's condition. The hospice RNs frequently provide care to the terminally ill patients in Anchorage and may be present at the time a patient expires. If the hospice RN is present, she will assess that death has occurred by assessment of vital signs (no blood pressure, pulse, heart tones and respirations) and neurological responses (absence of pupil reaction or response to stimuli). If the patient has passed away, the hospice RN will assist the family in calling AFD dispatch. When the call is completed, the paramedics and police officer will drive to the home without lights and sirens. The paramedics will confirm the person has expired by checking for an absence of vital signs. In addition, a life-pack (heart monitor) will be applied for final verification of death by observation of a flat wave form (asystole). The police officer, according to state law, will do a visual check of the deceased and general environment to establish no foul play has occurred.

Currently in Alaska when a DNR patient has expired in the hospital setting the RN will do an assessment, then notify the physician. The physician or delegated physician must pronounce death of the patient. A physician is required to come into the hospital and directly assess the patient and document the assessment findings. No heart monitor or EKG is applied to verify death has occurred.

The responsibility of the RN in the hospital setting is to closely assess his/her patients for changes in health status. If the patient's condition is changing for the worse, the physician is notified. It is very difficult for the physician to be available for all changing conditions of their patients and often the physician will order a method of treatment according to the nurse's assessment. This has allowed the nurse to provide life-saving treatment to a patient without direct observation from the physician first, which means the physician is totally dependent on the assessment skills of the nurse. If these assessment skills have been required for the nurse, it is logical he/she is qualified to assess death.

In the outer areas of Anchorage such as Palmer and Kenai, the emergency medical technician (EMT) takes responsibility for pronouncing death for DNR patients with an assessment and life-pack. The steps in this procedure are identical to those in Anchorage.⁵

When going far into the villages of Alaska, the method of death pronouncement changes. The community health aid (CHA) carries the responsibility of attending to the health care needs of many villages. For example, 50 villages outside of Bethel consist of population sizes of 60-800. In the occurrence of the anticipated home death, the CHA will do an assessment to establish death

without a life-pack. Then the CHA notifies the nearest physician, by phone, for final approval to pronounce death.⁶

Education Differences in Health Care Providers Who Pronounce Death

The Emergency Medical System (EMS) consists of paramedics and emergency medical technicians. The major focus of their education is to provide emergency care to the patient with accidental injuries or acute illness either of which may be life threatening.⁷ The education required for the nurse (RN) has a very broad focus. The emphasis is on building assessment skills in all age groups and to provide a holistic approach (looking at psychological, social, environmental factors) in providing care. An important part of the curriculum frequently focuses on learning about the grieving process of the dying patient with the family.

Cost Advantages and Disadvantages

The cost of medical care is important to address because all health care consumers are paying more for services than ever before. Advances in technology, additional employee training and hiring have all inflated health care costs. The average cost of an ambulance service in Anchorage is at least \$200. When AFD responds to a DNR death there is no charge to the family.⁸ The hospice of Anchorage reported 200 home deaths in 1989.⁹ The AFD responded to 47 DNRs that were not hospice related.¹⁰ This means that AFD responded to 153 DNR deaths where the hospice RN may have already been present. The concern is the costs for using the ambulance, personnel and the driver. All of the costs come out of the taxpayer's pocket. The efficient use of the taxpayer's money is important to consider by avoiding the duplication of services provided.

The coroner of Anchorage has jurisdiction over the EMS of Anchorage by finalizing their written policies. The coroner's opinion was that the hospice RN should not take the additional responsibility of pronouncing death. The RN has already dealt with enough complexities in the family grieving process which is very difficult. In addition, the RN may be accused of wrong doing because he/she has been the primary person following the patient. In rare instances the nurse may be accused of contributing to the patient's death. The EMS person creates an extra medical person to verify death and most important, he/she has a life-pack heart monitor to do so. The duplication of services was viewed as a safety measure that may prevent health care cost from increasing by idling potential law suits or other legal consequences.¹¹

The states that supported the law to allow the nurse to pronounce death had no reports of legal problems. Health care providers were supported with employment policies that gave specific criteria and procedures to follow.

Family Psychological Factors—Pro's and Con's

The hospital and community health settings offer a frequent communication and follow-up between the nurse and the patient's family with the terminally ill patient. This communication sets up a trusting relationship that provides additional support to the family. When the terminally ill patient passes away, it is a moment the family has been anticipating, an end to the suffering. The family often prefers a familiar environment with little intrusion from strangers. The invasion of privacy is often felt when an EMS person comes into their house and places strange equipment (heart monitor) on their loved one.¹²

According to the EMS personnel, their presence is needed because the equipment (life-pack heart monitor) is an important part of death pronouncement. The family can see the life-pack and the absence of heart pattern, and they can accept that death has occurred, which is very important.¹³

Opinions of Anchorage Hospital RNs on Death Pronouncement

The following surveys conducted were done on a random basis including all three shifts over a three-week period.¹⁴ The question asked was, "If there was a law and hospital policy to approve the RN to assess and determine death to a DNR patient without a physician would you feel comfortable taking this responsibility?" In addition the RNs were told that they would be notifying the physician on duty of the assessed signs of death and the nurse and physician on duty would decide if the patient's physician needs to come in. If the physician has decided not to come in, then the nurse will document her assessment and inform the family that death has occurred.

Survey on Anchorage Hospital RNs in Medical/Surgical Unit

Years of experience 3-30 years, mean 14 years

Total sample: 12

8 "Yes" Response (66.7%)

Nurses in the medical/surgical unit expressed the need for policy and procedure and only then would they feel comfortable with death pronouncement. In addition, they felt the family could benefit.

4 "No" Response (34%)

These nurses thought death pronouncement was the physician's responsibility and the family would be more accepting of information about the patient's condition from him or her. They did not feel comfortable with pronouncing death. One nurse was concerned about liability and not receiving support from the physician or hospital. This nurse stated a strong concern that if a lawsuit should occur, who would the hospital support—the nurse or the M.D.?

Survey of Opinions of Anchorage Hospital RNs in Critical Care Areas (Intensive Care, Coronary Care, Thermal)

Years of experience 2-30, mean 14 years

Total sample: 13

10 “Yes” Response (76.9%)

Some of the nurses surveyed had the following comments: One nurse described a situation which occurred recently where a DNR patient had expired at midnight. The physician was notified and delegated an emergency-room physician to handle the situation. It turned out the emergency physician was too busy and arrived six hours later to pronounce death. In the mean time, the patient was left on continuous respiratory support, heart monitor and intravenous fluids. In another situation similar to this, two RNs waited four hours for a physician to arrive to pronounce death while the family was waiting. This was very frustrating for the nurses and the family.

3 “No” Response (23.1%)

Nurses in critical care responded identically to the “no responses” of Anchorage hospital RNs in medical/surgical units.

Home Health in Anchorage

Total sample: 6

4 “Yes” Response (67.7%)

The nurses felt comfortable with the pronouncement of death.

2 “No” Responses (33.3%)

The two RNs were against death pronouncement because they felt it was the physician’s responsibility.

Hospice in Anchorage

Total sample: 2

2 “Yes” Response (100%)

The hospice RNs were both in agreement to pronounce death if a law and policies were written.

Providence Hospital Medical Doctors (Medical, Surgical, Cardiology, and Gastroenterology)

Total sample: 10

9 “Yes” Response (90%)

These physicians supported a nurse’s assessment abilities. One physician that supported nurses pronouncing death commented that nurses must be

careful and cited a recent situation where a physician had pronounced a patient dead in the emergency room. Shortly afterwards, a nurse entered the room and found the patient taking a deep breath! A code was called and all resuscitation measures were carried out, but the attempts failed and the patient expired.

1 "No" Response (10%)

The physician responding "No" strongly disagreed with the nurse pronouncing death and had no comments.

Opinion of the Rural RNs

Total sample: 2 (Bethel)

2 "Yes" Response (100%)

The RNs felt comfortable pronouncing death of the DNR patient. Both of these RNs cover large areas outside of Bethel and one RN had been doing community health nursing for 10 years.

Total sample: 3 (Soldotna/Peninsula Home Health Care)

The areas of service for these community health RNs cover Captain Cook Park, Summit Lake and Ninilchik. These RNs were in support of death pronouncement, as long as there was good communication with the family.

Total sample: 2 (Delta Junction and Tok)

2 "Yes" Response (100%)

Both nurses cover approximately a fifty-mile radius. They both felt comfortable with the nurse pronouncing death.

Personal View of Potential Legal Problems

As stated before there were 14 states that allowed nurses to pronounce death. There is no available information about any legal problems. The directors of Hospice of Phoenix and Desert Samaritan Medical Center in Arizona¹⁵ stated in telephone interviews that they were very comfortable with nurses pronouncing death. The hospice in Arizona has been pronouncing death for 3 to 4 years. The concern is: if, or when, more states approve this law will legal complications arise?

The biggest concern is that a nurse may pronounce death when the patient is not really dead. There are three situations that demonstrate this concern. The first two situations occurred in the last four years when patients were pronounced dead and the cardiac rhythm and/or respirations returned. The first incident happened when a patient was pronounced dead and within three minutes had regained spontaneous cardiac rhythm (low junctional) with a faint pulse. The second patient was pronounced dead and regained a heart pattern with a weak

carotid pulse and no respirations within 15 minutes. Both patients had initially received a full run, or more, of advanced cardiac life support (ACLS) drugs which were tried again when the health care workers acknowledged the return of heart rhythm and pulse. Both patients died in complete asystole shortly after. Perhaps the myocardial tissue had some delayed response to the epinephrine; this is unknown. The third situation occurred when a funeral home received a patient from a nursing home and she was not dead! The funeral home took her back to the nursing home in her deep comatose state. It is unknown if the family was aware of this event.

Definition of Death

The Alaska Statutes of 1983 define death as follows:

A person is considered medically and legally dead if, in the opinion of a medical doctor licensed or exempt from licensing under AS 08.64, based on ordinary standards of medical practice, there are no spontaneous respirations or cardiac function and there is no expectation of recovery of spontaneous respirations or cardiac function.¹⁶

When there is no return of spontaneous respirations/cardiac function, then death has occurred.¹⁷ A group of 24 physicians from all over the world came together to discuss death and were unable to prove that no function of an organ or tissue indicates the tissue is dead. Also it is clearly stated that it is impossible for physicians to agree when death occurs at the cell and organ levels. This group of physicians did define clinical death as when a cardiac/respiratory arrest occurs for several minutes, resuscitation is applied and the patient recovers to the pre-arrest state. Biological death was defined as the point when death becomes irreversible because there is permanent loss of function of the brain or heart from tissue necrosis. (Almost all this research is based on animal testing and the results strongly support previous human-based research done by Dr. Eisenberg, who defined biological death.¹⁸)

It is very difficult to find research that supports when the time of death occurs that there is no expectation of spontaneous recovery of cardiac/respiratory function. But there is some evidence as to when biological death occurs.

The National Subcommittee of Emergency Cardiac Care (NSECC) reviews research findings from current and previous studies and sets standards for the American Heart Association (AHA).¹⁹ These standards are formed from the results of Dr. Eisenberg's previous research.²⁰ The NSECC maintains the standards for Basic Life Support 90 and Advanced Cardiac Life Support (ACLS) used today by all certified health care workers. Research by Dr. Eisenberg

concluded that a time lapse greater than 16 minutes of being apneic with no pulse, and without resuscitative measures started, resulted in no chance of survival because biological death has occurred. This compares closely to the definition of biological death because it is irreversible.

If a law was passed to allow the nurse to pronounce death, a special policy and procedure must be developed. A safe time frame that a nurse could wait before pronouncing death could be 12 to 20 minutes to assure biological death.

SUMMARY

In review of information obtained from this paper the nurse is logically qualified to pronounce death based on educational focus and assessment skills. The hospital setting is a definite consideration, but it is important to assess family dynamics because often the anxiety level is higher for the family there. Physician communication may be required in situations of high anxiety levels in the family. According to the surveys, the strongest support is in community health settings.

ENDNOTES

¹Alaska Statutes, Code of Civil Procedures, 09.65.120, 1983, 339.

²Lee Rice and Linda Estes, review of The Nation's Health, 3d ed. (Boston, MA: Jones and Bartlett, 1990), 25, 76, 378.

³Ibid.

⁴Loren Marshall, Chief of Paramedic Training, interview by author, Anchorage, Alaska, October, 1990.

⁵Ibid.

⁶Kathy Sullivan, Public Health Nurse, interview by author, Bethel, Alaska, October, 1990.

⁷Ron Sullivan, Emergency Medical System Trainer, interview by author, Bethel, Alaska, October, 1990.

⁸Marshall.

⁹Paula McKaren, Director of Hospice, interview by author, Anchorage, Alaska, October, 1990.

¹⁰Harvey Huewitt, Chief Deputy of Anchorage Fire Department, interview by author, Anchorage, Alaska, October, 1990.

¹¹Charlene Doris, Coroner/Public Administrator and Public Guardian Conservation, interview by author, Anchorage, Alaska, October, 1990.

¹²Fred Witzleben, Director of Witzleben Funeral Home, interview by author, Anchorage, Alaska, October, 1990.

¹³Marshall.

¹⁴Oral survey of RNs' opinions at Anchorage hospitals—names not given to provide confidentiality.

¹⁵Becky Kuhn, Director of Nursing of Desert Samaritan Medical Center, interview by author, Mesa, Arizona, October, 1990; Joan Lowell, Director of Hospice, interview by author, Phoenix, Arizona, October, 1990.

¹⁶Alaska Statutes.

¹⁷John Moossy et al., review of "Pathophysiologic Limits to the Reversibility of Clinical Death," Critical Care Medicine, vol. 16, no. 10 (1988): 1022-1031.

¹⁸Ibid.

¹⁹American Heart Association, "Prospects for the Future: Success and Potential of CPR and ACLS," Advance Cardiac Life Support (1988): 4.

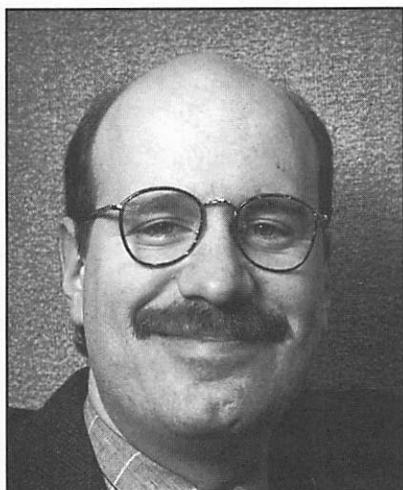
²⁰Ibid., 25.



Participants registering for Showcase.

DAILY SPECIAL

Jeff Silverman



Dot came into the diner one morning without a headache for the first time in years.

"Maggie," Dot gushed as she wrapped an apron on. "You won't believe this!"

She leaned in close to the cook, who was scraping little burnt pieces of bacon off the grill. "I'm gonna ask Roger for two weeks off."

"You're right. I don't believe it," Maggie said, stopping to take a drag.

Dot chuckled. "It gets better."

Maggie was one of the few at the diner who ever saw Dot's purple gums in anything but a snarl about a lousy tip or not enough clean silverware. Usually she saw her smile lamely, like it cost Dot too much energy to do more. Here Dot was chuckling. Her boney frame shook with a thick and crispy smoker's laugh. She topped it off with three eye-watering coughs.

"Maggs, Pete's gonna take the girls this summer for two weeks!"

Maggie's lips curled down around her cigarette approvingly. She wasn't sure how to take it all. She held her hand up and Dot gave her a high five.

Two weeks! Dot relished the thought. Two weeks of peace. Two weeks of freedom. After years of wrangling, that shithead Pete had finally granted her a furlough.

The whole day went well for Dot. The diner seemed like a happy place for once. All of a sudden she loved the warm, steamy dishroom and Maggie's little radio squawking out the old songs by the grill. She loved the bubbling orange and cranberry juice tanks, and the winged condiment holders along the speckled linoleum counter. The diner was metal, shiny and faded yellow everywhere, scrubbed clean with the patient elbow grease of legions of waitresses and waiters. Even the tired truckers were like charming movie characters that day.

At five o'clock Thorvid Keillor put his wide butt down on one of the maroon leatherette and chrome-sided stools, which were fastened to the floor

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sometime during the Korean War. Thorvid was an auto mechanic who lived alone. A diner regular. The special of the day had been his dinner for ten years. He rode a '74 Harley Ultraclassic Electraglide with a taped-over triangular seat and a gas tank the size of an aquarium. His scraggly beard and mustache were as dark as his hair, which he kept pulled back away from his face with a rubber band. He was grossly far-sighted and wore "eating glasses." His own words. He said he wore them only for work and for eating. "I like to see what I'm doing to put food on the table and I like to see the table," he once said. Dot called him "ol' Big Eyes" behind his back.

He would follow dinner with a slow cigarette, blown gently into the air, and drink another cup of coffee. He'd lean on the counter and every now and then shift his weight and the stool would squeak. Dot would come out and share a smoke. They'd exchange complaints about the weather and about how hard they worked and how little they got for it. Dot would then move on to her "sides," her daily cleaning and restocking duties. He'd be out by six, when the dinner rush came.

Walking past the diner at 5:30 p.m. on a week day, when the streets were starting to get dark, you could look into the chrome, bright florescent place, and you would see Dot and Thorvid griping together, blue smoke puffing out of their mouths and noses as they talked.

On the day Dot came in without a headache, Thorvid drummed his fingers patiently as he waited for his meal. Dot came out of the kitchen humming a thin, contented melody. She placed the special of the day—a patty melt with curly fries—on the counter in front of Thorvid. She went back through the swinging door, still humming. Thorvid stopped the ketchup mid shake. "What the hell is Dot on? Was she actually humming?"

Dot couldn't wait for Thorvid to finish eating so she could tell him about Pete. She ached to share it with another person who'd heard what a lousy husband she'd had. She kept an eye on Thorvid through the swinging door as she rearranged salt shakers.

Her cue to enter came when he set his fork down for the last time and wiped his beard. She watched him pull a Marlboro from his shirt pocket without taking either elbow off the counter. His fingers were oil-stained in splotches from the middle knuckle to the grey nails. He tapped the cigarette on the formica three times before putting it in his mouth. Dot wondered why he looked so damn suave all of a sudden.

She was in such a good mood she felt afraid of herself, like she might do something stupid. "Tonight I'll just celebrate a *little*," she insisted to herself. "Send the girls to McDonald's and go out for a drink." It was premature, she knew, because Pete probably would back out about April. But what the hell.

Who to have a drink with? Maggie was no longer available. She and Ahmad had patched things up again.

Lyle, a cardboard box salesman who thought himself a good lover, had moved out for the last time several months before. She knew it was the last time because he took his color TV with him. Her kids begged her to make up with him so they could get the TV back.

She hated him without ever loving him, though she let him move in, eat at her table with her girls and run a breakfast tab at the diner. He wasn't much like her ex-husband Pete, who was a gorgeous man with one of those boy faces. She'd been fool enough to love Pete, who ran off a decade ago to find his happiness with the teenage manager of Suds Yer Duds.

Dot warmed up Thorvid's coffee when she came back out, then lit her Marlboro Light with a quick, practiced flick of her tiny wrist. After a long drag she stood away from the counter, cupped her cigarette arm at the elbow, and grinned through the smoke at Thorvid.

Thorvid was amazed. Usually by four o'clock Dot'd be so tired she'd have to lean forward on the counter to take the weight off her feet. Now her smile opened up over gleaming gums and the grey sacks under her eyes creased a little more. She seemed younger when she smiled, Thorvid noticed.

"You look kinda like the cat that ate the mouse there, Dot," he said.

"Shit!" she said. "Is it that obvious?"

He nodded. "Someone run over your kids?"

"Almost. Pete's taken 'em for two weeks!"

"You're shittin' me."

Dot shook her head happily. They both drew in deep and blew the smoke into the air above the counter between them. It swirled around, bluish and white. Thorvid waited for more. Dot just kept smiling. He raised an eyebrow. It was an odd effect with his eating glasses still on. It usually irritated her. Today it just made her laugh (and cough) again.

They'd known each other only at the diner, one on each side of the counter, for eight years. When Dot first came to work, Thorvid was already there. "This is Thorvid, Dot. Bring him the special." She asked him about his funny name that first day. Embarrassed, he told her about his great-grandfather, Thorvid Pederson, a city founder. Maggie told her to be especially nice to Thorvid. He'd lost his wife in a car accident.

Not much had changed for them since they were introduced. Grey hairs now streaked Thorvid's beard. Deep crow's feet creased his temples. Dot's hair had about as much grey as Thorvid's beard. She was still thin as a coat rack.

Thorvid, for the first time ever, considered asking her what she was doing after she got off. Many times he'd witnessed men popping waitresses the question between mouthfuls. Dot got asked, and frequently complained about it.

"Cheating on their women while they eat. The shitheads."

"Job hazard there, Dot," Thorvid would say.

So it was a radical and strange new thought, this asking Dot out. She wasn't too good looking, but his heart started beating harder as he considered

what to say. That amazed him. "That's Dot, there, Thorvid," he thought. "Your waitress."

Dot's smile disappeared when she saw the look on his face. Something had changed between them. Just because she had blurted out about the kids and Pete and shared a laugh. Now poor Thorvid was going to make a fool of himself. She quickly stomped out the rest of her cigarette.

"Better get to my sides. See you tomorrow, Thorvid."

She walked away before he could say anything. The sinking feeling down in her stomach was probably the beginning of another migraine, she figured.

When she brought out his chicken fried steak the following day, Thorvid kept his eyes on the counter. But she felt them on her neck when she walked away. Her headache was terrible. The night before she'd fed the girls, gone to the Shamrock and had a few beers at the end of the bar. It was crowded with kids whooping it up on a Tuesday. The music was obnoxious. She kept squinting toward the entrance to see if someone she knew walked in. If it had been Lyle she might have even bought him a drink. Or tossed one in his face. Back at home she found the girls fighting over a quarter one of them found in a video game at the Majic Mart. At midnight she took two Tylenols. "Cheers," she said to the bathroom mirror as she washed them down.

A pair of truck drivers sat a few stools down from Thorvid. Dot'd planned to say something of some sort to him when she poured his coffee but the truckers were bored and would pick up on any conversation. She noticed that Thorvid was taking his time with his coffee today. And he hadn't lit up yet, either. When she collected his dinner plate their eyes met for a furtive second: Dot's eyes with the dark circles, which ached like two vices were squeezing them, and Thorvid's, big as chicken eggs.

When the two truckers finally finished their coffees and left, Thorvid pulled out a Marlboro. Dot hustled out from the back with a cigarette already in hand. She held it in her lips and waited. Thorvid lit his and put the gold lighter back in his pocket when he noticed. Their eyes met again as he pulled it back out. The lighter went zip, the flame shot straight up in a perfect height, and Dot pulled the flame into the tip of her cigarette.

They smoked for a while, in the quite late afternoon of the diner. Then Thorvid said, in his best Bogart imitation, which wasn't so good, "So, lady, when do you get off?"

It was a risky thing to say, but it worked. Dot burst out laughing. Thorvid sighed and grinned, letting out his breath which he'd been holding for minutes.

When she'd stopped coughing, Dot said, "Never thought I'd say this, especially to you, you old bastard, but, okay, I'll be out by seven."

They finished their cigarettes and said goodbye.

Dot and Maggie huddled in the freezer room a short while later, sharing puffs on a Marlboro Light. Dot burst out, "I'm going out on a date with Big Eyes!"

"That's the third time you said that, Dot. Will you shut up?"

"But he's a mechanic! A motorcycle rider!"

"Well? Could do worse. Could be a box salesman."

"That's not funny." Dot handed over the cigarette. "I'm gonna go home early."

"You can't do that."

"Sure I can."

"Dot, he asked you and you said yes. If you say no, it'll make him feel like a jerk and then what? Probably no more Thorvid around here."

"You think so?"

"Just go have a drink with him. No harm done. Tomorrow he'll be back in like nothing happened."

"Hmmm."

Her 15-year-old, Jinnie, answered the phone after half a ring and sounded disappointed when it turned out to be her mother. Dot told her to "mind the fort for an hour" and to just heat up the chili, and to get her homework done instead of talking the whole night with Chuck.

At seven Thorvid parked his Harley down the block and smoked a cigarette from the seat as he waited. It was warm for December. The trees were bare but the grass was still green. When he saw her come out of the diner he straightened his back, put a foot on one of the bike's foot rests, and tried to look cool.

Dot noticed his new, white shirt under his leather jacket. His beard had been trimmed. He grinned and looked her up and down as she walked up. It made her blush and a little angry with him. All she'd done was put on a pair of jeans and brush out her hair. She didn't have any make-up on and she probably smelled like French fries.

"Well, what do you wanna do?" Dot said.

He shrugged. "I don't know. What do you wanna do?"

She just looked at him. Did he really have the gall to ask her out and then expect her to decide what to do?

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

"Not really."

He took her down the block to the Brick House Bar and surprised her by ordering a bottle of wine.

She hated wine.

But the wine Thorvid chose turned out to be chilled and sweet. Dot drank her first glass quickly and Thorvid refilled it just as quickly.

It was surprising to Dot how much they had to talk about, how much they didn't know about each other. She never knew that Thorvid was a league leader at the Glenview Lanes. She never figured anyone would want to hear how to make a winter's supply of the Patrick's family spaghetti sauce and she proudly described the details.

After another glass of wine Thorvid was talking about luck.

"I always drive Jumbo to—"

"Jumbo?"

"That's my Harley D."

"How come I never knew you gave it a name?"

"You never asked."

"Yeah, but 'Jumbo'?" She giggled.

Thorvid shrugged. "Jumbo is happy to be called Jumbo."

"I'll bet he is."

"She."

She rolled her eyes playfully.

"Anyway," he said, "I always drive Jumbo to bowling because I get good luck. The night I put a new carb in it, I bowled a 298."

"You don't really believe in luck, do you Thorvid?"

Thorvid tried to act flabbergasted.

"Don't you?" he exclaimed, enlarging the whites of his eyes fantastically far.

"No, I don't," Dot said, holding down another laugh. Thorvid sure was funny looking. But he was just plain fun, too. She could tell he didn't take the luck stuff all that seriously, or at least he didn't take himself all that seriously. It was refreshing. Pete was serious most of the time, mainly about himself. And Lyle always got straightfaced over cardboard.

It was past eight when the last of the wine glimmered in their glasses. Dot wanted to ask him to order another bottle, while she went to call Jinnie, if she could get through. Thorvid sensed it was time to do something.

"Well, you wanna ride home, then?" he said.

Disappointed, she said, "I can walk."

"I know you can. Congratulations." He sat up. "But I'm offering you a ride on one of the best machines America has ever made."

"I don't know."

"Trust me. Jumbo's the best."

"I mean I don't think I want a ride."

"Yeah you do."

"No I don't."

He was chuckling. "Yeah you doooo!"

Dot smirked at him. "Alright," she said, and added a heavy sigh, like it was no big thing. Actually she was very excited about going for a ride. When she was fifteen her Uncle Kyle used to take her on high speed motorcycle trips on the back roads. He was slightly crazy from some World War II problem but he was real nice about taking her along whenever she asked. Her folks never knew.

"Let me call my kids," Dot said on the way out. Her line was busy of course.

The ride home in the chilly night made her feel young again. She wrapped her arms tight around Thorvid and let her thighs rub against him. The good feeling of being jiggled all over, the feel of the road, and trusting him with her life added up to a connection to a younger version of herself. It was like meeting a friend she thought she'd never see again.

When they pulled up to her trailer she'd decided she really wanted to kiss Thorvid a good one. But he revved the Harley a couple times before stopping. The huge grumbling noise made instant daughters' heads appear in the kitchen window. Dot stepped off the bike. She didn't want to kiss a stranger in front of her kids. But this was no stranger.

She stepped up, put her arm around his neck and pulled him in for a kiss. She was hoping for everyone's sake that Thorvid was a lousy kisser.

The next morning Dot didn't come in to work. Maggie was interrupted by a phone call in the middle of hand-stirring a great vat of pancake mix. Thinking it was Ahmad, who was supposed to be back from Altoona the night before, Maggie barked into the phone, "Where have you been, you asshole!"

Only a wheezing from the other end. Someone breathing. Then in a quiet voice, "I'm sorry Maggs. I can't make it in today." It was Dot, apologizing for missing work the first time in a year.

"Dot! Thought you were an asshole. Sorry, Honey."

"It's okay."

Maggie grinned a gap-toothed grin into the phone. "So, are you calling from Thorvid's?"

"No. I'm home."

"Didn't go good, huh?"

"Went fine, Maggie. It's just..."

"I know all about it. You just stay home and take a long, hot bath. I'll tell Roger you're sick."

"Tell him I'm sorry."

"No way, Dot. You of all people don't need to."

Long silence on Dot's end.

"Alright," she said, barely audible.

"Don't let a little love sickness get to you, Honey."

Dot was quiet again, then, "I'll be fine."

Maggie smirked. "I'm sure you will. See you tomorrow, 'kay?"

"Okay."

That afternoon at five Maggie glanced out through the swinging doors. There was Thorvid, sure enough. He was shoveling in the daily special, spaghetti with Italian meatballs. Hungry and guiltless like all men, Maggie thought.

Later, Thorvid poked his head through the swinging doors. Maggie saw him and didn't wait for the question.

"She stayed home today, Thorvid. Sick as a dog, thanks to you."

It was supposed to be a tease but Thorvid took it badly. He pulled nervously at his beard. "Sick? She was fine last..." He trailed off.

Maggie chuckled, "I'll *bet* she was fine. She'll be in tomorrow. Now get your fat buttocks outta my kitchen!"

Dot came in the next day, looking haggard. She said practically nothing to Maggie the whole day. During the mid-afternoon lag Maggie cornered her in the freezer room. "So, what's new, Dot."

"I don't want to talk about it."

"Oooh! You *do* got it bad."

"Get out of my way."

Maggie thrust her arm out to the wall. Dot knew better than try to get past.

Dot said, "Alright, maybe I got it bad. But I'm not letting it go anywhere."

"You mean you guys didn't..."

"No we didn't, you dumb shit. I got kids waiting for me at home, remember?"

"Never stopped you before. Like last New Year's, you and Lyle—"

"This is different Maggie," Dot said, glancing up. Maggie could see that Dot actually looked kind of scared. She dropped the idea of horsing around anymore.

"I guess it is," Maggie said. "So what's the problem?"

"I like him, Maggs. He knows how to...well, we can talk ya know. It's like I've known him for years."

"You have known him for years, stupid."

"But I never kissed...oh shit why am I telling you—"

"So you kissed! Ooooooh!"

"Will you let me outta here, I'm freezing!"

"Just tell me what your great and terrible problem is."

"I really like him," Dot said, teeth chattering. "But I guess I just wish I didn't. Remember how crazy it got with Lyle? I don't want to go through all that again."

"Has Thorvid asked you out again?"

"No, but I think he's going to. I think he's thinking kinda serious."

"Just say no."

"You're a whole lot a help, Maggs. Can I go now?"

Maggie made a grandiose motion of opening the door. Dot squinted up at her angrily on her way out.

At five the diner was crowded with a busload of seniors. Thorvid had to sit in the middle of the counter, a long way from his usual spot at the end. Dot brought out the special—a hot open-faced turkey sandwich with mashed potatoes—and on her way down the counter popped it down in front of him without a word.

"Everything alright there, Dot?" Thorvid called out. He'd wanted it to sound gentle but it came out derogatory. She ignored him. There were plenty of other customers needing coffee and side orders. Thorvid stared at his plate. He pulled out a cigarette and lit it up. Dot passed him a dozen times but he couldn't catch her eye.

A hunched, silver-haired gentleman next to Thorvid leaned over and said to him, "I know just how you feel." Thorvid nodded and pulled at his beard.

Dot mustered the courage about the time Thorvid was through with his second cigarette. She came over with a glass pot of hot coffee and gave him a level gaze.

She spoke low. "Thorvid...uh, you're a special guy, ya know? But I don't..." She froze. Perhaps that would be enough to give him a hint, she hoped. The gathering moistness in Thorvid's eyes magnified fifty times by his glasses was more than she could bear. She walked quickly away, the coffee swaying frantically in the pot. Somehow she managed to get through the rest of the shift without looking at Thorvid again.

Maggie caught up with Dot at the end of their shift, in the dish room near the back door. Maggie cleared her throat several times as they put on their jackets.

Dot zipped up and turned to her.

"What!" She said, tilting her head and looking up in a challenge.

Maggie looked down as if to a child. "Leaving in a hurry today?"

"Bunch of stuff to do. Yeah."

Maggie crossed her powerful arms. Her cigarette wiggled in her lips as she talked. "You know, he's still sitting up there, watching the door like a big puppy dog."

Dot blew out hard. "Shit..."

They smoked in silence for a bit.

Maggie said, "Listen, Honey. If you got something to tell him, you'd better go on up and get it over with, 'stead of sneaking out the back door here."

"What are you, my conscience?"

"Sounds like you need one."

"Up yours," Dot said and trudged back to the kitchen. She hated it when Maggie was right about something.

When she pushed through the swinging doors she found Thorvid staring right at her. He sat up a little as she walked around to his side of the counter. His chair squeaked as he swiveled and got up. Dot looked up at him and sighed impatiently.

"Let's go for a walk, Thorvid."

All day the day before she thought about what she was going to say to him. She made a list of the reasons why they shouldn't go out. She started to write a note, which she planned to slip to him along with his special of the day. It began, "Hi. I hope you're enjoying the French Dip." She didn't finish the note.

Thorvid and Dot strolled past the uptown shops. Thorvid took a big breath and let it out. He was ready to say something. Dot could tell he was waiting for her to say something. But she couldn't bring herself to it.

So Thorvid spoke first. The first words came out crackily, as if his throat were dry.

"I kinda get the feeling you're mad about...well, mad about it all."

"Thorvid, I'm not mad."

"Well, I kinda get the feeling you're at least a little upset."

"I'm not upset either."

Thorvid rolled his eyes. Dot blushed. "Why am I acting like a teenager?" she thought. "Come on, Dot! Speak up!"

But Thorvid crinkled up his brow and continued, "Dot, we've been friends for a long time. You know that? A guy gets to a point in life when he really knows who his friends are. And, well, you're a real friend there."

Dot was surprised and very impressed. He said everything she'd wanted to say, but much better than she ever would have put it. She felt warm. She unzipped her jacket.

He went on, "I thought a lot about this last night. When you didn't show up for work I realized that this was a situation here. Ya know? Like, come on Thorvid, you can't just show up at the diner and expect everything to be hunky-dory."

"Ummhmm," she said, on the verge of a smile again.

"But, ya know there, Dot, I'd feel real bad if we stopped being friends just because we went out together once, ya know?"

That was probably the nicest thing any man has ever said, Dot thought. She wanted to cry.

Thorvid looked down at her. "We didn't blow it. Did we?"

Dot took his arm. "We almost blew it all to hell, Thorvid. And I don't mind a bit."

"We're still friends, then?"

"Sure."

"Put it down as one special day?"

"You got it."

He sighed in relief. He must have been just as scared, she realized. She touched her cheek against his shoulder once, tenderly, and they turned to go back.

"Give me a ride home?" Dot said.

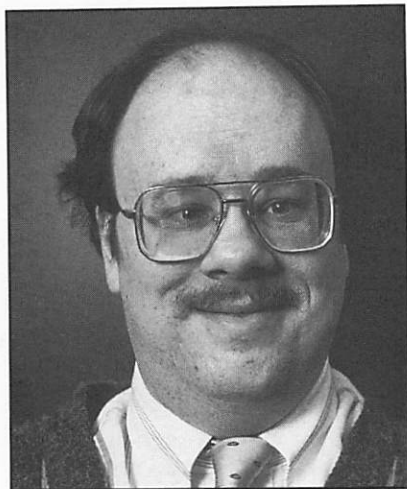
Thorvid looked at her for a long time with an unreadable expression. Dot looked back up at him. Both were trying to figure out what the other was thinking and both realized it at the same time. As one they grinned.

Thorvid said, "Jumbo and I will be happy to give you a ride."

They started back. When they passed the diner, Dot saw their matching smiles reflected in the big windows. She knew then that it was already too late. They'd blown it for sure. She hoped everything would turn out better this time.

TENACITY: THE HAPSBURG EMPIRE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY AND NAPOLEONIC WARS

Shawn C. Cromett



The Austrian Hapsburg Empire survived the most severe test it would face before the First World War during the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars. The Hapsburgs fought the French for the better part of ten out of the twenty-three years from 1792 to 1815. French armies occupied Vienna twice. The French forced the Hapsburgs to sign no less than four humiliating treaties, costing them considerable territory, population, tax revenues, various degrees of sovereignty in international affairs, extravagant reparations, and even a humiliating marriage of a daughter of the

Imperial House to the French usurper. Yet, after each defeat, the empire marshaled its strength and returned to renew the contest. Finally, in 1813 and 1814, a coalition, headed by the Hapsburg general, Prince Karl Philip Schwarzenberg, crushed the French Empire.

The Hapsburg Empire, despite its bewildering and cumbersome complexity, possessed several hidden strengths not always readily apparent to a casual observer. Three elements were particularly decisive. The principal advantage the empire possessed was a battle-hardened and tenacious army that fought doggedly, though hardly brilliantly, from the beginning to the end of the period. After every defeat, it reformed to fight again. A second advantage the empire possessed was allies. Through much of the French Revolutionary War, the empire enjoyed alliances in various combinations with Prussia, Great Britain, Sweden, and Imperial Russia, to name the most important. The culminating, decisive alliance began in August of 1813, when the empire joined the grand alliance to overthrow Bonaparte. This alliance, which combined the entire weight of the European great powers against France, was more than Bonaparte's genius could overcome. A third source of strength was the foreign financing the empire

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received from the British and foreign money markets. This was reduced in importance as a result of conflicting political interests, making the Hapsburgs the least favorite allies of the British when it came to financial assistance. Such aid as was promised usually came too late to help the Hapsburg cause.

It is impossible to assign a role in the empire's survival to any relative strength or weakness in its economic base compared to the contemporary powers. In 1750, the empire had a population of 18 million people. The population of the empire rose to 28 million by 1800.¹ The Hapsburg population equaled that of France by 1800. During this period, the empire was largely self-sufficient in raw materials. In the basic materials of state power, the Hapsburgs were at least the equals of all but the Imperial Russians, who alone of the great powers exceeded it in total population.

The first key difference between the Hapsburg Empire and some of its more advanced contemporaries involved the nature of the systems of production. There is no doubt that the empire was not in the top rank of productivity among the European great powers. Nor was it at the bottom rank. Agriculture was still at a primitive level and provisions for food storage were limited. Following a poor harvest, famine regularly occurred. In Bohemia in 1771 and 1772, two consecutive years of failed harvests reduced the population there by fourteen percent.² In Hungary, Croatia, Bohemia and Galicia the agricultural system was of the pattern of the *ancien regime*: labor rents and feudal dues being the norm. The nobility, particularly in Hungary, retained much of their ancient privileges, including jealously guarded tax exemptions. Even in those territories on the western fringe of the empire, such as the Austrian Hereditary Lands and Northern Italy, much of the land was concentrated in the hands of a few great landowners.³ The Hapsburg system was little different from that of most of the contemporary great powers, and superior in productivity to the system in Imperial Russia. As a relative matter, lack of agricultural productivity was not a major influence on Hapsburg strength or weakness.

The bulk of manufacturing enterprises were still based on the guild system. Large-scale manufacturing enterprises were concentrated in Silesia, where a thriving linen industry accounted for a large part of the empire's exports. A similar industry existed in the Austrian Netherlands. Frederick II of Prussia seriously harmed the empire's industrial base when he seized Silesia late in 1740 and this loss was made worse when the French conquered the Austrian Netherlands in 1795.

The Hapsburgs made attempts to replace lost revenues from Silesian industrial production. Of particular importance was the need to replace the highly profitable Silesian linen industries. Large-scale enterprises developed in Bohemia and the Vienna area due to the large pool of cheap labor available there. The only other industry to develop in this period was the Bohemian glass works, whose high quality products were highly prized in the European market. Other

forms of industry developed slowly and remained small in scale. Again, the system was superior to that of Imperial Russia.

Starting with Graf Haugwitz in the reign of Maria Theresa, and expanding during the reign of Joseph II, the government imposed a merchantilist commercial and industrial policy on the empire beginning in the middle of the 18th Century. High protective tariffs were initiated as were the prohibition of the import of many categories of luxury goods, and an embargo on the export of various categories of raw materials. A further step was the beginning of the elimination of most of the tariffs between the smaller units of the empire. By the 1790s only a few trade barriers remained, including those barriers between the Hereditary Lands and the regions of Bohemia and Hungary.⁴ Lack of large-scale seaborne trade, difficulties with guilds fearing competition, and a lack of investment capital all helped to retard industrial development. Still, the empire was no worse off economically than its Eastern European contemporaries.⁵

The machinery of state of the Hapsburg Empire was the single weakest component of the sources of the empire's strength. The empire consisted of many principalities of various sizes. These various states were only loosely affiliated with the empire, save for the Hereditary Lands directly ruled from Vienna, and even these principalities possessed privileges that the emperor found difficult to remove. Each state maintained its own customary code of laws, courts, fiscal administration, and parliament of some form. Component states jealously guarded their traditional privileges from intrusion by the limited central-state authority. Unlike the other rulers of the European great powers, the Hapsburg emperor needed to beg the various parliaments of the states for increased contributions to the imperial war chest, borrow money from foreign sources, or increase taxation in the Hereditary Lands. To quote Olwen Hufton,

Hapsburg rulers were confronted with the spectacle of central governments in other lands able to secure, to a greater or lesser degree the power of the purse: able to override the traditional checks upon monarchical authority and having done so, to finance armies and military campaigns and wage war on an unprecedented scale with an unprecedented efficiency. To a Hapsburg, hamstrung at every level by particularist interests, such governments were in an enviable position.⁶

It seems one of the more neglected aspects of the Hapsburg achievement is that they succeeded in maintaining large armies in the field despite the overwhelming complexity that they faced meeting their financial needs.

Despite handicaps that were unique to it because of the nature of the empire itself, the professionalism of the Austrian Imperial Army was the single most important source of imperial power. The first problem faced by the Imperial

Army commander was the language barrier. The diverse nature of the component states of the empire resulted in the situation where "command of an army whose regiments variously spoke German, Czech, French, Flemish, Serbo-Croatian, Italian, Magyar, Roumanian, and Polish could, one officer observed, cause 'singular confusion.'"⁷ German was the language of formal command and drill manuals. Most officers were, by necessity, multilingual.

The Imperial Army faced a continual problem with recruiting. Army service was not popular in most parts of the empire and limits on recruiting existed in various areas as traditional exemptions were granted to many smaller states in the empire. The worst problems were in Hungary where the *Diet*, that kingdom's legislative body, retained the ancient privileges of the nobility in return for their service in the feudal levy, the *insurrectio*. The government did not dare mobilize the *insurrectio* for service, even during the crises of 1805 and 1809, and its lack of training reduced its effectiveness even further. The imperial government always found it had to beg for, rather than levy, resources from the Hungarians.⁸ The Austrians did attempt to raise a popular-based militia, the *Landwher*, from the German and Czech areas of the empire, and succeeded in raising 150,000 additional men. The military performance of the *Landwher* was disappointing and by Wagram most of their number deserted.⁹ Volunteers from the South German states comprised half the German-speaking regiments, where large bounties attracted recruits. While conscripts served for life, volunteers served a seven-year term. The final major source of manpower was the Military Border, the strip of land adjoining the territory of the Ottoman Turks. Every able-bodied man in the Military Border area was enrolled in a regiment, providing seventeen infantry regiments as compared to the fifty-seven infantry regiments provided by the entire remainder of the empire combined.¹⁰

Public support of the Imperial Army in wartime was often minimal. Even in 1809, the legendary peak of Austrian patriotism, the enthusiasm for the war effort declined precipitously after the quick reversal in Austria's fortunes with the defeat at Eckmühl. Except in the Tyrol, there was no popular resistance against the French invader; and even there, the population resisted the Bavarians, not the French.¹¹ By the end of the 1809 War, the population of Vienna no longer identified with the government's efforts. They welcomed the armistice with the French after Wagram with celebrations in the street, much to the surprise of the French garrison.¹² The war was no more popular in Hungary. The Hungarians assumed that a victory that restored the imperial position in Germany would enhance the position of the German element in the empire compared to that of the Magyars.¹³

Despite the difficulty of recruiting, inept leadership, and multilingual soldiery, the Imperial Army continued to fight doggedly and kept returning to fight, despite the defeats in 1797, 1801, 1805, 1809, and their participation in Bonaparte's disastrous invasion of Imperial Russia in 1812. In the 1813 to 1814

War of German Liberation, the Imperial Army provided the largest contingent of troops to the Allied Coalition and its Commander in Chief Prince Schwarzenberg. The Imperial Army jumped from 200,000 men available for active duty in 1805 to 340,000 available for active duty in 1809, an increase of 70% in less than four years.¹⁴ The first battlefield defeat inflicted on Bonaparte was at Aspern-Essling on May 21 and 22, 1809, where the Archduke Charles successfully held the line at the Danube. At Wagram, six weeks later, on July 5 and 6, 1809, Bonaparte successfully slipped around the Archduke's flank and brought him to battle. The Hapsburg army was defeated in one of the hardest-fought and costliest battles of the era. The French lost 32,000 men, of which 4,000 were prisoners, 19% of those engaged. The Hapsburgs lost 40,000 men, of which 18,000 were prisoners, a staggering 27% of those engaged, yet retreated from the field in good order.¹⁵ The fighting prowess of the Hapsburg forces made a lasting impression on Bonaparte. He responded to an insulting comment about the Hapsburg army made by his Minister of War Clarke, with the remark, "It is evident you were not at Wagram."¹⁶

The second source of strength for the empire was derived from the great coalitions to which it belonged. Alone, the Hapsburgs found themselves unable to defeat the French. This was also true of Imperial Russia and Prussia. The roll call of Hapsburg defeats, Fleurus, Marengo, Hohenlinden, and Wagram, were no worse than Friedland, Jena, or Auerstadt. The British contribution by maintaining a "second front" on the Iberian Peninsula from 1807 on, while important strategically, could not by itself assure victory in Central Europe. A coalition of all the European great powers against the French was fundamental to Hapsburg survival.

The problem of alliance building was aggravated by the traditional disputes between the Hapsburg government and two of its potentially most useful allies. The Prussians had been challenging the Hapsburg domination of the German states since the War of the Austrian Succession in the 1740s. Britain, impressed by Prussian successes as its ally in the Seven Years War, and deeming it to be a more useful ally, would support Prussia, even when that support antagonized the Hapsburgs. This situation came to a head during the Second Partition of Poland in 1792. Russia and Prussia decided to partition Poland without including the Hapsburgs in the deal. The Hapsburgs demanded concessions elsewhere. "Not only did Prussia refuse to placate her partner, but arrogantly declared that Austria was entitled to nothing. When Britain entered the war with France, the German allies were at each other's throats."¹⁷ Because of this dispute, Catherine the Great of Russia showed more interest in gaining support from Britain and the Hapsburgs to fight Prussia than in fighting France!¹⁸ Disputes between the various allies eventually ended the First Coalition, leaving the Hapsburgs to face the French alone. This position did not improve in the War of the Second Coalition. The Prussians refused to participate at all. The alliance

with Russia ended with both sides at cross purposes after Suvarov's victories in Northern Italy. The Hapsburgs wanted to annex the Northern Italian states, several of which it had owned before the 1796 defeats by Bonaparte. Czar Paul wanted them restored to their "legitimate" rulers. After Massena's victories in Switzerland in 1799, Czar Paul pulled out of the coalition, leaving the Hapsburgs alone, again.¹⁹ In the 1805 War, the French attacked the Austrians at Ulm before the Russians could even arrive, losing most of their field army to a French encirclement. At Austerlitz the French horribly defeated the Imperial Russians and what remained of the Hapsburg armies. In 1809 the Austrians fought alone, and while putting up a better fight, were defeated again. The Hapsburgs found it necessary to conduct a pro-French foreign policy. In 1812, they were allies of the French in the ill-fated Russian Campaign.

The decisive moment came in August, 1813. After an attempt to mediate a settlement between Bonaparte and the Prussian-Russian Alliance, Metternich, realizing that Bonaparte would not come to a reasonable agreement in Central Europe, gave in to the anti-French circles at court and the Hapsburgs joined the anti-French coalition. This decision decided Bonaparte's fate. With the addition of the Hapsburg army, the largest in the coalition, and the "Trachenberg Plan" devised by the Hapsburg general Radetzky, that wore down the French, Bonaparte was overpowered and driven from German soil. The forces of the coalition, attacking on a broad front in 1814, ran the French out of time and space, forcing Bonaparte to abdicate.

The third, and least important, strength of the Hapsburgs was foreign financing. The government kept the public debt between approximately 250 million and 300 million gulden from the end of the Seven Years War in 1763 and the end of Joseph II's Turkish War of 1788-1790.²⁰ It is useful to note that public confidence was such that paper currency introduced in 1762 circulated at par value until the financial crisis of the mid-1790s.²¹

Loans from the Amsterdam capital market, British banks, and foreign aid from the British Government, were particularly important in financing the Hapsburg army during the first three years of the Revolutionary War period.²² Unfortunately for the Hapsburgs, the French conquest of the United Provinces on December, 1794, cut off the Amsterdam money market as a source of credit to the Hapsburg government. The Hapsburgs turned to the British as the only other possible large-scale source of credit. Unlike the bankers of the United Provinces, concerned only with making a profit on their loans, dealing with the British involved political considerations. Pitt's British Government was of two minds about financial aid to the Hapsburgs. The British were more interested in maintaining an alliance with the Prussians than with the Austrians, a legacy of the military reputation enjoyed by the army of Frederick the Great and the alliances of the Seven Years War; and always put unacceptable terms on the proposed subsidy agreements. This attitude was balanced by the desire to retain

a Hapsburg presence in the Austrian Netherlands as a counterbalance to French ambitions in the direction of the United Provinces.²³

The British Government refused any subsidy agreement with the Hapsburgs due to the risk of offending the all-important Prussians. This forced the Hapsburgs to attempt to raise a loan of £3,000,000 by sales of bonds through a private British bank. This attempt ended in failure, due to the defeat of the Hapsburg armies in the Austrian Netherlands at Fleurus on June 26, 1794.²⁴ The British Government agreed to guarantee the loan on the conditions that Josias of Saxe-Coberg-Saalfeld, the Hapsburg commander in Flanders, whose generalship did not inspire confidence in the British Government, be removed and the Hapsburgs were required to pledge to never give up the Austrian Netherlands. Thugut, a Hapsburg minister, informed the British that if they wanted the Hapsburgs to retain the region, they would have to pay for it. He demanded "immediate financial help for the Austrian Army in Flanders, a British guaranty for the Hapsburg Loan, and a promise of a subsidy during 1795. Without this aid...Austria would have to give up the war in the low countries."²⁵ The British offered to guarantee the loan and turned over £150,000 in bills of exchange as an advance on the loan, all pending the Hapsburg armies holding the line of the Meuse. The British then amended their plan to include a subsidy to the Prussians to keep them in the war and the appointment of Lord Cornwallis as the allied commander-in-chief. The Hapsburgs considered this an insult and withdrew from negotiations.²⁶ The fall of the United Provinces in December of 1794 frightened the British Government into guaranteeing the loan. Further reverses in Flanders moved both sides to agree to a £4,600,000 loan, on the condition that the Hapsburgs maintain 170,000 troops on the Flanders front.²⁷

The Hapsburgs continued to request financial aid as the war progressed and the military situation worsened. In October of 1795, Thugut asked for another loan, this time of £3,000,000. The British were suffering from a financial crisis of their own and could do little to help. Not until April, 1796, did Pitt's government come up with a solution. The British began an installment-plan payment scheme. This quickly came to a halt as the British supply dropped swiftly. In addition, Parliament did not authorize Pitt's advances on the loan, causing his government considerable embarrassment.²⁸ Because the British were not being particularly helpful and because of the worsening military and financial position of the empire, in mid-1795, Thugut decided to stop payment on the British loans, thus souring Hapsburg-British relations for the next ten years.²⁹

Not until 1805 did the British again promise financing to the Hapsburgs. Four million pounds were promised as a subsidy. Only £1,000,000 reached the Austrians and all that money ended in Bonaparte's hands as reparations after Austerlitz.³⁰

The next British subsidies did not come until August of 1813, when the British paid £1,000,000. This money was sorely needed as the Hapsburg

government was forced to the brink of bankruptcy, in 1811, as a result of the restrictions and impositions put on it by Bonaparte after the Hapsburg defeat in 1809. Government officials met the 1811 fiscal crisis with drastic measures. Count Wallis, the finance minister, called in all existing paper money to be replaced by redemption bonds at the rate of five old for one new in an attempt to deflate the currency. The lack of adequate revenues severely hurt the army, the largest single expense of the Hapsburg state. The head of army administration, Count Bellegarde, was forced to attempt various cost-cutting measures including, according to Rothenberg, "hiring out troops for public and even private labor, reducing rations, and freezing pay and allowances."³¹ Stocks of uniforms and boots were completely depleted and not replaced, and production of new weapons was not resumed until late in 1812. When the Hapsburgs resumed fighting against the French in late summer of 1813, units being reviewed by the other allied commanders contained many men lacking shoes, and some units wore only linen smocks and underpants, their uniforms having fallen completely to pieces. One-third of the infantry lacked cartridge boxes, rendering their ammunition useless if it rained. British subsidies were, as usual, too late to have any material effect on the campaign. In September, 1813, the British Government promised the Hapsburgs supplies of weapons, ammunition, uniform cloth, and shoe leather but these were not even dispatched until November, and much of the material did not arrive until after the fall of Bonaparte.³² Similar subsidies were made in 1814, and further subsidies were granted in 1815.

Despite defeat, occupation, and near financial ruin, the Hapsburg Empire was in the forefront of the powers that destroyed Bonaparte's French Empire in 1814. This fact alone shows that the empire was not a moribund state waiting to disintegrate, since it had plenty of opportunities to do so. So long as there was an Hapsburg Imperial Army, there was a Hapsburg Empire. Having suffered more disastrous defeats than any other European great power in the period, the Hapsburg army returned time and again to battle the French. After every defeat, the army reorganized, replaced its losses, and restored its morale. When in August, 1813, it appeared that Bonaparte was not going to accept a reasonable settlement in Central Europe, it was the entry of the Hapsburg Empire into the anti-French coalition that tipped the balance against Bonaparte. The ability to secure foreign aid helped the Hapsburg state at various times to ease its weak financial position, though it was not decisive. In the end, it was the sheer tenacity of the Hapsburg army that ensured the empire's survival. In alliance with Imperial Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and Great Britain, the coalition powers destroyed the might of France and assured the survival of the old European order until 1848.

ENDNOTES

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- ⁹MacCartney, 186-187.
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- ¹²MacCartney, 198.
- ¹³*Ibid.*, 186-187.
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- ²²Riley, 134.
- ²³Sherwig, 28.
- ²⁴*Ibid.*, 55-56.
- ²⁵*Ibid.*, 57.
- ²⁶*Ibid.*, 56-59.
- ²⁷*Ibid.*, 62-65.
- ²⁸*Ibid.*, 80-83.
- ²⁹*Ibid.*, 93.
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THE JUMP

Carolyn Long

The other day, I stood by my front door looking out the window at my neighbor's house. It was early morning and I was waiting for him to open his door and let his dog out. When he did, I'd grab my gun. Every day that dog had been coming over here to crap in my yard. That's not all it did. When its owner was gone, it barked. Even when it wasn't tied up, it barked. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't read. I couldn't even sit on my front porch in the sun.

Before my neighbor moved in across the road from me, I was alone here. I was the only one who lived on this side of the lake. A few people lived at the end of the road, but they hardly ever bothered me. Before the dog came and it was just the man, it wasn't too bad, although I wished if I had to have a neighbor, that it would be another woman. But he left me alone. I left him alone. We'd speak maybe once every two months.

Before he moved in, it was peaceful here in the woods all the time. The only sounds were the chirping of songbirds, the wind in the trees, the rain on the roof in the summer. The ravens talked to me all year long.

In the winter, after the snow got deep, the moose drifted through my yard on long silent legs and foraged in my garden for last summer's cabbages. Then they curled up among the trees nearby like enormous brown dogs, surrounded by ghostly clouds of frosty air. When I skied through the woods and found them nibbling on willow shrubs, they would do no more than wave their ears in curiosity.

Once in a long while in the spring after the snow had melted, when it was time to look for the white violets that grow in the swamp and search in the meadows for cast-off antlers, I would catch a glimpse of a baby moose splashing through the creek, his copper-hued coat as soft as the spring air.

Living here, I could finally begin to find some tranquillity after a lifetime of battering from the ugliness and noise of city life. I grew up in a clattering, crowded mill town by the Ohio River. Everything there was filthy from the roaring stacks of a thousand steel mills and steam engines. There was always a peculiar chemical stench in the air from the copper smelter. Great dirty rolls of froth would foam at every dam and disturbance on the surface of that dying river. Children screamed in the streets. Factory sirens screeched; streetcars clanged and rumbled.

Carolyn Long's paper was written for English 362, "Undergraduate Writers' Workshop: Fiction," Ronald Spatz, Professor, UAA English Department.

There was no escape from that noise, not even in my house. My parents quarreled, my brothers stamped in and out at all hours, my mother scolded me constantly. Be more like your brothers, she'd say. Get better grades. Learn to find your own way home from Pittsburgh.

Is it any wonder I left? I had a secret vision, a dream I could not share with anybody. I'd roller skate down my sidewalk and pretend I was skiing down some snowy white mountainside through green pine forests. I learned early to treasure those rare occasions when it would snow. The snow hid the filth for a few hours and it was quiet then.

Now I'm here in the forest and I have put Pennsylvania behind me. I've learned to take care of myself and I don't ask for help from anybody. I work hard at my job and when I come home, I feel I deserve some peace and quiet. I just want to be left alone.

When my neighbor first moved in, he came over a few times. I don't know what he wanted. I'd hide in the bedroom until he went away. After a while, he stopped coming over. All I ever did was wave when I drove by. After he got the dog, I quit doing that.

Once, a long time ago, some kids from down at the end of the road trashed a vacant cabin near me. I saw them do it and turned them in to the police. That was my mistake, for all the rest of that summer, they turned over my garbage, pulled up plants from my garden, and stole my firewood. But in the fall, that family moved away and I was safe again.

I've never done anything to make waves here since. I stay inside and pretend I see nothing. I just try to keep my life as simple as possible.

How could I have gone over there and complained to my neighbor about his dog? He's a large man, with a big black beard. The dog is a Rottweiler. When he hollers at it to come home, I can hear his powerful voice even out on the back trail. The other day, he was chopping wood out in front of his cabin. The sunlight flashing off the axe as it rose and fell caught my eye. I noticed too, that he had no shirt on.

The dog has been here for two months now. I tried yelling at it to shut up when the man was gone and that worked at first, but then it got used to me. One day, in desperation I took an old salmon from the freezer, thawed it out and let it get really ripe and smelly. I threw it out in the woods hoping that the dog would go roll in it and become so disgusting that the man would get rid of it, but nothing happened. Then it got so bold that it even barked at me when it was standing in my own driveway.

I finally found myself down at the gun shop, pricing handguns and fingering leghold traps. The clerk showed me a .22 rifle. I admired its sleek, murderous design, but couldn't quite bring myself to buy it. A few days later, the dog stood in front of my outhouse and started growling. I had to wait until it left. After that incident, I went back and bought the gun.

As I stood by the window that morning, I was just waiting for the right moment, waiting for my neighbor to leave for work. I had called in sick myself. I was going to get that dog.

He came out of his house and opened up the the hood of his car. It looked like he couldn't get it started. Then he walked over here! I shoved the gun in the closet. It was too late to hide, I knew he'd seen me move away from the window.

I opened the door slowly and a wave of cold air rushed in. The doorway was filled with his massive body. He pulled off his hat and smiled at me.

"I'm sorry to bother you this early, but could you give me a jump?" he said. "I feel like such an idiot for leaving my lights on." He looked at me expectantly.

I was too shocked to say anything. I just stared at him. He frowned.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"Ah, I, I'll be right over," I mumbled. He thanked me and walked away.

I had to do it. How could I have backed out? I warmed up my truck and drove over to his cabin. While we were setting up the cables, he chattered away at me.

"So how have you been? I worry about you, you know. I check your house every day to see if there's smoke coming out the chimney. Did you hear that those new kids down the road have completely destroyed that old trailer around the corner? It's because of them that I got this dog. Now I don't have to worry about them coming around here!"

"That's for sure," I muttered.

"I'm sorry I haven't been over to get better acquainted, but I've been busy trying to get my addition finished. I want to have everything squared away for when my children come up for the summer. That's a good boy, King, be nice to the lady now."

The dog sniffed around my legs and after some more encouragement from the man, wagged its tail and offered to be my friend. I couldn't keep my hand from patting its ugly head.

We got his car running and just before he left, he made me promise if I had any trouble with the kids down the road, that I'd call the dog over. The dog saw my cat walking down the driveway and started barking. Without thinking, I yelled at it and it stopped.

The man left and I came home. The dog followed me. From the closet, I retrieved the old blanket I used to wrap the gun in and put it out on the porch. I told the dog to lie down there and it did. I got the gun out and looked at it and I thought for quite a long time about the two hundred dollars I'd spent on it and about how friendly words cost nothing at all.

That was two weeks ago. King never barks anymore and I wave at my neighbor again. It's quiet here now. Maybe it's too quiet.

STRUGGLE FOR AUTONOMY AND SELF-DETERMINATION: THE SAN BLAS KUNA OF PANAMA

David Eckert



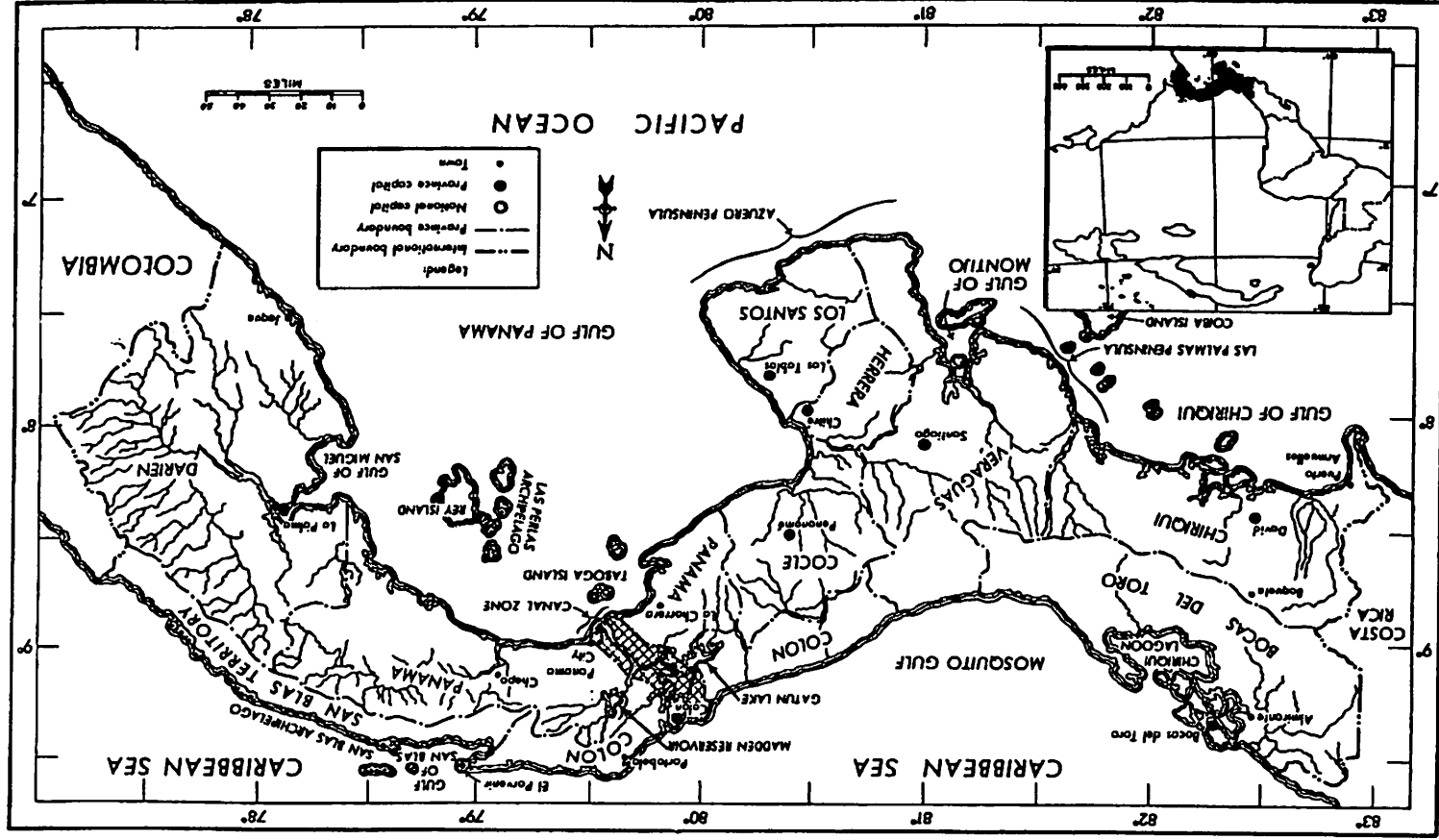
INTRODUCTION

The San Blas Kuna of Panama are an indigenous population of 30,000 people. When Columbus landed in the New World these Indians occupied a much larger slice of Central America. Fleeing disease, enslavement, and genocide, the Kuna migrated from the Pacific Coast of what is now Panama and northern Colombia to the interior of the Darien region and eventually to the Atlantic Coast (see map).¹ Today most Kuna live in Kuna Yala, referred to as the *Camarca de San Blas*.

They reside in a reserve established in 1938, which stretches more than 100 miles (200 km) along the Panama Coast, averaging 16 miles (26.7 km) wide. Kuna Yala or Kuna Earth is divided from the rest of Panama by a mountain range, and runs from the ridge down through the virgin rain forest to alluvial plains and the coral islands, which are scattered along the coast within a mile from shore. The majority of the Kuna live on these islands, in addition to twelve mainland villages.²

The Kuna have a common cultural heritage and a strong sense of cultural identity and unity. The Kuna call themselves *Tule*, which means "the people," and their land, the Tule Republic. They use the word Kuna to refer to the dialect they speak.³ They have a long tradition of isolation as well as resistance to attempts at acculturation. Following a subsistence lifestyle, based upon living in balance with and respecting the rain forest, they have managed to enter modern times with their culture and political capabilities intact.

David Eckert's paper was written for Political Science 340F, "Politics of the Fourth World: Tribes, Nations, and Peoples," David Maas, Professor, UAA Political Science Department.



KUNA ABORIGINAL, ECONOMIC, SOCIAL, AND POLITICAL ORGANIZATION

It is difficult to distinguish the aboriginal, social, political, and economic organization of the Kuna except to examine both recent anthropological studies in addition to that which was observed at contact. The Indians of pre-Columbian Panama were probably Caribs and it is believed that today's Kunas are descended directly from them. The Kunas are among the world's shortest people, reportedly second only to the pygmies. Another unique physical characteristic is that San Blas has the highest incidence of albinism, a condition which has been much studied by anthropologists and others.⁴

The Kunas, being relatively recent migrants to their island environment, brought with them a subsistence lifestyle based on a combination of gathering, swidden agriculture, and some fishing and hunting. Although their daily living habits changed and adapted to a marine environment, they remain integrally tied to the mainland for their food and water.

The Kunas derive their principal protein from seafood. An essential possession is the dugout canoe, or *kayuko*, which is used for fishing, frequent trips to the mainland, and transportation between islands. The mainstay of their subsistence is farming on the alluvial soils of the mainland. This cultivation is a complex system of communal and household farm-garden plots which combine multi-crop rotation alongside perennial fruit trees. A recent study of one small area of the reserve identified 72 agroforestry combinations, utilizing 48 species of trees and 16 crop plants.⁵

Kuna farmers leave, adjacent to their subsistence plots, sacred places, or *kalumar*, undisturbed because they believe these house spirits replenish the forest. The primary forest, or *neg serret*, is the sacred home of the spirits. As a result, they have maintained vast tracts of unaltered forest.⁶ The forest to them is their life, as it not only provides food, but also pure drinking water which is not available on the islands. It also holds the soil on the farm plots which would otherwise be washed away to sea, and thus destroy the coral reefs from which they fish. These undisturbed sanctuaries are also the source of "green medicine" (medicinal plants) which shamans use in healing.⁷

Kunas believe that all things have souls, that the world is full of good and evil spirits that can harm, kill, or cure. These spirits must be avoided, cajoled, tricked, or coaxed depending on the situation. These beliefs are the basis for Kuna medicine as well as religion and overall world view. Shamans have an impressive knowledge of medicinal plants and herbs of the jungle. In addition to chants and herbs, cures are affected by the use of *Uchus*, or carved wooden spirit dolls.⁸

Kuna society is organized socially along matrilineal patterns in which property rights pass through the female line. Women select their husbands and marriage is, as a rule, at an early age in which parents make all the arrangements.

The new husband takes residence in the house of his wife's family. Divorce, although not common, is easily accomplished; the man simply takes his belongings and moves out.⁹

Women carry a high status in Kuna society. The women raise the children, prepare food, get fresh water from the mainland and sew *molos*—beautiful multi-colored applique blouses often depicting both traditional and modern themes or designs. This latter activity is respected as the most important artistic expression of Kuna culture. Women have an important role as both the bearers of tradition as well as a connection to the outside world.

The *mola* is a product of acculturation and continues to exist because of tribal culture. As a form of clothing it is a bit of a misnomer to refer to it as traditional as it is, in fact, of fairly recent origin. The *mola* is also an important economic link with the outside world. Thousands are sold each year in Panama, North America, and Europe. Women are also the focus of an important celebration of village solidarity which is the *Inna* feast to celebrate a young girl reaching puberty. This ceremony continues for three days and two nights in which the entire village gathers for the celebration.

The Kuna social system is a complicated one which allows for independence within the security of the tribe. The isolation and the guarding of their lands from intrusion has been perpetuated by strict social controls and travel restrictions to and from the island. Young people who leave for work keep in close touch with the home village and continue to act as if they were still a member of the village through remittances and visits home. Young people are also expected to retain strong obedience to the adults when on the islands, and when away. The women in particular are admonished to remain under control and throughout history they have not intermarried.¹⁰ Kuna life is rich in customs and traditions and maintains a strict standard of morals and conduct.

Kuna unity is built upon the political organization and involvement of the entire society. Each community within Kuna Yala operates as an autonomous entity. The evening gathering, or *onmakketti*, is the heart of Kuna community.¹¹ A gathering is held every evening taking one of two forms: singing gatherings alternating with talking gatherings. The singing gatherings are the sacred gatherings of all the villages' inhabitants in which a chief, or *sahila*, fulfills his role as the spiritual leader of the community by singing about the cosmology, history and traditions of the Kuna. The other important leadership position is the spokesman or interpreter, or *arkar*. He interprets the chants about Father's Way; which are the collections of all the Ways or Paths for life.¹²

On the other hand, the talking gatherings are open forums for the men of the village to discuss all matters of political concern to the village, from the most personal questions to issues affecting the entire population. At these talking gatherings the first *sahila* plays the role of an arbitrator summarizing various positions while being careful to be unbiased and balanced in his presentation. A

chief is supposed to avoid confrontation, and even though he is deeply respected as the spiritual leader of the community, he has little direct authority over others.¹³ In the Kuna villages and across the reserve, decisions are reached through endless discussion, with the intervention of *arkars* and other men of ritual or political importance until a type of consensus can be reached.¹⁴

A key principle of Kuna politics is that each man acts in the gathering house primarily as an individual.... The result being a tremendous variation in alignments, that is alignments are specific to issues not to personalities.¹⁵

Officials—especially the chiefs, or *sahilas*, of whom there are a number in each village—are appointed by general agreement; but can be readily deposed if their conduct is regarded as improper or unbefitting of their leadership.

On a broader scale, at the entire reservation level, the Kuna General Congress (CGK)—the assembly of all Kuna leaders—operates as the supreme decision-making body. The CGK plays the role that the *onmakhetti* plays in the individual community. “Twice a year the *sahilas*, *arkars*, and other leaders meet under the auspices of the three *Caciques* (highest chiefs elected from the reservation’s three regions) to discuss all matters of importance.”¹⁶ Through the preservation and adoption of their traditional institutions, the Kuna continue to face the threats of the outside world as a united people.

THE HISTORICAL CONTEXT

The Kuna have struggled from the point of contact to maintain their independence and cultural identity. When Spanish explorers first visited the isthmus early in the 16th Century, it is estimated there were more than 200,000 Indians but that number drastically decreased over the next few years through violence and disease.

The pattern of Spanish contact with the indigenous people was varied, but on the whole an early precedent of robbing, enslaving, and murdering them with brutal indifference to their rights was established in the quest for gold.

During this period of conquest tens of thousands of Indians were killed. Many were worked to death as slaves in the fields and mines and thousands more died of diseases for which they had no resistance. Spaniards left agriculture to slave labor and the rapid depletion of the Indian population soon led to the importation of slaves from Africa.¹⁷

The Kuna, in the early 18th Century, attacked many Spanish settlements in the Darien Province which ended in a widespread war in 1725-26, that forced the Spanish from the area. In 1741, a peace treaty was established between the Kuna and Spanish but this did not last. The Spanish tried to pacify the Indians

with missionaries, forced relocations, and direct military operations against villages. The Spanish sought to further buttress their presence through the construction of several forts along the San Blas Coast beginning in 1786, and in 1789, another treaty was signed. However, by this time the Spanish profits were running thin as the riches of Panama and the silver mines of South America were significantly reduced.¹⁸

Independence from Spain came to Panama in 1821, under the auspices of the government of Colombia. When Panama seceded from Colombia in 1903, Kuna international support for secession was divided. The Panamanian Government did not have any enlightened approach as a state toward its indigenous peoples. In 1908, it passed a law aimed at "achieving, by all peaceful means, the reduction to a civilized life of all the savage tribes in the land."¹⁹ In the coming years strong resentment of the Panamanian Government developed due to the presence of Panamanian Government police on some of the islands, a forced policy of assimilation, the encroachment of Creoles onto Kuna lands, fishing and turtle waters, and government grants of large amounts of land to two foreigners for banana plantations.

In 1925, the Kuna staged a successful revolution in which they defeated the Panamanian Government police force and drove out the Creoles. In doing so they created the Tule Republic which lasted until 1930. At this time the Panamanian Government passed a law guaranteeing the integrity of Kuna territory. In 1938, the *Comarca de San Blas* became a Kuna reserve recognized as Kuna Yala or Kuna Earth by the Kunas. The government and the Kuna agreed to the *Carta Organica* in 1945, which gave formal rights to the existing indirect rule. In 1953, another law was passed that provided the Kuna with Panamanian assistance for agricultural development and public works.²⁰ Since the 1925 revolution, the Kuna have exerted a strong influence over their internal affairs and Panamanian society.

CHANGING ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL CIRCUMSTANCES

Despite their strength the Kuna face many threats to their life, land, and culture. Since the 1940s the introduction of cash labor to Kuna Yala has led to significant changes in the traditional economy. The foundations of cooperative labor have been undermined: "On some of the less traditional islands, tasks that were once performed by communal workforces—landfill, construction of houses, and repair of communal property—are now performed by individuals for pay."²¹ The Kunas basic unit of production—the matrilocal household—has also been affected as "young men who work outside the reservation often use their savings to set up their own households rather than submitting themselves to the authority of their wives' parents."²² Similarly many young people are abandoning traditional subsistence agricultural activities in favor of more lucrative

employment. This has led to a decrease in agricultural production and increased dependence on imported goods. The opening of the Panama Canal, in 1914, brought similar changes to the isthmus and has had an influence also in the process of change described above. With the installation of U.S. military bases came job opportunities and exposure to the American habits and culture which were brought back to the islands through everything from manufactured products to, more recently, Rock 'n' Roll from the U.S. radio station in the Canal Zone.²³

Other changes among the Kuna have come through education. As one author described, "for the Kuna, Western education is a double-edged sword."²⁴ While most adults want their children to have the best education possible and often make great sacrifices to achieve this end, traditional leaders, such as Rafael Harris, see it as a form of silent warfare conducted by the Panamanian Government against tradition. "We have our own education," he says. "Fathers take their sons fishing, and show them how to farm, hunt, and build a house. Mothers teach their daughters how to sew a mola, cook, take care of babies, and get water from the river."²⁵

The Kunas speak their own dialect which in recent years has taken on a number of Spanish and English words. Schooling, as of 1977, was not compulsory and at that time half of the children attended classes conducted in Spanish by Kuna teachers.²⁶ However, the Kuna, in the past decade, have become more committed to education since some of their young people, who were sent away from San Blas to study for professional careers, have returned to continue the struggle to maintain their autonomy. Many of these young people feel torn between traditional and Western cultures.

The Kuna are facing the challenge of not losing their young people to Panama City, Colon, or other urban areas. Indeed they have lost some; as one author estimated between 6,000 to 7,000 Kunas were living in Panama City.²⁷ However, others have returned. One man to do so was Cebaldo de Leon. Trained as an anthropologist, he is now director of the Center for Kuna Investigatras (CIK). One of the problems he and other Kuna leaders fear most is the loss of their oral tradition which is the backbone of their culture. He describes a phenomenon that many indigenous peoples are struggling with throughout the world. "One of our tasks at CIK is to record the chants of chiefs on tapes and video-tapes so that the teachings of our ancestors will not be lost to our descendants; yet this process itself endangers the oral tradition. The danger is that the cosmology and history will lose their spiritual significance, and become mere objects of intellectual curiosity."²⁸

The isolated island life and culture of the Kunas continues to change in various ways due to contact with modern culture. In some ways it is gravely threatened. Until recently Kuna Yala could be reached only by boat or small planes. But during the 1970s USAID (United States Agency for International

Development) proposed to put a road into the western end of the reservation from El Llano on the Pan-American Highway to the tiny airstrip of Carti. USAID projected that it would stimulate development presumably by providing the Kuna easier access to the modern world. The Kuna were involved from the earliest stages of the road project and became increasingly concerned with the potential adverse impacts on their land and culture. Their concern was based on the deforestation and colonization that had occurred along a completed road immediately adjacent to the southern boundary of Kuna Yala.²⁹

Panamanian law holds that no non-Kuna may own land in San Blas. While at the same time the Panamanian Government's "social use" policy has encouraged colonization of "un-used" rain forest. Much of the land on the Pacific side of the Continental Divide (the ridge marking the legal boundary of Kuna Yala) has already been devastated. Impoverished farmers use slash and burn agriculture with intensive single-crop cultivation which depletes the soil quickly. There is a great deal of pressure for these farmers to cut new plots out of the jungle since old plots can be sold to cattle ranchers for grazing.³⁰ This deforestation throughout Panama is taking place at a rate of 23,550 acres (50,000 ha) a year and the tropical rain forest of the Kuna reservation, with its astonishing diversity of plant and animal life, is one of only a half dozen large tracts of original forest left in all of Central America.³¹

The government's policy of "social use" goes further in that the person who clears a forest plot and plants it becomes the new owner. Landless non-Kuna farmers moved onto the reservation in the belief that they had a legal right to the land, as the government had never determined the actual boundaries of Kuna Yala through survey work or otherwise. By 1985, there were between 17 and 24 non-Kuna families inside the *Comarca* and another 70 on its borders.³²

The influx of outsiders has not only been through encroachment upon Kuna lands but also less permanently through tourism. The Caribbean surroundings of the island offers water recreation exploring the coral islands. Yet most tourists are drawn because of Kuna women's "traditional" clothing and textiles. The molas made for sale have become an important source of income for women. One island, Carti Sugdup, at the western end of Kuna Yala has been profoundly affected by the many Trans-Atlantic ocean liners that visit it yearly, "depositing flocks of 800 tourists who meander through the streets chatting, photographing, and buying suprisingly little."³³

On the whole tourism brings a great deal of money into San Blas, some of which actually reaches the Kuna. It also helps them in their struggle for autonomy by giving the national society a stake in the preservation of Kuna culture. The Kuna are aware of the dangers of tourism. This is most evident through the intrusion of outside tourist interests into the reserve. The great majority of tourists spend one to three days in San Blas on a few islands that provide hotel facilities for overnight guests. Yet the most serious problems are

with non-Kuna tourist operators. Outside attempts to build large hotel complexes have been met with armed resistance.³⁴

EFFORTS TO PROTECT THEMSELVES AND ADVANCE THEIR INTERESTS

The Kunas have a long tradition of resisting development of the tourism industry within Kuna Yala. In the mid-1960s an entrepreneur from the U.S., W.D. Barton, obtained a permit to build a resort signed by the three *caciques*, but did not get approval from the General Congress. He found an island and built a fancy "psuedo-Polynesian" resort called Islandia. The Kuna were angry that the *caciques* had signed the permit and more so that two of them had travelled to the U.S. at Barton's expense. Barton was arrogant and alienated many of the Kuna employees, culminating in a dispute with the island's owners which resulted in the resort being burned to the ground in 1969.³⁵

Barton rebuilt and opened it in 1970, and continued to break contracts and alienate the Kunas with hotel practices. He also wrote a malicious article about Kuna custom for the *Miami Herald* which received widespread attention. In 1974, Islandia was burned a second time and has remained closed and the government has not allowed Barton to return.³⁶

In the 1970s the San Blas region was also targeted by the Panamanian Institute of Tourism (IPAT) for tourist development. They had in mind a resort hotel of "686 rooms (twice the size of the largest hotel in Panama City) with a Kuna museum, a wharf for cruise ships, and an airport large enough for small jets."³⁷ Opposition developed gradually, over the next two years, among the Kunas after a plan for development was first presented in 1973.

In 1975, club-wielding Kuna prevented a party of officials and technicians from surveying a site for the proposed airport. IPAT sought other means including a feasibility study document questionably signed by the Kuna legislative representatives and the *caciques*. The legislative representatives were asked to step down in March, 1976, by the General Congress but they managed to maneuver the *caciques* and government to their side. An election in May for new *caciques* produced a division within Kuna Yala between two slates of leaders which lasted until 1977, when they were reconciled. IPAT eventually abandoned the project.³⁸

There were a number of other incidences of resistance and in each case the Kuna have succeeded in preventing the tourist industry from exploiting them as a people and from threatening the autonomy, morals, and self-determination that they struggle to maintain.

The most intense effort among the Kuna to advance their interests and protect themselves, however, has been in response to the encroachment upon their lands, facilitated primarily by the construction of the El Llano-Carti Road. The

Kuna as a response created PEMASKY (The Project for the Study and Management of Wilderness Areas of Kuna Yala)—or the Kuna Wildlands Project. It began in 1975, with a number of youths from the Kuna Youth Movement who attempted a small agricultural community on the divide where the El Llano-Carti Road entered Kuna Yala. They hoped to establish a Kuna presence that would show this portion of the forest was definitely in use to keep deforesting colonists out. Within a few years it became clear that the soils and climate were unsuitable for farming. Yet PEMASKY remained and continued to organize toward protecting Kuna autonomy, lands, and culture. In 1976, the group received support from the Kuna Workers' Union as well as the approval of the Kuna General Congress.³⁹

In 1980, the youths sought advice from forestry experts at the Tropical Agronomic Center for Research and Training (CATIE) in Costa Rica. In consultation with the Kuna they developed the concept of a forest park. CATIE has been the technical advisor to the project and was instrumental in obtaining financial support from the Inter-American Foundation (IAF), World Wildlife Fund (WWF), the Smithsonian Tropical Research Institute (STRI), and other sources. With the support of international funding, as well as a significant contribution of \$100,000 by the Kuna themselves to help finance park plans, PEMASKY now has a 22-person Kuna staff who are being trained in all aspects of the natural resource management and protection of Kuna Yala. In addition, the various islands contribute important assistance by sending fifteen to twenty volunteers every other week to protect the border area of the reserve.⁴⁰

The project's most immediate priority is the demarcation and protection of the entire reserve boundary. A trail is being cut along the ridge of the San Blas Mountains through a rugged terrain to define the border, and patrol stations are being installed at intervals along the border. Surveys are also being conducted in conjunction with the National Directorate of Renewable Natural Resources (RENARE). Kuna guards and cartographers have been working since 1983, marking the 120-kilometer trail which may be completed by now.⁴¹

The second important project component is scientific investigation. Two full-time scientists from STRI, with Kuna counterparts, are preparing a description of the flora and fauna and its potential for scientific investigation, nature education, and tourism.⁴² By 1987, these scientists had already identified 35 new species of plants in the Kuna tropical forest. The scientists are learning from the wisdom of the Kuna shamans, whose use and knowledge of medicinal plants has led to valuable ethnobotanical, agricultural, forestry, and chemical knowledge as well as a better understanding of the tropical forest ecosystem. The shamans teach that the plants are "living things that think, feel, hear, and are friends of the Kuna, that exist for their mutual preservation. The death of one spells the extinction of the other."⁴³

The third component is natural or scientific tourism. This will serve not only as a source of income to assist in operation of the forest park but will also

educate visitors about the tropical forest and the Kuna's relationship to their lands. The Kuna have constructed a 30-bed dormitory at Nusagandi, a small clearing on the Continental Divide. This center has great potential for environmental education. A number of foreign bird-watchers on nature tours have already visited Nusagandi along with Panamanian Boy Scouts and scientists from STRI.⁴⁴

The entire Kuna forest park stands as a model for the world. The Kuna have struggled to manage their own resources. One way they hope to ensure that they are the ones determining the future of Kuna Yala is by attempting to have the reservation declared a Biosphere Reserve and a World Heritage Site. These are United Nations classifications that would grant the Kuna international recognition as an autonomous indigenous people.⁴⁵

There are many pressures on the Kuna way of life; much more than tourism, land encroachment, education and migration away from the reserve. The Panamanian Government has attempted to make Kuna Yala a tax-paying province and secure the right to use the reservation in conducting military exercises. The Panamanian Government has also failed to determine ownership of mineral rights or designate Kuna Yala's maritime border. "The Kuna want to be guaranteed all rights to exploitation of mineral resources in their reservation and the extension of the maritime border to the limit of the Continental Shelf."⁴⁶

A further illustration of this pressure was in 1980, when Panama's former strongman, General Omar Torrijos, visited a number of Kuna leaders at an island village:

Torrijos, having flown in by helicopter over the rain forest, asked, "Why do you Kuna need so much land? You don't do anything with it. You don't use it. And if anyone else cuts down so much as a single tree, you shout and scream." To which Kuna leader Rafael Harris responded, "Suppose I go to Panama City and stand in front of a pharmacy, and because I need medicine but have none of your money, I pick up a rock and break the window. You will take me away and put me in your jail. For me, the forest is my pharmacy. If I have sores on my legs, I go to the forest and get the medicine I need to cure them. We Kuna need the forest, and we use it and take much from it. But we take only what we need, without having to destroy everything as your people do."⁴⁷

CONCLUSION

The Kuna will continue to struggle to protect their autonomy, land, and culture. The Kuna stand at the end of the 20th Century as an indigenous model for "success" maintaining a remarkable degree of autonomy within the confines

of a nation-state. Their unique combination of traditional wisdom and modern resources is an example of what sustainable development can be when built upon the foundation of self-determination.

On a broader scale, the Kuna voice needs to be heard throughout the world. Development, as it has been defined by the modern industrial world, is not development but a lifestyle and world view that is leading to the destruction of the planet. Similarly the problems the modern nation-states confront are but symptoms of deeper sicknesses. The strength of Kuna culture lies in the cosmology, history, and traditions of them as a people.

Kuna culture is vibrant because of its strong democratic organization. The collective nature of Kuna decision-making is an intriguing aspect of Kuna society. There is a theory which posits that the "exploiters" from Europe, who upon being exposed to the Kuna and other indigenous political systems, shared their observations with Enlightenment political theorists. These observations served as models of democratic political organization. What has been called the "Great American Experiment" perhaps had its roots much earlier in the indigenous democratic societies throughout the hemisphere. This would give credence to the further need for listening to the Kuna voice. The revitalization of democratic systems in modern industrialized nation-states may very well find that the best examples of democracy continue to be among the thousands of indigenous nations still existing today.

The struggles of indigenous peoples around the world for autonomy, culture, tradition, and self-determination are, in the end, a struggle for land. As *cacique* Leonides Valdez, High Chief of Kuna Yala, poignantly stressed, "An Indian without land is a dead Indian."⁴⁸ To the Kuna, earth is the Great Mother, and as a mother she is to be cared for, loved, and respected. The success of the Kunas' struggles as they face the 21st Century, and perhaps our very survival on the planet, resides in the degree to which we, as a species, learn to live by the wisdom of this understanding.

ENDNOTES

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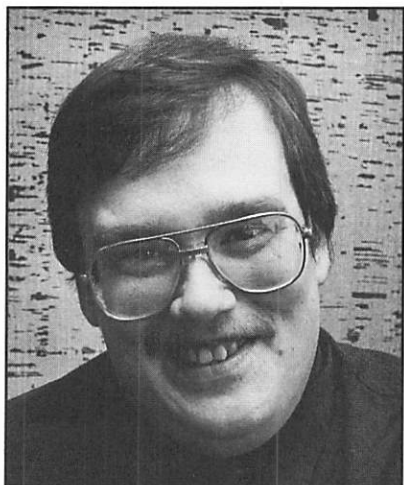
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THE TREASURE OF YOUTH

W. B. Cameron



"Get up lazy bones," he said, jerking back the covers. The particular lazy bones in question was a young fellow of thirteen years—large-boned, brown-haired, and very sleepy. The jerk-ee was the boy's uncle.

"Aw, come on, I don't want to get up just yet! What time is it anyway?"

"Time you were out of bed if you want to go hunting this decade," the uncle replied, tugging on the blankets again. "Come on, breakfast is ready and waiting. I've been up three hours already."

Groaning mightily, the boy swung his feet to the floor. "Darn, this floor is

cold! Why do moose have to live where it's so cold anyway?" Grumbling and groaning, he jerked on his jeans and stomped into his boots.

"Sit down and eat; we've got a long way to go today," said the uncle. Sniffing the air, the boy smelled the wonderful aroma of bacon, coffee, and eggs. With a will, the duo gave thanks and set to. During breakfast, the old man laid out the plan for the day and fielded questions from his young counterpart.

"Just how are we going to find a moose?" the boy asked.

"Well, it's like this," answered the old man. "When we find a likely looking spot, we'll settle in and start calling, trying to sound just like a love-sick lady moose. While this is going on, you, with those young eyes of yours, will be keeping your mouth shut and looking for the flash of an antler or movement in the brush. Remember, don't just look right at the country immediately in front of you. Our moose could be across a lake or in the brush ten yards away. Meanwhile, I'll be using the binoculars to glass over the surrounding countryside. Also, once we find him, we could be in for a long, slow sneak." The old man knew that answering the boy's questions was going to be the easy part of the hunt ahead, but he didn't want to discourage him.

With breakfast over, they loaded the tracked rig they were going to hunt from; the older man with the spare, easy movements born of long association

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with hunting and fishing forays, the boy with less economy of motion but great enthusiasm.

"Have you forgotten anything?" asked the uncle. "Nope, I've got it all. I packed three weeks ago and used the time to check over my stuff so I would remember anything I forgot, just like you told me to."

"Good, because where we are going there aren't any stores." Swinging into the cab of the rig, the uncle started the engine. "Check the door on the cabin and we're off," he said.

Leaving the road, the tracked rig rumbled along, eating up the miles of trail. As they moved along, the old man thought of the many hunts in his not-so-distant youth—the fall prospecting for a winter's meat and the good times that he and his father had had making that annual pilgrimage. Coming out of this pleasant reverie, he looked about. Fall, in the far north, was in full swing. The trees had not yet lost their leaves, but were ablaze with a riot of variegated colors. The air on this early morning made one believe that the eyes could see forever. While the rig crunched along through small ponds and creeks, the ice from last night's frost cracked and shattered under the treads. This disturbance caused a small band of ptarmigan to rise from the trail where they were feeding on cranberries, while dusting and picking up gravel for their craws. This woke the boy, who had been silent all this time, from his own private daydream.

"Stop! I want to get a couple of those birds with the twenty-two."

"No way," said the man. "If we want to see any large game (you do remember what size of game we are after?) we'll have to be quiet. Anyway, you aren't good enough with the little pistol yet. If I have to sneak back here for our supper, I only want one shot to be heard, not three or four."

At about ten or eleven, they found that likely looking spot they were searching for—a small hill, thickly wooded on top, the sides sloping away into a small valley on one side and a little slough or swamp on the other. A chain of three small lakes in front reached around and kissed the base of the hill before continuing on another quarter of a mile or so.

As they gathered the necessities they would need for the day, the old man laid down the ground rules. "If you need to talk or walk or scratch or go to the bathroom or anything else, do it now," he said, "because when we get to our stand, I want absolute quiet unless you see something. Then you can tap me on the shoulder, but don't point! Load your rifle now, but don't put one in the chamber without my say so, and keep it pointed at the ground."

Moving up the trail-side of the hill, it seemed as if the old man moved like a wood wraith rather than a 55-year-old man; especially since the boy knew how he felt after spending the morning in that rolling, bumping coffee-grinder of a rig. As he followed the man, he wondered just what it would be like to see a moose—maybe, if it was an easy shot, he would be allowed his first try at one. When they reached the top, the man selected the spot where they would spend the

afternoon and early evening—sheltered on two sides by blown-down trees and backed by the roots of a third. Spread out before them was the little valley and, on their right, the chain of lakes sparkling in the sunlight. They backed up to the cover of a big spruce, its roots sheltering them from the breeze, and set their rifles down beside them.

As the long afternoon wore on, the two whiled away the time, alternately calling for moose and glassing the hillside. The boy sometimes dozed where he sat, but to his credit, never for long. Noon turned into early evening, and the shadows started to chase each other across the hillsides before the old man heard something—not an answer to his mournful calling, but a splashing sound away in the distance on the other side of the lake. Training his binoculars in the direction of the sound with one hand, and shaking the boy out of his daydreams with the other, he searched carefully for the source of the noise that had intruded upon the silence of their vigil.

Coming to with a jerk, the boy uttered a snort. “Quiet!” the old man hissed. “Hear that? Darn it, you have to hunt with your ears as well as with your eyes, so listen! I think it’s our moose.” Straining his eyes through the binoculars, he could see not one, but three forms materialize like ghosts on the far shore of the lake. “Look over there,” he said. “We’ve guests, but they’re not moose, they’re caribou!”

While the man and boy watched, the animals picked their way daintily along the far edge of the lake, coming slowly toward where they sat. “It’s too bad we don’t have permits this year,” the old man said. “Those are sure nice animals.”

The caribou were starting to cross the narrow neck between the far shore and the slough. As they started to swim across, the old man said, “Come on! Let’s have some fun!” Running down the side of the hill, the man felt twenty-five again. He knew that while they were swimming the caribou couldn’t hear them coming. Crossing the small neck of the slough, he positioned the boy and himself where the animals were sure to come out. When the first one climbed on shore, the man and boy were there watching. It climbed out of the water, shaking like a large dog, followed by another, and, finally, the third animal. The caribou looked around, but didn’t see them as their silhouettes were broken by the trees beside which they were standing.

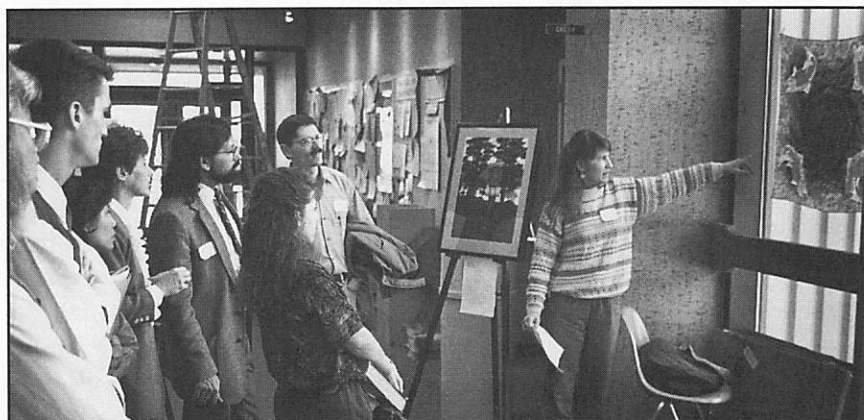
As this was going on, the old man heard from behind a small voice whispering, “Shoot—shoot!” but he held his fire. Shaking itself once more and taking a step forward, a caribou spotted them—not ten feet away—snorted, and led his whole band full tilt back to safety across the narrow neck of water.

When the animals left, the old man turned to the boy in one swift motion. “Don’t you know that those animals are illegal for us this year?!” He bellowed, “All it takes is just a few idiots with that kind of mentality to wipe out a struggling herd, and that ruins it for everybody—the animals, the hunters, and even the people who just like to watch. If you can’t remember that, then you have

no business being out here!" Jerking away and starting up the hill, he left the astonished boy turning a deep shade of crimson in his wake.

As they made their way back in silence, the boy said sheepishly, "I understand now, but it sure was fun, even if we couldn't shoot one."

The old man smiled to himself, thinking, "Maybe just maybe, the boy will make a hunter some day—not a killer."



Stacy Studebaker, student from Kodiak college, presenting batik silk scarf entitled "Phantom Salmon."

THE GENETIC BASES OF EARLY INFANTILE AUTISM

Lisa Davis



The disorders of childhood that are now labelled Autistic Disorder or Early Infantile Autism are just beginning to be understood. These disorders were first described in medical literature 47 years ago.¹ According to the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders III—Revised (DSM IIIR),² Autistic Disorder has the following primary characteristics: profound and general failure to develop social relationships, language retardation, impaired verbal and nonverbal comprehension, ritualistic and compulsive behaviors, and onset during infancy or childhood.

Thirty years ago, the only treatments used were psychotherapeutic techniques that were developed for neurotic children. Twenty years ago, interest in behavioral mechanisms was initiated, and with that came behavioral and educational interventions. During the last two decades, neurochemical and biochemical research efforts began in earnest. Autism was then viewed as a disorder reflecting abnormalities in brain maturation and function.³

Within the last ten years, there has been a dramatic increase in the availability of genetic technology. A great deal of recent research has focused on the genetic bases for autism. Throughout the years, there has been a great deal of difficulty and disagreement over classifications of this disease. This is primarily due to the lack of knowledge of its underlying pathology. It is hoped that by discovering and describing genetic bases for this disease, classification and treatment will be greatly expedited. This paper will address the history of perceived causes and genetic research of the disease called autism.

HISTORY OF PERCEIVED CAUSES

The "psychogenic hypothesis" was one of the first descriptions of believed causes of autism. It was believed that certain parental personality and

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child-rearing abnormalities initiated autistic behavior. The families used for Kanner's⁴ and other early studies had a high percentage of professional parents with high IQs. Many studies of such families from 1943 to 1970 showed patterns of parental traits that were thought to have caused autistic behavior in children. Such traits included emotional coldness, obsessiveness, intellectuality, introversion, maternal coldness, and paternal rejection. This hypothesis was not borne out in later research, and so it is no longer believed to be a valid cause.⁵ Schopler⁶ hypothesized that at the time of these early studies, parents with more education and resources could identify the problem earlier than others. For that reason, educated parents with the traits described above made up the bulk of the study material.

A number of early childhood diseases and injuries may be evident in at least one-third to one-half of cases of autism studied. Some of these are maternal rubella, untreated phenylketonuria, anoxia during birth, tuberose sclerosis, and encephalitis.⁷ As these are not consistent causes of this disease, research proceeded along the lines of exploration of neurological disorder.

Neurological dysfunction may be caused by childhood diseases or trauma, but it may also have other causes. Some of the dysfunctions observed are over-arousal of the reticular system, brainstem dysfunction which may cause perceptual inconsistency, and damage or dysfunction of the limbic system. Preference among autistic children for right hemisphere dominance suggests left hemisphere damage as a key possibility.

Children with autism also tend to show more "soft" neurological signs, such as poor coordination, than do normal children. There is a higher incidence of abnormal electroencephalograms (EEGs) and a more frequent history of seizures among autistic children.⁸ Gillberg⁹ states that perhaps the most consistent recent finding in autism neurobiology is that it has more clearly been associated with brainstem pathology. This suggests that the damage that is often observed in higher braincenters might originally have been caused by damage at the brain-stem level.

In addition to neurological causes for autism, many biologically based causes have been recently studied. These include difficulties during pregnancy or birth, genetic factors, and biochemical factors which may be caused by genetic factors.¹⁰ The possibility of genetic causes will be explored in depth in the following sections.

METHODS OF SEARCHING FOR HERITABILITY

Pauls¹¹ suggested that four basic types of evidence can suggest that genetic factors are responsible for a disease. The first is a higher incidence of the trait among biological offspring of affected persons than among biological offspring of unaffected persons, even if the children are raised in adoptive homes. Genetic causes can be inferred if genetic linkage of the illness to a known locus

on a specific chromosome can be proven. If there is a higher concordance of the disease among monozygotic (MZ) twins than dizygotic (DZ) twins, or if there is significant aggregation of the illness within families, then genetic factors are also suggested.

Pardes, et al,¹² also suggest adoption studies which may serve to split twins, thus helping to separate the issues of nature and nurture. Recent advances in molecular genetic technology are also discussed. The use of restriction enzymes to cut DNA at specific nucleic acid sequences allow for the specific sequencing of genes. This may expedite the locating and sequencing of genes that may affect children with autism.

GENETICS OF AUTISM

Many studies have investigated the possible genetic causes of autism, and most of those have occurred in the last decade. As autistic persons rarely, if ever, reproduce, it is impossible to use adoption studies of children of affected individuals. The separating of twins at birth also has not been examined, possibly due to the small number of affected children in the population. The primary means of investigating links between genetics and autism have been through twin studies, family studies, and genetic linkage studies.

The studies of twins with one child affected by autism are common. If these studies can show that there is a higher concordance for autism or cognitive abnormality between MZ pairs than DZ pairs, then a genetic basis for autism can be inferred. Several reports of twin studies appeared in the literature prior to 1977. The overall findings up to that point were inconclusive, with no clear differences between MZ and DZ twins. More recent studies have found significant differences.

Folstein and Rutter¹³ studied 21 pairs of same-sexed twins and found a concordance rate of 36% for MZ pairs and 0% for DZ pairs for autism. When they broadened their definitions to include cognitive abnormality, they found a concordance rate of 82% for MZ and 10% for DZ pairs. They also noted, that for most of the pairs that were discordant for autism, the primary cause of the autism was found to be brain damage from a known traumatic event.

A similar study by Ritvo, et al,¹⁴ found, that for 40 pairs of twins, concordance for autism was 95.7% for MZ and 23.5% for DZ pairs. They believed that these percentages were similar to those indicated by Mendelian rules for recessive inheritance. Steffenburg, et al,¹⁵ studied 21 pairs of same-sexed twins in Nordic countries. They found the concordance rates for autism to be 91% for MZ pairs and 0% for DZ pairs. The concordance rates for cognitive disorder were 91% for MZ pairs and 30% for DZ pairs. For the pairs which were discordant for autism, perinatal stress was found to be the cause of autism in the affected child.

The higher concordance of autism and cognitive disorder between MZ twins indicates a strong possibility of genetic factors in autism. Many of these

studies also show a higher concordance for DZ twins than would be expected for other siblings. This may also indicate some environmental factors at work in the combination of causes.¹⁶ It is important to note that the rates of concordance increase significantly when cognitive disorder is included in the study. It is also important to note that a large number of the children who show no genetic concordance show clear physical causes for the onset of autism, which indicates the possibility of two distinct types of causes of autism in children.

Similar indications are suggested through many family studies reported recently. Folstein and Rutter¹⁷ estimated that 2% of siblings of autistic children suffer from autism, which is 50% higher than the rate of the general population. Smalley, et al,¹⁸ reviewed a number of studies and found an average of 2.7% frequency of autism among siblings of autistic children. This is 60- to 100-times higher than autism naturally occurs in the population. Many studies also showed that when they were expanded to include other forms of cognitive disorder, the percentages of familial concordance increased.

Folstein and Rutter¹⁹ found a 25% occurrence of speech delay problems within family members of autistic children. Ritvo, et al,²⁰ found that 10.3% of siblings of autistic children that were studied showed some sort of speech pathology. Baird and August²¹ found a significant incidence of autism and intellectual retardation in siblings of severely retarded autistic children. They found a lesser incidence of these disorders among siblings of higher functioning autistic children. This may indicate a higher percentage of inheritance of autism when mental retardation also occurs. This again points to the possibility of the existence of many different kinds of autism. Wickelgren²² reports a study by Folstein which is as yet unpublished. Reported findings show that 30% of family members of autistic children are found to have some reading and language deficits. This implies a possible recessive genetic effect. More study is required before concrete findings can be reported.

Family studies are reporting similar findings to the twin studies, and further research can only serve to clarify and strengthen these reports. It is also expected that the findings of twin and family studies will be augmented by molecular genetic studies that are taking place as genetic technology improves.

A number of methods have been used to provide genetic information about the causes of autism. Tsai, Stewart, and August²³ looked at 102 autistic children. They suggested genetic implications based on the 3.5:1 male-to-female ratio. They also noted that females were more severely impaired, and suggested that genetic transmission also played a part in that aspect of autism.

A number of studies have used various molecular genetic techniques in an attempt to find specific chromosomal sites of abnormality which may point to autism. One area of research is investigating a fragile site at Xq27 or Xq28. This site is identifiable by chromosome analysis and is believed to be transferred by X-linked recessive inheritance. This X-linked mental retardation is called the Fragile X Syndrome.

Gillberg²⁴ states that Fragile X is associated with autism in a stronger-than-chance fashion. He believes it to be one of the major underlying causes in many cases of autism. Smalley, et al,²⁵ reported that a collection of data from studies of Fragile X shows that the frequency of Fragile X among young autistic males averages 8%. There are differences among studies because it is difficult to standardize methods of investigation. This is exemplified by the results of the following studies.

Goldfine, et al,²⁶ found little connection between Fragile X and autism in a sample of 37 autistic boys. Gillberg, et al,²⁷ studied a pair of female twins with Fragile X Syndrome and autism. They concluded that there is a significant interaction between Fragile X and autism. There is no data yet on family studies of Fragile X.

Another means of discerning whether genetics affect autism is through biochemical studies. Lake, Ziegler, and Murphy²⁸ evaluated the sympathetic nervous system in eleven autistic persons and their families. They found the activity of the enzyme plasma dopamine-beta-hydroxylase (DBH) in autistic persons and their families to be lower than the activity of plasma DBH in control families. Low plasma DBH is considered a marker for autism, although it does not necessarily cause it.

A number of subsequent studies, including one by Goldin, et al,²⁹ have found evidence that the major gene for plasma DBH is linked to the ABO group on chromosome 9. Further investigation into this area of chromosome 9 is continuing.

One further area of genetic study includes comparisons of minor physical anomalies (MPAs) as morphological markers of autism. Not all autistic persons have consistent MPAs associated with their condition. However, there are an increased frequency of some MPAs in some autistic populations. Smalley, et al,³⁰ described five studies which compared MPAs in autistic and non-autistic controls. These studies found that autistic persons with fewer MPAs had more families with mental illnesses. There seemed to be a marked difference in family transmission between severe and not so severe groups of autistic children. This might indicate two types of autism. The first, which is more severe, is probably caused by environmentally caused trauma or injury, and is not affected by genetic transmission. The second is less severe and contains some evidence of genetic transmission. In this case, genetic clustering of psychiatric and cognitive disturbances reflects some expression of an underlying genotype. This theory matches many of the findings discussed in earlier studies which found both genetic-linked and trauma-linked autistic expression. At this point, the connection between severity of the disease and mode of transmission is neither clear nor consistent.

Further study is needed in this area. Perhaps this and other genetic studies will provide clinicians with more evidence for the nature of genetic causes of autism.

CONCLUSION

In the forty-seven years since early infantile autism was first described, great strides have been made in the classification and etiological studies of the disease. The increase in molecular genetic technology in the last ten years has done a great deal to help explain the genetic role in the etiology of autism. Genetic factors are clearly implicated in this disease. Although specific chromosomal sites and chemicals are being studied, genetic heterogeneity or multifactorial inheritance is suggested. There seem to be multiple causes for this disease, and some of these seem to be genetically related.

Recent developments in molecular genetics are beginning to greatly impact clinical psychology and psychiatry. Our increased knowledge of genetic factors in diseases will allow us to help afflicted persons in many ways. As more is learned about a person's genetic endowment, we can learn how they respond to environmental influences. By elucidating the gene-to-behavior pathway, specific abnormal gene products can be identified. This knowledge will hopefully allow us to alter environmental situations in order to lessen the negative impact of autistic children's behavioral responses.

Clinicians are beginning to have the power to do more than just classify autism in children. Once specific actions are taken to compensate for the affected person's abnormal biology, great strides will be made in the creation of successful therapeutic interventions for this disease.

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